RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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Not for success alone,
Not to fair-sail uninterrupted always;
The storm shall dash thy face, the foam shall cover thee over;
But thou shalt face thy fortunes and surmount them all.— WALT WHITMAN

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN IN THE WORLD! TO ALL THE BIG CHILDREN, TO ALL THE GROWN FOLK AND THE ELDERS — TO EACH AND ALL A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THIS is the wish of all your friends of the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER. It is a deep, sincere and abiding wish, and they mean to help on its fulfilment just as far as they can by loading down their Messenger with a great joyous burden of good cheer, of optimism, of the will to win and serve, to last through January, February, March, April, and on through all the months until Christmas 1922 comes around, and their Messenger finds itself with still some good cheer left over in a world brighter, happier and better than any previous Christmas has found it.

The message of this Christmas, more perhaps than any previous one, is that of Peace on Earth, Good-will toward men. PEACE ON EARTH! — how the world needs it; how the world looks forward to it; how the world longs for it! Why then, has it not yet got it? Perhaps it is because only what we call 'the world' is looking and longing for it, and each individual which makes up 'the world' is talking and thinking of 'the world' as everybody *else* and expecting everybody *else* to do the kind of work necessary to bring about the desired result. That I fear is what a great many of us do in a great many things.

Suppose, then, we make this what the advertisements in the stores and on the street-cars would call a 'different' Christmas? Suppose we imagine, each one of us, that there is only one person in the world who has it in his power to change the world, to end all war and sorrow and bring the reign of PEACE and GOODWILL, and that that person is *ourself*. Believing this to be the case, we should certainly feel a terrible responsibility when we found what

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a lot of undesirable things we have allowed to grow up in the world and what terrible consequences must come to us if we allow our world to go on in this way.

We shall realize that there is a tremendous lot to do and that the hours, minutes and seconds are immensely precious — no time for us to complain, no time to criticize. Why, of course not; for grumbling, criticism and gossip are some of the things we have brought into the world to help make it the sad and unhappy place it is; these are some of our heaviest responsibilities.

"As is the seed-time, so is the harvest." — What a magnificent seed-time we can make this Christmas for the approaching New Year! Think of it: Christmas Day, the happiest and most blessed in the year; the one day when all hearts are more ready to receive kindly and helpful impulses, to beat in harmony and sympathy with others. Certainly there is no end to the splendid seed we can sow in our own lives and in the lives of all about us. Never mind what Santa Claus is going to bring ME; I am not going to let the first ray of the Christmas sun peep over the mountain and light up the old giant's eye — as it does every year here in Lomaland — before I have begun scattering my Christmas sowing right and left, that in every heart the New Year dawn shall find some fresh fair harvest springing up for the benefit of all mankind.

Speaking of Santa Claus: do you know, I heard the other day some little people discussing as to whether there really *is* such a person as Santa Claus! *Whether there really is!* Well, I never doubted his reality, and I never shall; but perhaps if the heart-fires of the world grow cold and children doubt the existence of their dear old friend, he may find it harder and harder to stay in our midst each year. For where Santa is concerned, it is useless to leave the doors and windows open if the heart is shut up.

And so one of the seeds you and I must plant this Christmas is that of TRUST — Trust in the great, pure, beautiful things of life; Trust in our own hearts and consciences, and Trust in the strength of our own Warrior Self. There are many other seeds we shall be planting; and because we are planting them ourselves, and because the garden we have chosen is our own hearts, we may be sure that the PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD-WILL TOWARD MEN that we said 'the world' is longing for, is already here and growing daily stronger, deeper and more far-reaching. This is the Christos Spirit. With this in our hearts each one of us becomes the Spirit of Christmas; and as we look into the eyes of our friends, before we have had time to speak, they will be hearing like an undertone of glorious music those old sweet words made potent and living:

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS!



RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true. . . .

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spile;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

— TENNYSON

THE SPIRIT OF GIVING

A WISE MAN once said: "It is not what is done, but the spirit in which the least thing is done that counts." Change two words and we have another wise saying: "*It is not what is given, but the spirit in which the least thing is given that counts*"; and there is yet another one: "*For the gift without the giver is bare.*" These two little quotations carry with them a world of meaning.

There must be moments in our lives when the color of a whole day was changed because a smile was given or a sweet word spoken. Was it the smile or the words that we cherished? — those were fled in a moment. No, it was the spirit of the giver shedding sunlight in our hearts that gladdened us. The gift of a flower from a tiny child sometimes brings tears to the eyes of grown men. Is it only the fragrance of the blossom? Or isn't it rather the sweetness of a generous little heart that touched a chord of sympathy?

All these expressions of love and good-will help to make the wheels of life turn more easily. For there is not an act in our lives that does not help to

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fashion the life of another. And how much better it is that we should help to make happiness and harmony around us, than to disintegrate and make unhappiness! Everyone, under any conditions whatever, can, if he will, do good to others and in some way be a helpful influence.

Let us take the workers in some great cause. It isn't those who donate the largest sums of money, while remaining indifferent and inactive, who help the most; it isn't even those who work perhaps steadily day after day, but without enthusiasm and the love of the cause at heart, that are the strong pillars and supporters; but it is those who give their all — their thought, their hopes, their energy and enthusiasm, and their trust.

Perhaps as an example we could take the teachers in the Râja-Yoga College. They receive no material remuneration, yet day after day, and year after year, they give their time and attention to the bringing up of children: watching them grow, and protecting them as the gardener cares for his choicest flowers. Surely we realize it is the beautiful and unselfish spirit of these guides and teachers, that does half the work.

"Helping and Sharing is what Brotherhood means," is taught to the children; not merely the words, but the daily application of them. What a different spirit from that which reigns in the world today! If we took away the feeling of competition and selfishness from our modern 'civilization,' its foundations would crumble and fall away.

Yet how different is all this when we turn to Nature. Let us take the life of a little seed. It is planted in the ground; then the sunlight and air, earth and water give it nourishment till it becomes a little green leaf. This grows and grows by the help of these forces. It becomes a stalk and sends out more leaves. Soon a bud appears, drawing its colors from the sunlight, and little by little it unfolds into a lovely blossom.

Next the bee comes to gather honey, and flying away helps to carry the pollen from one flower to another. When it is full-grown, it either turns to seed, or the leaves drop and help to fertilize the ground, or it is plucked and carried away to make a spot of beauty in some home — every little part helping to make the great whole. What a splendid thing it would be if we lived our lives in this way, and everywhere the children would grow up like the flowers, learning to live for others!

At Christmas-time perhaps, we see more expression of true good-will and comradeship than at any other. Everyone, young and old, is busy trying to make a happy time for others, making gifts, planning surprises, etc. And what would those gifts be if they were only cold material things with no loving thoughts behind them?

Let this Christmas be a new one, whence we shall carry the Christmas Spirit of Giving in our hearts through the whole of the coming year, so that next Christmas will see a glorious flowering of the Brotherhood Spirit. F. E.

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to contain twice as much potash and five times as much phosphoric acid as the tree itself; and from the oak it takes to itself that tree's astringent quality. It is spoken of as hanging in abundance from trees in certain parts of Australia. One writer says of it:

"Depending from some of the larger gum trees were the most enormous mistletoes I ever saw. One or two of the clusters of this parasite were so uniform in shape as to look like a huge chandelier of bronze, for that was their color, hanging plumb down from some slender twig."

Dickens tells us that "the playful customs beneath the misteltoe-bough are of great antiquity in our land, having originated when the plant was dedicated to Friga, the Venus of the Saxons."



The HOLLY seems likewise always to have been a bush of good omen, Pliny vouching for it in the words:

"As touching the holly, or hulver-tree, if it be planted about a house, whether it be within a citie or standing in the country it serveth for a counter-charm, and keepeth away all ill spells and enchantments."

And among its wonderful properties the Roman naturalist tells us that its flower will cause water to freeze, that it will repel poison, and a hollywood staff thrown at any animal will subdue it by its influence, even though it fail to touch him. The Persians, Dickens tells us, hold that the holly-tree casts no shadow, and apply an infusion of its leaves to many sacred purposes, also sprinkling it on the faces of new-born infants.

The English name 'holme,' or 'hulver' — changed by the monks to holly (from holy tree) — is known to the French as *le houx*, among the Germans as *Slechpalme*, with the Italians as *agrifoglio* and in Spain as *acebo*. The two last names, like the Latin *aquifolium*, mean 'needle-leaved.'

In Great Britain the hardy holly is used extensively for hedges, two of the most famous being Evelyn's holly-hedge at Say's Court, and that of the Earl of Haddington in Scotland. The former was destroyed by the Czar of Russia during his temporary residence there; the latter, still in existence in Dickens' time, was a hundred and thirty years old and measured two thousand nine hundred and fifty-two yards in length, from ten to twenty-five feet in height, with a base from nine to thirteen feet broad. The writer tells us that many a hardy holly scattered over the bleak English moorlands and hills where no human hand could have planted it serves as a beacon to the mariner at sea or the traveler over the pathless wilds.

Quaint reference to holly sticks used as whip-handles is found in Chaucer where he says:

"*The bilder oke, and eke the hardie ashe,*
The box, pipetre, the holme to whippes lash." M.M.

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THE INTERNATIONAL LOTUS HOME, DECEMBER 1901

Photo taken from the balcony of the Râja-Yoga Academy building, some eighteen months after the inauguration of the Râja-Yoga School.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE INTERNATIONAL LOTUS HOME, DECEMBER 1921

This photo, taken from the same spot as the above, shows little that can be identified except the flagpoles on the Lotus Home and School of Antiquity Grounds. The trees and shrubs were planted largely by forestry students of the Râja-Yoga School.

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THEN AND NOW



WENTY-TWO years ago, in May, the pioneer Râja-Yoga School was opened by Mme. Katherine Tingley, on Point Loma, near the city of San Diego, California. The city at that time was a good-sized town, near the Mexican border, little known or heard-of in other parts of America — with which communication by rail and steamer was not too frequent.

Point Loma itself was still more isolated. La Playa — an antiquated village of Portuguese fishermen — and one or two other scattered groups of houses were the only settlements. The Râja-Yoga Academy was the first structure of any kind that could be called a 'building.' It was reached by a two-hour ride by stage from the city, through adobe-built Old Town, across the tide-flats by a road which was partly submerged at high water, and finally up through canyons to the International Theosophical Headquarters. The roadway, moreover, was one which owed its existence to the passing wagon traffic rather than to the efforts of highway engineers.

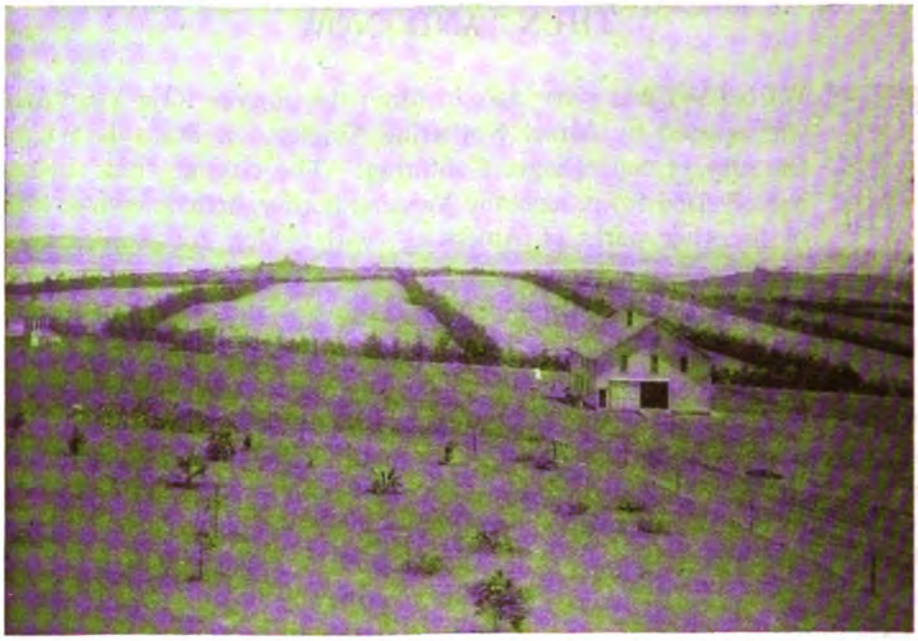
An English gentleman, now a teacher at the Râja-Yoga College, relates how on first landing in San Diego a stranger, he had difficulty in finding someone who knew the way out to Point Loma, or how to get there. He finally betook himself to the wharves, and seeing the Point some four miles off across the bay, "chartered a rowboat," and reached his destination after protracted voyaging, followed by an uncertain 'trekk' through the cactus and mesquite to the Homestead grounds.

The cactus and mesquite, sage and *manzanila*, were then the only flora, and the clearing of this underbrush left the hills bare and brown, against which the white of the buildings was visible for a hundred or more miles' distance. First there were only tents, and one or two wooden frame-buildings. Group Home No. 1 — a wood-and-canvas bungalow — housed the first five pupils with which the School was begun: a small beginning, but one which was destined to grow rapidly, as did the number of homes for the children coming from many parts of the world. Other group-homes were soon added on the 'Lotus Home' grounds, and the bungalows were made more permanent in construction. Roads were built, the paths paved, the grounds forested with ornamental trees and shrubbery, more children constantly arrived . . . and so it grew.

In 1904 the Râja-Yoga School was expanded into the Râja-Yoga Academy, which in turn became a department of the Râja-Yoga College in 1913. In December 1919 the Râja-Yoga system of education was further enlarged through the incorporation of the Theosophical University.

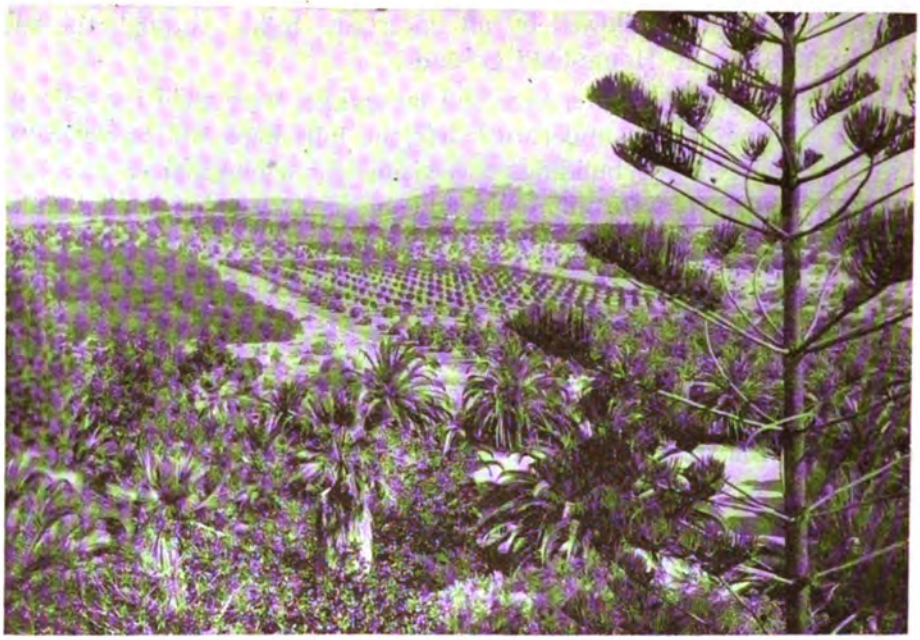
Today the grounds of the Râja-Yoga College, known throughout the world as the center of the Râja-Yoga system of education, are seen by thousands from every corner of the earth. Reached by electric line, by boat, or by

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LOOKING NORTH FROM THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, 1900

Showing the beginnings of the Academy Gardens. Two small fan-palms in the middle foreground can be identified in the lower picture; the stable and cypress hedges beyond disappeared many years since.



Lomaland Photo & Engraving Dept.

THE SAME VIEW IN DECEMBER, 1921

In the middle distance the upper end of the palm avenue leading to the Roman Gate; further away young groves of orange and *aguacate* trees, which form the northern end of a series of orchards upwards of three-quarters of a mile long. Beyond these are large numbers of ornamental trees recently set out.

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automobile over boulevards famous for their scenic beauty, the College forms one of the most visited and most admired spots in this part of the country. Its lovely grounds, groves and gardens, its dignified buildings, equipped with every modern convenience, form a fitting outward monument to the constancy, determination and persistence in high ideals which have filled its pioneer workers throughout the years. ONE OF THE FIRST FIVE



ON CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE MORNING

Some of the Lomaland carolers on their rounds, visiting all parts of the neighborhood adjoining the College. The Lomaland family are awakened by their spirited efforts in the early morning. In the afternoon the men in the city and county prisons are remembered, and cheered with songs and Christmas goodies.

LOMALAND CHRISTMAS SINGERS

IT does not snow in Lomaland, but a crisp morning that covers roofs with frost and freezes pools is not usually lacking on Christmas day; and what with the tingle in the air and the overflow of spirits and merry-making and fun, there is little needed as an incentive for the Yuletide Singers. Costumes — you will say! True, the Costuming Department is busy enough at this season; but time is not lacking to furnish forth a general heap of miscellaneous oddities in the shape of jerkins, scarfs, cloaks, sashes, tablecloths, and suchlike array, nor any great difficulty on the part of the Singers to seize upon and invest themselves with the dignities of red, green, orange, blue, white, yellow, brown, in checks, stripes and streaks — and surely with strange variety!

And then to set out over Lomaland byways — but first, the bugles. No

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mere 'Reveille' *this* morning: this is Christmas Day; there is expectant gladness in the air, and a fulness of joy that needs some fuller expression: so, before the Singers start at five-thirty, a quartet of trumpeters sound the accustomed Christmas calls. Only those who have heard those bugle-calls, in the early, star-lit dawn — still two hours before sunrise — when the very air is pregnant with the glad associations and the deeper meaning of Christmas-tide, can realize the beauty of their effect. And so the Singers set out.

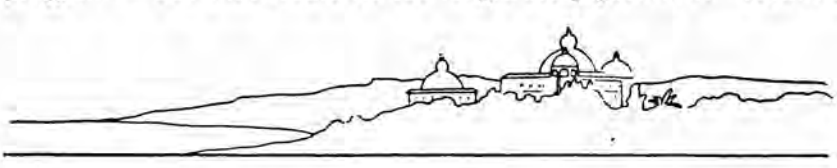
Lomaland byways are many, and it is dark; but the Singers sally forth, and soon are spreading music and merriment through the confines of Lomaland: stealing up under windows, gathering quietly in gardens, or before the doors; tramping through groves and fields to a jingling tune — first to Camp Lookout, on the bluff, then to the Pavilion, for the old folk, then to the East Bungalows, the South Cottages, Sunnyside, the Ranch, Camp Karnak, and so through the whole of the little realm. Nor are the workers in the Homestead kitchen forgotten: their busy Christmas morning is intruded upon, while the pans and kettles rattle to the rousing refrain of *Hunting Chorus* or the *Singers' Banner;* and encores are given too, on payment of some fitting dole to unbreakfasted revelers who have wandered and sung in the brisk air since early dawn!

Then to the dining-rooms, already decked with green wreaths and garlands, where the comrades are at breakfast; and there, on this happiest day, memories of home are recalled to many a worker serving here among comrades from far-off countries: memories of France and Spain, in quaint songs of *Noël* and *La Natividad*

"Quando el amor de todos los hombres, y la fraternidad,
Entran en todos los corazones de la humanidad";

— in *julsånger* from Sweden, and a carol from England: not to forget *Good King Wenceslas.* Nor is Germany forgotten: there will be *Stille Nacht;* and *Kerstnacht, schooner dan de daegen,* from Holland; and *Jingle Bells,* and some other old home tune from 'Down East.'

Finally, after many a shout of "Merry Christmas," "*Fröhliche Weihnachten,*" "*God Jul*" — and all the rest, and many a jest and much fun-making, the Singers leave, and go to their own well-earned breakfast. After that is over, there is the hard-pressed Lomaland mail-service which claims the Christmas Singers for an hour or more, while gifts and greetings and Christmas cheer are spread around Lomaland in all quarters; and then to the rest of the day's program — but that would be too long a story just now. ROBIN HOOD



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THERE is no season in all the year half so full of good cheer and kindliness as Christmastide. Christmas, when children the world over wait for the coming of Santa Claus, *Sinter Klaas, Der Weihnachtsmann*, Kristine, or whatever may be the name of the kind old elf who never fails to make his rounds, laden with presents — Christmas, when so many hearts, in every land, are filled with the joy of bringing happiness to others! All over the world Christmas is a time of rejoicing, but in every land some special tradition or custom hovers about it.

Come — in these times of wonderful inventions shall we not order a magic airship and take a little trip around the world? We will stop to peep into the happy homes of many countries to watch them celebrating Christmas in their own particular way.

Our first halt shall be at ENGLAND, for she is our nearest neighbor. For days before Christmas the young folk have been gathering holly from the woodland with which to decorate the house. Bright with its scarlet berries it cheers the dark oaken hall and graces the frosty windows; whilst over the doorways and stairways hang clusters of mistletoe to catch the unwary!



What an old, old custom it is — kissing under the mistletoe — and do you know, it came from our Norseland ancestors. They held the mistletoe sacred to the God Thor, and built their huge Yule-fires of the oak-trees upon which it grew. When enemies met beneath these sacred trees they would throw down their arms as a tribute to the God, and embrace beneath the mistletoe; nor would they take up their arms again until another sun had risen.

Thus men began to hang clusters of mistletoe over their doorways, that none might enter there but they must straightway become friends of the household. And so they hang it up yet — and the maidens are sometimes caught and kissed — for all are the best of friends under the mistletoe.

And then on Christmas morning there are the bright, cheery voices of the

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carolers. Under the porch they stand, chafing their red, chapped hands and stamping their tingling feet.

"*Good King Wenceslas looked out on the feast of Stephen*"— rings out in high, clear tones; and rosy children, beaming with smiles, wait eagerly for the great doors to swing open, that their song may break off in a lusty shout, "Merry Christmas!" "Come in, come in all, and warm yourselves at the fire!" the good master calls, and one and all they scramble and clatter across the



Harper's, 1884

IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY: BRINGING IN THE YULE-LOG

It burned throughout the Christmas season, and a piece of it was always saved with which to kindle the next year's Yuletide fire.

hall, while the mistress of the house distributes ruddy apples and brightly burnished pennies.

Then there is the hearty Christmas dinner, and the tables groan under their heavy load. There is a quaint tale about the roast-beef of Old England, and how it came to be the Christmas dish. It is said that once, when Charles the Second returned from the hunt, it so delighted his palate that, in the words of the old rhyme:

"*Quoth Charles, 'Od's fish! A noble dish!*
Aye, noble made by me!
By kingly right I dub thee knight,
Sir Loin henceforward be."

At the end of the meal the room is suddenly plunged in darkness, and, as if by magic, a great plum-pudding with a sprig of bright holly stuck in it

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is borne in, surrounded by a sea of blue flames, that lick upwards greedily, as if to devour the pudding.

The evening of Christmas day is spent in roasting chestnuts and playing 'Snapdragon'; and the real English Christmas never ends without a good old dance: Sir Roger de Coverly, generally. Everyone joins; and Grandfather with his courtly bow leads Grandmother at the head of the procession.

Christmas in GERMANY is a season of great festivity too, but the chief celebration in the Fatherland is on Christmas Eve, when the *Lieber Weihnachtsmann* calls at every house to find out if the children have been good all through the year. Each little one has learned some poem or song for the kind old man, and when he stands before the magic tree, lighted with its hundred candles, and sparkling with its silver stars and tinsel, there is indeed a moment of intense excitement for many a childish heart. As soon as they have told him of their good behavior he begins the long task of unloading his bulging bag, and with the greatest care fulfils for each the dearest wish of his heart.



The window-curtains are never drawn on Christmas Eve; so that people on the street may look in at the family rejoicings in each home, and so perhaps by reflection have their Christmas made brighter and happier.

Long weeks before the *Weihnachtsfest* every housewife of the Fatherland has been baking honey-cakes and little gilded ginger-nuts that hang upon the tree. Generally the little girls are allowed to have a finger in this pie too, and perhaps that is why some of the quaint cookies, in the shape of chickens, stars and beasts, have turned out so queerly.

In SCANDINAVIA it is a time-honored tradition, well in keeping with the cleanly Northerners, that each member of the family must bathe on Christmas Eve. All the shoes of the household are placed in a row on the hearth; for this is supposed to insure the peace and harmony of all throughout the coming year. Then they place a lighted candle in the window of each house, that the good *Julbocken* may not stumble in the snow as he makes his rounds with his load of gifts. Little children in Norway and Sweden place a great bowl of rice-porridge, or *risgrynsgröt*, on the doorstep for the good house-elf, or *tomte;* and you must be sure there is a spoon in it too, for how else could he eat it, I wonder? And then it is cold in the Northland, and there are none too many crumbs for the sparrows — so we must remember them at Yuletide, and give them a Christmas dinner; so before each house you will see, hoisted upon a pole, a sheaf of wheat for the birds, chirping and twittering around it.



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From Christmas until New Year, and even until Twelfth Night, on January Sixth, the Yuletide spirit fills the land, for in the northland Yule is the greatest and dearest festival of the year. Jails are flung open and the courts are closed, while family feuds are forgotten and all old quarrels re-adjusted. There are even town-criers that go through the streets proclaiming that any who may violate the Yuletide peace shall be doubly punished.

Christmas day in the far North is mostly spent out of doors, in skating, sleighing and ski-ing over the deep white snow.

In AUSTRIA Christmas is spent much in the same way as it is in Germany, for every house is made gay with its brilliantly lighted tree, and burning candles are placed in the windows to guide the Christ-child upon his way.

In Southern FRANCE the Yule-log — called there the *Bûche de Noël* is lighted on Christmas Eve and burns all through the next day, while around its cheery blaze the family gathers to sing the old 'Noël' songs, which are much like our own carols.

In Nice we come upon an almost international Christmas, for customs from every land have been brought there by travelers. Amongst the summer sunshine and flowers on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, fir-trees from the Northland and Mistletoe from Britain bring a sweet flavor of home to many a homesick traveler.

In RUSSIA the festive season known as the *Svyatki* is accompanied by many a custom of very ancient origin, and by many a merry jest. Though sternly condemned by the Russian Church, the Christmas Mummers, in strange disguises of goats and bears, and of Lazarus, play their weird comedies before enthralled audiences, while in all the little villages, in defiance of the decrees of the Church, the return of 'Kolyada,' the sun-god, who causes the days to lengthen, is hailed with songs and rejoicings.

In sunny southern SPAIN a nosegay of Heliotrope and bright pink Geraniums takes the place of the Holly and Mistletoe of other lands, while in the balmy open air, sweetmeat vendors and stall-keepers display their tempting wares of almond rock and pretty candied fruits.

Before *La Noche Buena* the civil and military authorities enter the prisons and liberate on the spot all who have been sentenced for light offenses. And so in old-world Spain, even the prisoner's cell is lighted by a ray of hope on this, the gladdest day of all the year.



La Noche Buena is particularly a family feast, and only the blood-relations of the host and hostess gather around the festive board that night. 'Friends' there are none — for "*no es costumbre*," and what "is not the custom" in Spain is "never done," you see! There is an old Spanish song:

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"The night is the Good Night,
And therefore no night of Rest!"

— and so indeed everyone thinks; for, to the gay music of the *panderila* or tambourine, dancing and singing make lively the night.

The fine old custom of hanging up Christmas stockings has come to us from BELGIUM, it is said, but there is a curious legend about Saint Nicholas which shows us the age of this tradition. It is said that in about the year 300, when he was bishop of Myrna, he tried once to bestow a gift upon an old nobleman who was very poor, and whose daughter was about to be married. The old man had no dowry to give her, but he was too proud to accept a gift; so the generous Saint Nicholas is said to have climbed upon the roof of his house, and dropped it down the chimney, whence by chance, it dropped into a stocking that was hung before the fire. And the old legend goes on to say that from that day forth he never failed to fill with gifts and surprise-packages, all the children's stockings that were hung up for him.

It seems rather strange to us that Christmas in AUSTRALIA should be a summer festival — but of course to those who live in the antipodes the winter solstice is their midsummer. So Christmas customs in that far-off land cannot be quite the same as in the little Mother-island they call 'Home.' No crackling Yule-log is needed to warm the merry-makers when the thermometer registers 90° in the shade; and though of course it is all wrong, peaches and apricots insist on ripening at this extraordinary time of the year. And you may sit beneath a tree laden with apple-blossoms to eat your mince-pies; for Christmas parties are quite in style in that strange land of opposites — or, as the children call it — the land of 'upside-down.'

In the old days of CALIFORNIA the season of *La Natividad* was a great occasion for festivities, and many of the wealthy Spanish-Californian rancheros used to come with their families to join the townspeople in their celebrations. Some of the boys of 'La Santa Ciudad de los Ángeles' used to climb upon the roofs of the houses to watch this gay cavalcade come in. The clumsy *carrela*, drawn by oxen, could be heard long before it was seen, by reason of the groaning and creaking of its wooden wheels. At this special season it was generally canopied over with a brocaded silk bed-spread, while the ranchero himself, gorgeous in his picturesque costume, and with silver and gold trappings, rode alongside on his horse. Sometimes a number of these carretas and caballeros fell in together upon the road, and so a mighty procession would enter the city.

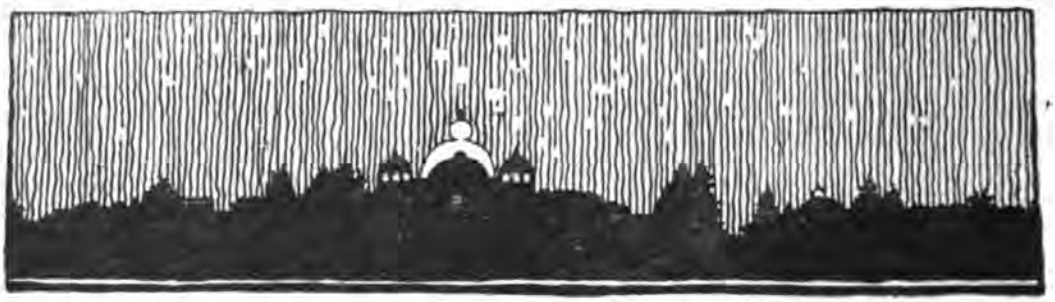
In the open hospitality of these early times lies perhaps their greatest charm — for all kept open house at Christmastide; and there was no end to the overwhelming generosity of the host to his guests. Christmas day was

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one of feasting, dancing and rejoicings of all kinds, while the eight or ten days following were still holidays and were, accordingly, filled with all manner of merry-making.

And now that we have been around the world and seen how the Christmas-spirit pervades all lands and draws men closer together in that glorious prophesy, 'Peace on earth, goodwill towards men,' let us return to LOMA-LAND, and under the great lighted dome of the Rotunda, enter into a Râja-Yoga celebration.

Here Santa Claus comes last of all, for in Lomaland, he says, he always feels like making a long stay. As he looks around upon the smiling faces of young and old he knows that the Joy of Christmas can never fade from their hearts, because the Christos-Spirit is with them throughout the year. Santa knows well that here are trusty helpers, who with their magic keys, Universal Brotherhood and Râja-Yoga, are bringing hope and peace and joy to thousands of children and grown-ups all over the world. M. A. B.



Good night! --- And a Merry Christmas to All!

GOOD WISHES TO FRIENDS AND COMRADES IN ALL LANDS

THE many nationalities represented at the Râja-Yoga College, among the pupils, teachers and other workers, and the world-wide circulation of the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER, which goes to some twenty-four separate countries and their colonial dependencies, give rise to a constant communication between our Institution and friends in many lands. The visitors and guests from foreign countries who are entertained at the International Theosophical Headquarters, and the numerous groups of tourists and other bodies which visit the grounds every year, form far-reaching links of interest and friendship.

In cordial remembrance of the many friends and comrades, far and near, whom we have helped entertain at our College, or whom we have known in correspondence, and for the interest of our subscribers, we take the liberty

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to publish here some of the greetings and other expressions we have received during the past year. The following are but a few; but they will serve to remind us all of the true message of Christmas-time, and encourage us, with the coming New Year, to cherish more closely, and live more truly in the spirit of, that ideal of human relations which will one day bring PEACE ON EARTH; GOOD-WILL TOWARDS MEN. — *Râja-Yoga Messenger Staff*



PUPILS OF THE LONDON LOTUS GROUPS, WITH PARENTS TEACHERS AND FRIENDS, ON AN OUTING TO RICHMOND PARK, LONDON, JULY 6, 1921

FROM AN ENGLISH COMRADE

"A NATION'S heart beats strongest when its life-blood throbs responsive to the call of Universal Brotherhood." *Lomaland, December 1921*

GREETING FROM IRELAND

BLIA*D*AIN nua*d* so*g*mar *d*uit!
Go rai*d* sonas a's séan ar do croi*d*e!
Go ra*d*airse *c*óm há*t*asac gealgáirdeac
Le glóire an re *g*lór*m*air sin féin!

All kindly New Year wishes!
May your hearts be light and gay,
In tune with all the brightness
Of the glad and glorious day!

FROM FRANCE

TOUT ce qui multiplie les nœuds qui attachent l'homme à l'homme, le rend meilleur et plus heureux.

EVERYTHING that multiplies the ties which bind man to his fellows, makes him better and happier. *Lomaland, December 1921*

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GREETING FROM HOLLAND

EEN nieuw jaar is op komst; nieuwe ervaringen; nieuwe zwakheden waartegen manmoedig zal worden gevochten en kans op nieuwe overwinningen. De Ziel is een geboren Krijger. "Ende desespereert niet!"



MEMBERS OF THE BOY'S BROTHERHOOD CLUB OF UTRECHT, HOLLAND

Founded by Mme. Katherine Tingley.

A NEW YEAR is coming; new experiences, new weaknesses to be overcome in a manly fight, and new chances for victory. The soul is a born Warrior — Courage!

FROM NORWAY

TROR du paa mennesket? Tror du der er saa meget stof i det av det guddommelige, at det er vaerdt en kamp, en hjaelp, et offer? — Foragt icke ett enkelt menneske. Det er skapt av det samme stof som menneskeheten. Den uendelige verden avspeiles i den lille. Du, som vilde faa alle med, alle med paa vei mot den store daemring — hjaelp ham der.— *Johan Bojer*

HAVE you faith in man? Do you believe there is so much of the divine in him as to be worthy a struggle, worthy of help and of sacrifice? Despise no single human being. Each is of the same nature as humanity, the infinite world being mirrored in its smallest part. You who would lead all with you towards the great dawn — first help the individual.— *Johan Bojer*

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GOOD WISHES FROM FRIENDS AND COMRADES

GREETING FROM SWEDEN

MÅ det bästa och finaste från Sverige gå ut till all jordens folk. Allt det som de stora skogarne susa, de glittrande sjöarne och floderna sjunga, det varje liten blomma doftar: "Saligare är att giva än taga."

SWEDEN offers her best and finest to all the world. The whisper of her great forests, the music of her sparkling lakes and rivers, the fragrance of each tiniest flower — all breathe forth this message: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."



MISSES MERCEDES AND EMILIA DE MOYA, OF SANTIAGO DE CUBA

Former Râja-Yoga students, and enthusiastic supporters of Mme. Tingley's work in Cuba.

FROM FRIENDS IN LATIN AMERICA

DEBÉIS abrir los ojos a la magnificencia de la mañana, por decirlo así; ir en busca de la verdad; comenzar a escalar las montañas de la Luz; y mediante la propia conquista y la perseverancia en la investigación de la Verdad, llegaréis a las cumbres.

— *Katherine Tingley*

YOU must awake to the glory of the morning, so to speak; search for the truth; begin to climb the mountains of Light; and by self-conquest and perseverance in search of Truth, you shall reach the heights. — *Katherine Tingley*

GREETING FROM GERMANY

IHR Kinder der Welt! Euch allen wünschen auch Eure deutschen Freunde, durch den *Râja-Yoga Messenger*, dem internationalen Botschafter der Jugend, ein fröhliches Weihnachtsfest und ein recht glückliches Neujahr!

Children of the World! Your German friends also send you all their Wishes for a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy New Year, through that International Robin Good-Fellow, the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER!

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GREETING FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

ČESKOSLOVENSKO posílá pozdrav všem dítkám světa ve svých písních, které jeho statní synové při sloužení své vlasti zanesli do všech končin světa, též i do našeho drahého 'Lomalandu.' Československé poselství pro nový rok jest vyjádřeno jedním z jeho prvních učitelů — Komenským, který zhotovil první obrázkovou knihu pro děti: "Ach, dítky, pamatujte, k čemu jste povoláni a na jakou cestu navedeni!" Všem radostný a nadějný Nový Rok!



"SEVENTY-ONE YEARS YOUNG" — MR. H. T. PATTERSON OF LOMALAND

Active manager of the Theosophical Publishing Company, and one of the pioneer workers on Point Loma.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA sends greetings to all the children of the world in its message of songs, which its stalwart sons, in serving their motherland, carried to all the corners of the world — even to our own dear Lomaland. Its message for the New Year is expressed by one of its earliest educators — Komenský, who made the first children's picture-book: "O children all! remember what your duties are and the path you have been shown." To all a glad and hopeful New Year! *Lomaland, December 1921*

GREETING FROM WALES

DYMA'R neges calon Cymru
At y flwyddyn newydd-eni:
"Bydded dangnef dan d'adenydd,
Yn dy galon deg, oleuni!"

Here is the message of the heart of Wales
To the new-born year:
"Be divine peace beneath thy wings,
And in thy fair heart, the light!"

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climbing to 31,000 feet, writes from Paris in regard to some of his experiences at these high altitudes:

At 16,500 feet he began inhaling small quantities of oxygen, which he constantly increased as he rose. After flying one hour and fifteen minutes, with the altimeter showing 23,000 ft., Mr. Kirsch experienced his first trouble.

"Turning my head from right to left" he says, "to peer around the windshield which had become frosted, what was my horror to perceive that I could not turn it back to place again. The muscles refused to function. For the moment I was terrified. Instinctively I opened the oxygen bottle and breathed a very strong dose. I felt better immediately and could turn my head around to the natural position.

"After this I mounted more slowly. I was surrounded by a sort of halo and felt as if I were approaching the sun. Oh, how cold it was! — and this in spite of everything which had been done to make me impervious to the frost of the higher heavens. The thermometer registered sixty-seven degrees below zero. In spite of this I decided to climb still higher. At slightly over 31,000 feet the last drop of gasoline was exhausted and the motor stopped dead. I descended in dizzy spirals to a height of 26,000 feet, then volplaned slowly."

Mr. Kirsch succeeded in making a landing in a field at Champaubert, having descended from a record altitude of 31,000 feet in twenty minutes. He tells us that changing from the rare atmosphere of that great height to that of the earth caused his ear-drums to feel as though they were bursting, while a general sense of depression took hold of him after the exaltation of the upper atmospheres.

The result of his years of experience, says Mr. Kirsch, is to convince him that passenger flying is as safe in an aeroplane today, if not safer, than voyaging by ocean on a palatial liner.

Good Roads in the Sky

One of the United States government meteorologists, C. Le Roy Meisinger, points out that in order "to keep the eagle in the air," confidence in the Air Service must be established and maintained. This, he declares, can only be done by taking every possible means of reducing accidents and by increasing the safety of fliers. In his opinion one of the most important means of attaining increased safety is a scientific study of air conditions. This has been realized in Europe, where special departments of aeronautical meteorology have been established.

As a result of what small study has been made of this question some

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* This record is lately reported to have been broken by Captain John A. MacReady, an American flyer, who attained a height of 40,000 feet.

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interesting facts have been established. At one kilometer altitude planes can travel from New York to Omaha with what is known as a 'still-air' speed of 100 miles an hour in about three hours and forty minute's less time than similar planes flying at three kilometers. The two-hundred-mile flight from New York to Washington can be made — it has been found — in two hours and forty-eight minutes at one kilometer, and in three hours at three kilometers. On the return trip, however, the altitude seems to make little difference in this case. Again, from Chicago to St. Louis a one kilometer flight would cover the ground — or rather the air — twenty-eight minutes sooner than the same flight at two kilometers, while on the return three kilometers is considered to be the best altitude.

All of these data seem to be dependent upon certain fairly constant air-currents traveling in certain directions at certain altitudes. The discriminating aeronaut, is on the lookout to avoid bad currents, as the wise and well-versed chauffeur is steering clear of ugly grades. In time, with the air-mail universally established, we may be advised to add a footnote to the corner of our special-delivery envelopes: "*Via 3-Kilometer Pass.*" AERON AUTIC

ESSENTIAL OILS



OLATILE oils, or essential oils, are the bodies to which so many flowers, leaves, spices and woods owe their distinctive odors. The scent of lavender, the flavor of cloves, and the odor of sandalwood are all due to the presence of volatile oil in their structures.

The method of collecting sufficient of the oil to use, or handle, consists in heating the flowers, leaves or plants in a current of steam, then condensing the steam and collecting the oil which separates from the water. This process, now commonly called steam-distillation, is almost as ancient as civilization, and like so many useful arts, it was brought from the East by the Moors.

The art was first chiefly applied to the preparation of sweet-smelling waters and cordials, and as the use of these increased, it became necessary to cultivate the plants which yielded the volatile oils. The monasteries were famous for their physic gardens and herb-growing, and used their products for treating human sicknesses and the preparation of elixirs and cordials.

Although the oil-glands in the plants are almost too minute to be perceptible, yet the essential oils produced amount to many tons annually.

The aromatic spices are chiefly of tropical or subtropical origin, and in order to produce the volatile oil from these, they are shipped to distillers from the places in which they grow. For instance: the eucalyptus trees are natives of Australia, and the leaves are distilled on the spot and the oils

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shipped; citronella and lemongrass are distilled in Burma, Ceylon, and the Straits Settlements; star-anise and cassia oils are produced in China; lemon, orange and bergamot in Italy and Sicily, chiefly.

During the last decade or two it has been found that the essential oils can serve mankind in many other forms than in their raw or refined state, and today many of the essential oils are simply the raw materials for the manufacture of more complex substances which are used in flavoring foods, preparing perfumes, or the manufacture of medicinal substances. The humble clove, for instance, is the starting-point for the manufacture of artificial vanilla-flavoring, which is so commonly used in chocolate and foods; and an artificial attar of rose is produced by the chemist with the geraniol from citronella as a starting-point.

The industry requires the supervision of highly-trained chemists and engineers; it requires a small army of workmen and mechanics; it gathers its raw materials from every country in the world, and many of the ablest business-men and merchants are engaged in it. T. B. M.

KEYNOTES FOR THE NEW YEAR

GIVE *love and love to your life will flow*
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed;

Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor will honor meet:
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

— MADELINE BRIDGES (*Selected*)

"IF you and I start the New Year with high aspirations which nothing can conquer, we shall carry the Christmas Spirit with us wherever we go. By and by our neighbors will wonder of what elixir we have drunk; they will seek to know the secret of our happiness, the source of our strength, the mainspring of our life. And they will soon discover that it all comes from performing cheerfully and well the smallest duty, keeping the mind free from cobwebs, having a wholesome outlook on life and its purposes, and facing courageously its trials; and lastly, but most important of all, from having ever present as the deepest motive in life, the desire to be of service."

— From a Râja-Yoga Christmas address, 1920

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STRAY BEAMS

"UNSELFISHNESS names the Spirit of Christmas — the Christos Spirit in Man. Let us but sincerely strive to live unselfishly, and Christ will live with us. Let us live selfishly, and we will daily crucify the Christ within." *H.*

"THERE is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works." *— Carlyle*

"FIDELITY in small things is the basis of every great achievement." *— Charles Wagner*

"NOTHING makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavor to create something perfect."— *Michelangelo*

"ONE need not strain himself to be useful; he cannot help being useful if he is cheerful and brave, if he is bright and true, if he is clean and honest." *— C. G. Ames*

"LET no man presume to give advice to others who has not first given good counsel to himself."— *Seneca*

"ENDEAVOR to be patient in bearing the defects and infirmities of otheres, of what sort soever they be; for thyself also hast many failynges which must be borne with by otheres.— *Thomas a Kempis*

WHO IS WISE? The one who learns from everyone.
WHO IS STRONG? The one who conquers himself.
WHO IS RICH? The one who is satisfied with what he has.
WHO IS HONORABLE? The one who honors others.— The Jewish *Talmud*

"BE noble; and the nobleness that lies in other men (sleeping, but never dead) will rise in majesty to meet thine own."— *Lowell*

"NO man is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt." *— Lord Clarendon*

"THEY can, because they believe they can."— *Vergil*

"REMEMBER that to change thy mind and to follow him that sets thee right is to be none the less the free agent that thou wast before."—*Aurelius*

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A LETTER FROM SANTA CLAUS!

Christmas Castle,
Toy Factory Park, North Pole,
December 1921

MY DEAR CHILDREN: A Merry Christmas to you all, both lean and chubby, short and tall, Uncle Santa loves you all. — Hulloa! that sounds like poetry; if I don't look out I may grow into a poet, and that would never do, for who would see to the presents if I wrote verses all the time?

Now I want to tell you about a little boy that one of my sprites was talking of the other day. This little four-year-old heard his father say that war would never end so long as people had cannon. Now that hit him very hard, because among his other treasures there was a little brass cannon, no bigger around than a pencil; but still it *was* a cannon just the same.

Well, he thought it all over in his own mind. Much as he valued his cannon, he was still more anxious that people should stop fighting, so he set off to find the Superintendant of Police and solemnly handed over his cannon.

Now I call him a dear little fellow, don't you? He made up his mind that he wasn't going to stand in the way of Universal Peace even if it did cost him something. Well, I thought that was fine. He was going to do his part anyway — and that's the proper spirit.

Now don't let any of you young people suppose that you should

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leave it to your elders to make it a Happy Christmas. You must do something too. Search out somebody who has no friends and do something for him. Throw a beam of sunshine into his life — that's the idea. Warm him up a little; and then perhaps he will warm up somebody else, and in that way sunshine and warmth will go passing everywhere like my fairies and sprites, and there will be Happy Christmas over the whole world.

But every child must do his part; and even if he has nothing to give but a smile: well then, let him give that. The smile of a child will bring luck and good cheer for quite a long time — at least for a year. That is the first lesson I teach in my school up here at the North Pole.

Some people admire butterflies; others admire sunsets; others again enjoy mountain scenery or forest trees; but as for me and the rest of our folks here, the most beautiful sight of all to us is a happy face.

Instead of collecting butterflies or postage-stamps see if you can't make a large collection of happy faces in your neighborhood. Look out for some solemn-faced person and do something to make him smile. Then you've got a new specimen for your collection — see? And what's more, you've got to keep him smiling or else you'll lose him.

So do not think that Christmas is just a jolly flare-up like a bonfire that crackles and sends out sparks and flames and then dies down to gray ashes and bits of black charcoal. You've got to keep it a-going right through the year; and then next Christmas I shall give you another send-off, and by and by the feeling of Christmas will be with you all the seasons round — spring, summer, autumn, and all.

A little elf who had been busy scribbling on a corner of paper torn form the wrapping of a Christmas parcel has just handed me this verse for you. It seems to me all correct, so I will put my O. K. to it and send it along, with my very best wishes to you all.

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ABOUT SNOWFLAKES

Here's to the season of snow and of holly;
To lads and to lassies with faces so jolly.
Blend caution with fooling, be merry and wise,
Let sunshine and kindness beam out of your eyes.
Forget the old quarrels and wipe the slate clear, *O.K.*
And make a better record in the Glad New Year.

Believe me — Your loving uncle, SANTA CLAUS



CHRISTMAS WEATHER IN NEW ZEALAND
Santa comes in midsummer there — can you tell why?

ABOUT SNOWFLAKES

EVEN grandmother has thrilling stories to tell of the fun to be had when the snow has come; to young and old alike the snow brings with it a world of fun, and when it has covered the land, it is a magic world of beauty.

It has not been so very many years that the millions of wonderful and perfect little forms hidden in the white drift have been revealed to us. Those, however, who have been interested in snow-formation, have gathered the flakes and put them under a microscope and found some to be of the most perfect formation.

Only after long and painstaking search have such wonderful shapes as those shown in the picture been found. Not every flake that falls

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is as perfect as these; for a snowflake has often traveled a very long distance before reaching a final resting-place on the earth.



HOW SNOWFLAKES LOOK

This photograph is much enlarged, and shows the snow-crystals as they appear when first formed in the upper air. While falling they lose these beautiful shapes; so that it is difficult to find a perfect one to study.

On its journey downward it may be picked up by the wind and blown upwards, downwards, sideways; and as it is buffeted about, it knocks up against other flakes traveling at as high a speed as itself. In this way it receives injuries; so that by the time it lands it may be but a poor remnant of what started downwards.

Have you ever read this little snowflake story in verse?

'When e'er a snowflake leaves the sky
It turns and turns, to say good-bye.
Good-bye, dear clouds, so cool and gray,
Then turns and hastens on its way.

"But when a snowflake finds a tree
Good-day, it says, good-day to thee.
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and find a playmate here.

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"But when a snowflake brave and meek
Lights on a little maiden's cheek,
It starts — how warm and mild the day,
'Tis summer!' and it melts away." Mary Mapes Dodge (*Selected*)

So you see a snowflake's life is very short; and though delicate, a little snowflake prefers the raging of the storm to a cozy place by your warm hearth-fire. That would mean immediate death to it.

One little girl, seeing snow for the first time, thought the angels must be emptying feather-beds, and tried to gather up a few feathers to take in to her mother — but her mother never saw them.

If one has the proper means to gather up these crystals, he will find that even after collecting some two thousand and examining them, no two will be found to be alike. This shows that wherever Nature holds sway, monotony never creeps in. S. H.

THE NEW MOON

MRS. FOLLEN



H, mother, how pretty the moon looks tonight;
It was never so cunning before!
Her two little horns are so sharp and so bright,
I hope she'll not grow any more.
If I were up there with you and my friends,
We'd rock in it nicely, you'd see,—
We'd sit in the middle, and hold by both ends,
Oh, what a bright cradle 'twould be.

We'd call to the stars to keep out of the way,
For fear we should rock on their toes,
And then we would rock till the dawn of the day
And see where the pretty moon goes.
And there we would stay in the beautiful skies,
And through the bright clouds we would roam,
We'd see the sun set, and we'd see the sun rise,
And on the next rainbow come home. — Selected

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WHEN WISHES CAME TRUE

IT was only a small and most uninteresting bush of holly — yet it did its best to be strong and beautiful like its neighbors, with berries that would make the children clap their hands with delight when they came to gather the Christmas decorations. Try as it would, however, something always happened. One year its new leaves had turned yellow, and lost all their crispness; another year there were no berries, or else they mildewed; and so it went. This year had given promise of something better — at least there were berries — but they would not look glossy, and they were pitifully small, and the poor tree sighed as rich, glowing clusters were taken from other bushes to play their part in the Christmas festivities.

All day long the wood had been filled with the sound of merry voices, and people had come even from the great house on the hill to gather fragrant boughs of evergreens, and many an armful of the bright red holly. As the afternoon advanced the voices became fainter, and at last all was silent except when some timid wood creature scuttled across the snow. Just before sunset a small boy came that way, and stopped by the unfortunate holly bush. He looked it over eagerly, but shook his head in disappointment as nothing but dull, scraggy bunches rewarded his search.

"Just my luck," he said, "and Mother would have liked it better than anything else. I can't take this to her; it's almost worse than nothing. I'll go on a little further, and perhaps I'll find a bush that the others have overlooked."

The little bush trembled from its topmost pointed leaf to its roots hidden under the earth. Here was the greatest misfortune of all, for the small boy was Jackie Tonnel, and everything in the forest would have been glad to help Jackie. His mother had been an invalid for many years, and the boy worked early and late outside of school hours to add to the little money she received for her 'fine sewing.'

When he could spare the time Jackie would go to the forest and study the ways of the birds and small animals, or hunt for some

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mushrooms to take to his mother; and he told her many an interesting story of his forest wanderings, for he loved the timid wild creatures, and they soon lost their fear of him. Even the trees and shrubs knew who Jackie was, and were his friends. "And to think that he was hunting for holly, and there was none to be had!"

The little bush was really miserable, and sighed so deeply that a wood-elf passing that way overheard, and asked the cause of the trouble. Now the wood-elf had heard the troubles of the holly before, and he had his own ideas on the matter. Of course it was all very nice to want to give pleasure to others, but it seemed to him that the bush was just a wee bit over-anxious about the state of its berries and leaves. When he heard about Jackie, though, it was a different matter. —To help Jackie! who was a friend of all the wood-folk? Here indeed *was* occasion for wishing, and he determined to have some Christmas fun himself. He whistled three times — a low soft whistle, and instantly he was surrounded by a host of other elves.

He must have said strange things in that whistle, for not a word of explanation was necessary; each elf knew exactly what he was supposed to do, and being provided with a little cloth for polishing, began a systematic rubbing of the berries until the whole bush was aglow with the brightest of bright red holly. Where the clusters were small the elves added to them from tiny baskets of fairy berries that they carried, and when Jackie returned, his face very sober because there was nothing to take to 'Mother,' the elves had already finished, and were hiding to enjoy his surprise.

They had not waited long when there came a shout that almost scared them from their hiding-places — Jackie pinched himself, and rubbed his eyes, and did many other things to make sure he was not dreaming. No, the holly was still there, and Mother should have the most beautiful Christmas decorations she had ever seen. As for Jackie — though he did no end of guessing, the elves kept their secret well. It was just a time when wishes came true! H. O. M.

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ON THE TOP OF THE HILL



MANY, many years ago there was an old king who was loved very much by his subjects because he had been so good and wise, but who was dying from a severe illness. He had a very wise physician, who tended him with great care, but even he could not cure the king.

One day a proclamation was issued throughout the land that there was only one remedy left — a snow-white herb that grew on the top of a certain hill; and that whoever should succeed in finding it would be given the king's own daughter in marriage.

Many youths started on this quest; but at the end of several days none had succeeded. A second proclamation was issued wherein a kingdom, besides the princess, was promised.

The next morning a splendid-looking youth arrived at the court, attended by a long retinue of servants. He entered the mighty palace, and was shown into the king's chamber. Shian (for such was the youth's name) told the king that he was sure he would find the herb for him. So the trumpets were sounded, and Shian set off amid the shouts of the assembled crowd.

He rode hard all day, only stopping for the night. Finally, Shian came to the base of the mountain; but as it was too steep to climb with his horse, he left him tied to a tree. Before long, he found himself in a dense forest, and he could hear the noise of wild animals not far away. Soon he saw signs of an approaching storm. It was too late to turn back, and yet he was far from the top.

Darkness was also coming on; and the howling of the wolves grew louder and louder. But Shian kept right on. In a few moments

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he felt drops of rain, and heard the distant roll of thunder; then more and more rain, and louder peals of thunder, till the trees around him shook, and sometimes fell with a crash.

Shian looked around for a place for shelter during the night, but there were only trees and dark spaces. He was now soaked through, and had nowhere to go, so he walked and walked, yet ever in danger of slipping down the steep mountain-side. After long hours the first streaks of dawn appeared, and the storm had somewhat abated; but Shian had not much more strength to proceed. He did not know he had almost reached the top. He ached in every limb, and was faint and cold and hungry; and he thought, "Well, here will I lie down, maybe never to wake again, and so farewell my beautiful princess."

Some time after, he suddenly awoke. He felt a strange warmth stealing through him, and everything around him seemed flooded with the most brilliant sunlight. Then he became dazzled at a vision before him: a maiden was approaching him, lovelier than anything he could have imagined. Her flowing hair was like the rays of the sun and her whole presence was like dazzling light, where different colors glittered at every turn. He would rather spend one day with her, he thought, than a hundred years with any other.



Here was happiness for him, and he could and would seize it. As she danced in front of him he saw bright little sunbeams dancing all around her — a mass of light, color and warmth. She beckoned him on and led him into a palace that almost blinded him at first. His pledge, his princess, the dying man, the quest of the herb — all vanished from his thought.

At home in the palace it was said the king grew suddenly feebler.

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II

As Shian never returned and the king's days were numbered, another proclamation was sent through the land. Again youths flocked to the court. Among them was one who was poorer than the rest, but who looked ambitious and determined, and he was called Tersha. They too set out amidst fanfares and shouts. Tersha soon got ahead of all his comrades. He was determined to win that kingdom and its riches, and rode fast by day and night. He soon came to the foot of the mountain and began the ascent.

There was no storm this time. The air was hot and dry and he longed for a cool place. But he had perseverance and kept on. When night came he lay down under the trees and fell asleep; but all night long he dreamt of the time when he should be in command of wealth and power. At dawn Tersha continued his journey.

Towards noon he reached the top of the mountain and as he looked around his eye fell on a statue of gold which took life as he approached it. The golden queen, for such it was, beckoned to him. Soon he found himself walking on a golden floor, and golden pillars were around everywhere with golden statues. Ah! what of his dreams — wealth and power — were they not here within his reach?

Straightway the statues took life and began bringing him presents of gold, and some brought him a suit of golden armor. His quest — what other quest could there be for him but the realization that was here of his own secret dreams? He was a fool to have offered to save the king. But not so foolish either; for see what it had brought him. It is true he knew nothing of this then. So much the more credit to him; now he would make the most of the present moment. . . .

III

AT last it was proclaimed that the King had only one more week to live unless the herb was brought, but no response came to the King's ears. However, one early morning, a young student rode off out of the city secretly and alone. He rode day and night, and when he came to the mountain, he tied his horse to a tree, and started up.

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By evening he had reached the top of the mountain and began his search. Soon he met an old man whom he knew by his speech to be very wise. The old man motioned to him, and showed him his dwelling-place, that seemed to be made of books, and had strange figures everywhere. The youth glanced at it and thought of the years he had spent in study and research — his hopes — his craving for wisdom; and something told him that once he entered there he would never find the herb. The old man beckoned to him again, and Gladion, for such was his name answered, "Alas, good man, I know what you would offer me, but I cannot follow you now, for I am on a sacred quest. When it is over I will gladly come to you."

At these words, the old man and the house disappeared, and Gladion saw there a beautiful snow-white plant. He knew at once that it was the magic herb; he gathered it carefully and at once sped down the mountain-side. It was now very dark, but he groped his way through the forest, and by morning drew near the city. Besides the horsemen guarding the bridge and a few people sorrowfully loitering in the streets, all was deserted and still. Gladion knew something serious was threatening.

He rode at full speed; and in the last hour allotted to the King, he rode up to the palace. Sounding his horn, he entered the palace which was silent as death. He was led to the physician to whom he gave the herb. The physician was overjoyed, and just as the King was drawing his last breath, he applied the herb to his mouth.

Instantly the King revived, and after an hour or so, he begged to see young Gladion. Gladion told him he did not want any reward, but the King insisted, and the next day it was heralded all over the land that Gladion was the future sovereign. The princess was very happy when she found who the bridegroom was to be, for she knew that here was one to whom Service was dearer than self. She knew her prince would stand loyal to Duty in the face of all temptations.

So Gladion by sacrificing the momentary illusive happiness Shian and Tersha had found at the top of the mountain, gained the lasting joy that comes to the true knight in his steadfast devotion to Duty. E.

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RHYS THE DEEP

Kenneth Morris



SOMEWHERE out on the hillside, where the brown spiders creep
And the lizards lie basking, and the sunlit world's asleep
There's a place from which one sees the Land of Rhys the Deep.

It's a handful of earth from Fairyland; none knows where it may be,—
In Esotero Canyon, or by Lotus-by-the-Sea,
Or down in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, or up by the old Golf-tee.

You're wandering over the hillside with never a thought nor dream
That there's anything funny out on the sea but the glitter of silvery cream
And the brown and golden kelp-bed, and the blue shore-wave agleam;

And then you put your foot on it — and you're never thinking where,—
And you rub your eyes and wonder, and you rub them again and stare,
For a thousand beautiful palaces are glimmering lovely there.

And there are the fields and the gardens where the beautiful people go,
Stately and beautiful are they, and tall as the palm-trees grow;
And their hair is like the peacock's plumes, and their houses shine like snow.

And along the quays of marble, white and bright and clean,
The ships are riding at anchor; their sails of white nankeen,
And satin and silk and taffeta, purple and gold and green.

Where is the place to see them from? Perhaps — you never can tell —
Those naughty bunnies out there in the brush, perhaps they know quite well;
They have certainly good long loppety ears to be hearing a fairy spell.

And perhaps — this is only guessing — Carmen and Mary Louise,
And Esther and Johnny and Julius and Bobby, tell me, please
What were you looking at, tiny tots, out there on the face of the seas?

Lomaland 1921

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— he had saved the load again. — All but one or two little parcels that tipped over the edge, and went tumbling down to earth.

All through the frosty night Santa went from house to house, climbing down chimneys and squeezing through keyholes, filling up stockings and leaving sweet dreams wherever he went. At last in the east gleamed a pale streak of light, and he began to think he had better be getting home.

"Just one more," he said to himself as he lighted on the snow-covered thatch of a little farm-house and slid down the chimney.

By the dim flicker of the hearth-fire he saw a pair of tiny socks hung for him from the mantlepiece, while across the room, in a trundle bed, a little boy talked in his sleep. He crept over to the corner and watched the child.

"Santa's tumin' and he's goin' to fill my 'tockin'," he lisped, "Peese, div me a 'tar, Santa, a weely-twooly twinkle 'tar f'om de 'ky!" and he threw out his little hand, and towsled his yellow curls upon the pillow.

The old man bent over him, smiling, and touched his forehead with a happy dream. Then he thrust his hand deep into his bag, and . . . the smile faded from his face; *il was empty!*

"Dear me!" he muttered "Dear, dear, me! whatever can have happened! Why, I know I could no more have forgotten Davie-boy than I could have forgotten my name."

Then suddenly he remembered the narrow escape he had had when his sleigh had nearly capsized. Maybe something had fallen out then! Yes, that must surely be it — for he knew he had wrapped



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up a woolly sheep and a beautiful shiny trumpet specially for David! Well, anyway it was gone now, and he must invent some way to bring the smile to those big blue eyes when they opened. For a minute he was lost in thought, but then the twinkly mornnig-star sent a sparkling idea into his head.

"Santa has never failed yet," he chuckled, and from his magic wand he took the silver star and laid it in the chubby hand that lay upon the covers. "For ever and for ever," he murmured the magic spell, "shall your eyes be filled with starlight, and all the realms of fairyland shall open before your gaze."

The dawn was breaking over the hills as Davie stirred in his bed.

"A weely twooly 'tar," he whispered, and his eyes grew wide.

Then suddenly he caught sight of Santa trying to squeeze up the chimney! "Oh!" he gasped, "I'm so glad that I see'd 'oo Santa, 'cos now I can fank 'oo for my twinkle 'tar."

A voice, like the merry blustering winter's wind, came down the chimney: "I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me. I have an appointment with Old Father Time, and he won't wait for anyone."

But Davie never forgot what he had seen. M. A. B.

DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS

SEE how big I'm growing!
I'm almost a man!
Let me do your errands,
I am sure I can.

I will take your parcels,
And your letters mail.
You surely will use me,
For I never fail!

When you're in a hurry
I will give you rides.
I'm your busy postman
And errand boy besides. Victor



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gether, and Jimy and Sally Squirrel came chattering thro' the woods with Mr. and Mrs. Cocky Doodles.



"Now are we all met?" asked Mrs. Doodles. Freddy snapped at a fly, but missed, and then suddenly remembered that he had a message from Uncle Toby Toad.

"Uncle Toby sent his Christmas Greetings to all of you," he began, "and he said he was very sorry that he could'nt come tonight. He's got rheumatism so badly that he has to stay in the water all the time."

"Why that's too bad," said Sally. "We'll have to send him a bag of nuts, Jimmy; I'm sure he'd like that."

Mr. Crane cleared his throat as if he were going to make a speech.

"Furry and Feathered Brothers," he began; "Christmas is the time for giving presents. We are all met together here today for that special purpose. I have taken great pleasure, Miss Kitty Kat, in catching this fat worm for you. You like them, don't you?"



Kitty Kat purred very politely and answered, "Thank you so much, Mr. Crane, I am sure it is

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most kind of you. Prr-prr-pray accept this saucer of delicious cream which I brought for you."

"Krrrr-krrrr,-kreetings," croaked Freddy, as he jumped up to Jimmy Squirrel, "I've brought you half a dozen of the finest pond-flies I ever saw. I've always liked you, Jimmy, and I wanted you to know it."

Jimmy had learned his lesson in the spring, never to refuse the kind offers of one's friends, so he took the flies politely and said:

"Have some nuts, Freddy --- I am sure they are the best in the woods."



"NOT SO LOUD PLEASE, MR. DOODLES"

After they had finished giving all their gifts, Mrs. Cocky Doodles suggested that the Family Chorus should sing a few songs; so they all formed in a ring, and Mr. Crane directed. The little Doodles sang treble, and Gander and Goosey sang alto; Mr. C. Doodles sang tenor, and Freddy sang the bass. At last, when Mr. Sun peeped over the Hill, they all went home, saying what a fine time they'd had, and how they hoped that Mother Goose would invite them all again next year.

M. A. B

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

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"Remember this: that as you live your life each day with an uplifted purpose and unselfish desire, each and every event will bear for you a deep significance . . . and as you learn their import, so do you fit yourself for higher work."
— WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

THE REALITY BEHIND NATURE

THERE is a story about a man in prison who, after spending his first few days overwhelmed by his fate and planning revenge, happened to look up suddenly one day, and discovered that through his little grated window far up in the wall he could see a little patch of sky. He had not thought of the sky for so long that it quite startled him at first, and somehow set him thinking: it was so very blue — bluer and lovelier than he remembered ever to have seen it. It seemed to him like a clear eye looking down at him there in his cell.

From that moment there was a change in him. Hope crept into his life again, and it was soon seen that a softening influence was at work, making a new man of him. He came to love that bit of sky, as the only link that still bound him to the natural world outside. He would lie on his cot and watch it; sometimes a white cloud would pass across it, and sometimes there would be a star. . . . That one touch of Nature aroused the real man in him, and through it he came to see that there was an honorable place for him in the world, and that he must work to fit himself to fill it.

This shows us that the power of the Higher Law works through Nature for our upliftment: it is like a shining Companion who is always at our side, whenever we choose to ally ourselves with him.

There are two manifestations of Nature: on the one side the beauties and wonders that we can see; and on the other, the glory beyond, that we can only feel. We can always receive the spiritual touch through contact with Nature. She is a Friend, always impersonal, always ready to teach, always able to revive in us the sense of spiritual life and love for the great realities.

It has been mentioned before that there are times when one gets 'off the track'; when his vision is so distorted that nothing seems right, and everybody but himself seems wrong.

When we allow this black cloud to envelop us we feel shut out from all

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the world — we are, in fact, just as securely imprisoned as the man in the prison-cell; and there is in us a ruthless and obstinate jailer who, now that he has the upper hand, aims to keep us shut up as long as possible so that he may be the master. So we feel that the royal benediction that comes from Nature is not for us. the beauty of the sunset or the freshness of the morning has no message for us: Nature has 'forgotten' us, and will continue to do so until we open our doors to the light again.

But material Nature must not be mistaken for that which it represents, any more than our bodies should be mistaken for ourselves. It was not really the sight of a bit of sky with a star in it that produced that wonderful change in the imprisoned man: it was the Divine Law ***which he felt shining through it.*** And so with us — if we love Nature just for the sake of her material beauty we are not benefited, we are simply enjoying ourselves. But if Nature gives us that inspiration that makes us lose our sense of personalism and feel that we are greater than our fate, greater than any circumstances that surround us — then we are getting that intimate touch with the Mighty Mother which is a real glimpse into Divine Life. M. S. (*From an address*)

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN



E is an embodiment of courteous consideration and kindliness, coupled with a quiet strength that commands the respect of all. While by no means ignoring the conventional forms of politeness, his courtesy springs from a deeper source, for it comes directly *from the heart.* Hence he always does the right thing at the right time, making everyone feel at ease in his presence.

Such a man was William Quan Judge, the second Leader of the Theosophical Movement. Those who knew him often speak of his warm, sympathetic nature, of his constant effort to give all that he had, and of his wonderfully intuitive knowledge of when to speak and when to be silent. A true idealist, Mr. Judge was extremely practical; he was most punctilious in business matters, and in all appointments his punctuality was exceptional.

He always gave help to those who came to him in difficulties, yet his manner was unostentatious and quiet, and only those who knew him well realized his greatness. A lady who knew Mr. Judge for a number of years gives an interesting account of how she first met him. At that time the Headquarters of the Society were in New York, and as this lady lived in a neighboring town, her friends suggested that she should visit the Headquarters on one of her business trips.

She accordingly went there, but without expecting to meet Mr. Judge, who, she thought, was much too important a personage to care about seeing

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her. She was well received, and was shown over the premises. As she was talking to one of the officials, a quiet-looking gentleman entered the room and asked for an introduction. She was introduced — as she thought — to a 'Mr. Church,' who was most courteous, showing her about further, and then pleasantly conversing for some time, asking her about her interest in brotherhood work, and similar subjects. She had gone there filled with anxiety about her business and other matters; but, somehow, when she left, it was with a different outlook: as though she had received help enough for a life-time.

On reaching home she recounted her experience to a friend, and described the appearance of 'Mr. Church.' "Why," said the friend, "you must have met Mr. Judge!" — and then she recalled the Irish twinkle that had been lurking in the stranger's serious blue eyes. Mr. Judge, finding his identity unknown to her, had not revealed himself, so as to put her more at her ease.

His friendship was of a rare quality — entirely without sentimentality or effusiveness; he "gave you a feeling of always being at your elbow when you needed him." He was absolutely fearless where the right was concerned, and could administer the most severe rebuke — but without ever causing personal bitterness or discouragement. Always *giving himself*, he would allow no one to feel indebted to him; yet he repaid a hundredfold all that he received from others. Such was William Quan Judge, the perfect gentleman. F. S.

RESURRECTION

SWINBURNE in *Super Flumina Babylonis*

ON the mountains of memory, by the world's well-springs,
In all men's eyes,
Where the light of the life of him is on all past things,
Death only dies.

Unto each man his handiwork, unto each his crown
The just Fate gives;
Whoso takes the world's life on him and his own lays down
He, dying so, lives.

Whoso bears the whole heaviness of the wronged world's weight,
And puts it by,
It is well with him suffering, though he face man's fate,
How should he die? . . .

For an hour, if ye look for him, he is no more found,
For one hour's space;
Then ye lift up your eyes to him and behold him crowned,
A deathless face.

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DAILY CONQUESTS

THE idea of conquest is a very old one, and in fact may be said to be as old as man himself. A casual glance at any history-book of no matter what age or race — indeed the history-books which we use in our school-classes — reveals but a continuous record of conquests. But this is only the outward aspect of the subject, and there is always an inner aspect to everything — just as in the little seed which contains within itself the secret of a beautiful flower or a mighty tree. Let us then turn our attention to this inner side of the question, remembering the date 1875; for on this date, our histories will say, the ancient knowledge was again brought to the western world by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky.



LOMALAND — THE ROAD TO THE BEACH

This great Teacher restored the idea of conquest to its true nobility — conquest not of one nation over another, or of a man over his neighbor, but the conquest of the Lower by the Higher Self, *a greater achievement than any other.*

Opportunities for this inner conquest are always before us; for we need not wait for the enemy to marshal its forces as in the outer conquests: the greater victory is obtained by overcoming *before the crises come* — in the little things. Little difficulties mastered continually, are preparations for the greater ones: small victories win in advance the greater battles of self-mastery, and inspire us with growing confidence to meet them.

The inner meaning of conquest, understood and realized, opens up before

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us new fields for thought — the fairy-stories and legends are filled with wondrous meaning; great epics are seen no more as mere recountings of great achievements but as echoes of the grand song of divine Warriorhood; and history becomes a foundation of constructive thought and inspiration.

To become noble examples of the science of Râja-Yoga — the perfect balance of all the faculties — we must first of all learn the value of daily conquests; for just as with the plants and trees, growth from day to day



VIEW OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY FROM THE HILL OPPOSITE

This student's bungalow, in common with all Lomaland dwellings, is surrounded with trees, shrubs and flowers, and graced by climbing vines.

is hardly noticeable, yet at the end of a week or more great changes are seen, and daily efforts added together will in the course of time bear fruit.

Let us then use this inner knowledge by making daily conquests in the kingdom of oneself, and in time the efforts of continually increasing numbers will be felt in all the kingdoms of the earth. G. B.

TO ANYONE

WHETHER the time be slow or fast,
Enemies, hand in hand,
Must come together at the last
And understand.

No matter how the die is cast
Nor who may seem to win,
You know that you must love at last —
Why not begin?

— WITTER BYNNER in *Greenstone Poems*

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LIFE AND MISSION OF FREDERIKA BREMER

FINLAND has given birth to several men and women who have made themselves famous in Swedish history, literature and art. Among these we must count Frederika Bremer. She was born on the 17th of August, 1801, at Tuårla Gård near Åbo. On her father's side she came from an ancient German family of nobility, her ancestors having emigrated to Sweden in the reign of Gustaf Adolf II. Her grandfather acquired a large fortune in Finland, where he lived the greater part of his life. Owing to the dangerous times when Finland was slowly being drawn into the fatal war with Russia, Frederika's father judged it safest to remove his family to Sweden, and consequently took up his residence in Stockholm in 1804, where his beautiful and hospitable home attracted a wide and brilliant circle of acquaintances. Two years later the family removed to Årsta, a large estate in the neighborhood of Stockholm. It was with this home that Frederika associated most of her childhood memories, and whither she would return time and again in her later years.



FREDRIKA BREMER

From her *Life:* Nordstedt & Sons, Stockholm

Årsta was a stately old castle of the seventeenth century with a high slanting roof and an adjoining tower. It was surrounded by nature-scenery of varied and singular beauty. When Frederika and her sisters visited Årsta for the first time their childish imaginations were much impressed by the interior of the castle, with its big empty halls, where every footstep awakened an echo; where the immense, deserted fireplaces spoke of past cheer and present desolation; and where the large windows with their tiny panes rattled in the wind as it shook the dilapidated walls of the old castle. The garden, too, was a constant source of delight to the children.

Frederika received the conventional young ladies' education of the times, which limited itself to slight intellectual development and a few superficial

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accomplishments. The culmination of such an education consisted in reading a few modern novels. Travel, however, became an educational factor in her life. She was twenty years old when her whole family took a trip through Europe. Traveling in those days was more troublesome than pleasant. The Bremer family made their trip in coaches through Germany and Switzerland as far as the lake of Geneva, then returned through France and the Netherlands. The roads were wretched in many parts of Europe, and caused much discomfort and various delays.

According to the original plan the family was to have spent the summer at Marseilles, but when Mr. Bremer received news that the yellow fever had broken out in that city he decided to go to Paris. Here the girls had the privilege of studying piano, singing, drawing and painting from experienced French masters, and of visiting famous museums, art-galleries, and other places of interest.

During the quiet years that followed the European trip, Årsta became more and more of a prison to Frederika. It was so far removed from the rest of the world and all communication was so scarce that the sisters lived in an almost nun-like seclusion. This life might have suited Frederika — as it certainly did in later years — had she known the inestimable value of working towards some definite goal; but her soul seemed asleep, and instead of falling back upon the resources of her higher self, she was constantly on the watch for exterior events that might bring a change into her life. Referring to this period she wrote in her autobiographical notes: "The fate of women in general, and my own in particular, seemed repulsive to me. I saw freedom and courage in the eyes of men, heard them give expression to their thoughts and feelings, but I was doomed to silence, to non-existence. I felt that I was born with strong wings, but I also felt that these were pinioned, and believed would remain thus forever." Her solace at this crisis was her portrait-painting. Seated at her easel she forgot all else in the joy of creating. She acquired a certain excellence in reproducing features, and had an especial gift for catching the soul-expression in the eyes she portrayed.

Her physical being, however, could not stand this state of unrest much longer, and a reaction ensued. She now turned her attention to her surroundings, and found that by aiding the poor and doctoring the sick in her neighborhood she had at least something to live for. She often grew cold and hungry on her long walks to her patients, but the exercise and fresh air did her good; her blood became purified, her mental fog cleared away, and she felt herself a new being.

After her father's death, when she had more freedom to act, she busied herself with much philanthropic work: helped to establish homes for maltreated children and aged women, aided unfortunate women, worked among prisoners, and used her influence for the establishment of schools for deaf

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and dumb children. She employed her literary talents to express her ideas on religion and vital questions, particularly those pertaining to women.

Her literary career was a brilliant one and she reaped honors from all corners of the world. Most of her works were published under the general title of *Sketches of Every-Day Life*. These books describe the life of Swedish middle-class families, and written as they are in a humorous, conversational style, brought the authoress an immense popularity. With the full consciousness, however, that she would sacrifice her popularity, she produced her last book, *Hertha*. The heroine is a young girl whose inward history greatly resembles Frederika's own, and whose struggles and sufferings are so vividly portrayed that one cannot fail to see what an attack this book evidently was on the limited education of the times.

Frederika's prophetic vision now turned away from the Old World and sought a wider and freer prospect in the New. The desire to visit America had long been growing in her mind, but did not find realization until the winter of 1849, when she tore herself away from her old associations and started on her memorable trip to the new continent alone. Preceded by her literary fame she found the homes of the New World open to welcome her and she saw that side of American life which her womanly nature deeply appreciated, and which she most charmingly describes in her American letters, later published under the title of *The Homes in the New World*. In these delightful letters the reader becomes acquainted with many of the famous Americans of the day, and learns to recognise young America as then passing through a period of intense growth and amalgamation of principles, races, and warring elements.

After having visited numerous institutions of the country — and even taken a trip to Cuba — Frederika made preparations to return home. She felt many and deep regrets at leaving her noble friends and the grand, beautiful country, but she felt that what she had gained from her sojourn in America would remain with her forever; the seeds that had been sown must reach fruition, if not at once, then in a richer soil of the future. "If I am asked what the people of the New World possess more than the inhabitants of the Old I must answer with the impressions fresh in my mind of all I have seen and experienced in America: A warmer heart-pulse, a more energetic, youthful life."

Frederika passed through England on her return trip and spent some time with her English friends, who introduced her to many of the literary celebrities of the day. George Eliot, who lived in the same London house as Frederika, wrote: "All the world is doing its *devoir* to the great little authoress." Even yet Frederika's destiny led her away from home, this time to other European countries. Her five-year's trip gradually embraced the countries of Switzerland, Belgium, France, Italy, Palestine, and Greece, and

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resulted in a book entitled *The Life in the Old World*. Wherever she went she made valuable acquaintances. In Italy she met the eminent statesman and large-hearted patriot Cavour.

A picture of herself from this trip is preserved in the notebooks of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who, with his wife, paid Frederika a visit in her little apartment in Rome. He writes in part: "One cannot find a better heart than hers, and not many better heads. A little mixture of sentiment, combined with quick, subtle humor and the most complete simplicity, charmingly seasons her conversation. She has something girlish and youthful in her nature which leaves a pleasant impression; something of the morning of life still lingers in this faded little wild-rose. She is an extremely lovable little lady, worthy of being the aunt of the whole human race."

Frederika had never appreciated Swedish scenery as she did on her return from this last long trip. Summer had come with its lovely wild-flowers, its bright sunshine, bird-songs, and long mysterious twilights. The deep magic poetry of the north awakened echoes in her soul which no other country in the world could evoke. It was sweet to feel that the restless fire of youth, and heat of life's noon had been succeeded by the calm evening when the experiences of a lifetime could mature in the beautiful childhood home at Årsta. A new generation was growing up on the old estate, and the laughter of the children gladdened the heart of the old lady as she dreamed of her country's future. She had lived to see four of her greatest hopes reach fruition: the abolishment of slavery in the United States, the decision that the unmarried Swedish woman was to be of age at twenty-five, the establishment in Stockholm of a seminary for the graduation of woman-teachers, and the adoption of a new representative system.

When winter came and the youth departed for school, leaving the old house "rather silent," Frederika found a new friend in an ornamented old-fashioned spinning-wheel. "I am delighted with it," she wrote. "How fast time flies while the thread glides through the fingers and the wheel hums its monotonous song; and the thoughts, those free birds of passage, fly hither and thither, settling now here, now there, either in the world of memory or the world of the future, and places and persons, once seen, even in times remote, come close to me."

She felt that "her day was setting fast," and when the last day of the old year of 1866 was dawning, she passed on. She knew where she was going and had written some time before her death: "We must grasp the immortal that dwells in the mortal, we must realize within our own natures the eternal that lives and manifests in transient and temporal phases of life. Only thus can we prepare ourselves for the true change, and even here shape the wings, that shall reach perfection when the shell of clay is broken." K. N.

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THE LAND OF STORY-TELLERS

SACRED EIRE, the home of gods and heroes, is an old, old land: so old that the beginnings of her history are lost in the far away time when gods and giants fought for supremacy on the young earth. In those days all her silver lakes and purple hills had not yet risen from the sea, and her shores were sought by the giant Fomorians — mischief-loving, gloomy, and slothful. They loved not music and poetry, and were altogether a race of fearsome and terrible creatures. They fought with the race of Partholan, who followed them to Ireland — a people as heedless and foolish as children, who soon perished because they forgot to honor the gods. A stronger race came next — the followers of Nemed, hardy fighters, and workers in metal. They too fell before the fearful Fomorians, the giant builders of the older times.

At last, from the Great Plain beyond the western sea, came the beautiful gods, the Tuatha De Danaan. They are the gods of light and day, of beauty, healing, and all the arts. They dwelt for a long time in Ireland, and their history has given rise to perhaps the richest of the world's mythologies. It tells of the battles between the Gods of Light and Day and the dark gods of night and death, and the triumph of the gods in the battle of Moytura, in the valley of the Boyne, a place associated with the most sacred memories of Ireland. In this battle the gods had three skilful artificers of weapons who, with three strokes made each a perfect part of a spear, and thus kept the gods supplied with new ones faster than their enemies broke the old ones.

After the gods, came the Milesians, the first race of human heroes, and another cycle of romance begins. In those days, men and gods were friends, and the gods were the teachers of the first race. After a time, however, mortals turned from the ways of the gods, and fought with them till they had to withdraw from the world. Whereupon the gods betook themselves to fairy palaces in the hills, whence they come forth, invisible, to watch over men, and assist them when possible.

Names of many valiant heroes of that time come down to us, such as Finn and Cuchulain, Concobar mac Nessa, King of the Red Branch knights; Ossin, bard and warrior; the great queens, Maive, and Macha of the Golden Hair, who ploughed out the site of her city, Emain Macha, with her broochpin, and led her armies to war.

Of the kings of Ireland, among so many names and countless stories, it is not easy to tell what is history, and what is Celtic imagination, but a

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few great names stand out clearly and definitely. One writer tells us that

> "Tighermas was the first to smelt gold in a regular way. He made the classes of society wear different colors to distinguish them — a slave having one, up to the *ollaves*, (institutional bards) kings and queens, who had six. He and his people were miraculously destroyed while worshiping the great national idol, Crom Cruach."— *P. W. Joyce*

This stone statue — to which, it has been falsely stated, human sacrifices were made — was adorned with gold and silver, and surrounded by twelve other statues with bronze ornaments. It is said that St. Patrick struck the central figure, which turned away its head, and the others sank up to their necks in the ground. It is but a fanciful way of saying that the new religion displaced the Tuatha De Danaan — the gods the people worshiped — who withdrew their protection from the island. Similarly, the driving away of snakes meant the expulsion of the Druids, who called themselves 'serpents.' The Druids were the priests and teachers of ancient Ireland, and in common with other countries, liked to use the serpent as a symbol of their wisdom.

Another king was Ollam Fodla, who established the great Fair of Tara. At this fair, judgments were given, laws amended, and soldiers recruited; poets recited their tales; property rights were established; quarrels were settled; acts of tyranny or oppression were punished; fines, taxes, means of defence, internal affairs, etc., were all settled by persons specially trained and competent to administer the old Brehon Laws. Merchants brought their wares for barter, the beautiful gold and silver work of the Irish being particularly tempting to foreign traders. The recitation of history, genealogy, poetry, and religious works kept the nation familiar with its great men and their noteworthy deeds. They were nourished with the breath of heroes.

A special feature of the Fair at Tara was a meeting of the chief men of all Ireland, separate from the noisy rejoicings of the people. Chiefs, princes, kings and high scholars attended; all thought of quarrel or disharmony was strictly laid aside, while they debated the good of the country. In the Banqueting Hall of Tara they discussed grave questions, and here the king feasted them, making due arrangements for the comfort and maintenance of each guest, according to his rank.

Tuathal the Legitimate tried to consolidate the country under a central government. He reorganized the religious system, and established the Fianna, now looked upon as a military body. Handicrafts and professions were reorganized, and a large part of the country brought under one head.

Mug Nuadat, belonging to one of the new Celtic tribes fleeing before the conquering arms of Rome on the continent, established himself in Munster, where his descendants ruled for a thousand years. Besides being a good fighter, he was thrifty, and stored up corn to provide his people against

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famine. By donations of supplies to less provident chiefs, he made them his vassals. His grandson, Niall of the Nine Hostages, is considered one of the most brilliant kings of the Scoti, although at last he was pressed back by the Roman general Stilicho. His sons established themselves in Ulster, founding some of the families so celebrated in later history, the Tyrconnels and Tyrones.

Cormac, a descendant of Conn, the Hundred-Fighter, "ruled with much state from Tara from 254 to 277 A. D. He is said to have introduced water-mills into Ireland, and established schools for the study of law, military matters, and the annals of the country."



THE STORY-TELLER

Brian Boru is the most commanding figure within the historic period of Ireland. He defeated and drove out the Danes, who were wasting and pillaging the country. He fought them in the south, while Malachi was doing the same in the north, with equal success. For a time, it looked as though the jealousy of the two would ruin all their hopes of overcoming the enemy. However, they came to a peaceful understanding, and divided Ireland between them, remaining firm and loyal friends.

In time, the fortunes of war made Brian sole king, to which Malachi generously acceded, through love for his country. For fifteen years Brian's name shines brightly in the annals of Irish history, shines with the glory of true kingship, and under his sway Ireland was united and prosperous. He built schools and monasteries, erected bridges, causeways and fortresses; secured teachers and books from abroad, encouraged handcrafts and the production of the illuminated missals so famous for their beauty and wonderful craftsmanship.

This beneficent order of things was brought to an end by treachery and jealousy of the petty kings, who joined with the Danes in another rising. They were defeated at the battle of Clontarff, but "woe worth the day," the old king and his heroic sons fell, and Irish unity once more became a hopeless dream. Soon after England obtained her foothold in the country — but this period is one of common knowledge. Striking and romantic figures like that of Shane O'Neill, Silken Thomas, and the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, down to the days of Edmund Burke and Robert Emmet adorn the pages of that story of misunderstanding and misfortune. Let us rather turn our eyes to the earlier period of genuine Irish greatness.

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In the seventh and eight centuries, Ireland was the school of Europe. From every country came scholars, and her teachers were in eager demand. Even from far away Egypt came students driven by the persecution in their homeland, and their influence was very marked. In the old days education and religion went hand in hand. Schools were either private or public, or attached to the monasteries. All were landed institutions, where education was free for those who could not pay for it.

In the sixth century it was decreed that each province should have a chief college, and each county a minor school under it. The subjects studied were Celtic grammar and literature, history, mathematics, medicine, astronomy, law and music. The full course required twelve years, but only those who expected to become heads of colleges had to go through it all. An *ollave* of philosophy had to be master of history, genealogy, synchronisms; seven different kinds of poetry and seven kinds of verse construction; he had to be able to improvise upon any theme on any occasion; had to know 350 tales by heart, and that "without taking away or adding a word," which he could recite at banquest or before kings. The study of antiquities was insisted upon. Other qualified *ollaves* passed upon his work, and the king awarded a prize accordingly.

As many as three thousand scholars attended celebrated schools, which were little cities in themselves, laid out in regular streets, each pupil doing his own housework, with a regular discipline and course of manual training which supplied all his needs. Classes were held in the open air, and no cramming or competition was allowed. Learning was cultivated for its own sake. A steward supervised the management of the school, and books and necessaries were supplied to all who could not pay for them. The sons of kings sometimes attended these schools, or might be educated at home, their tutors being accorded the highest respect, residing at court, ranking with the highest, the *ollave* of philosophy sitting next to the king, and enjoying special privileges.

The Irish at all times loved ornament and richness in dress. Their tales mention the beautiful mantles worn by those of rank. Their garments were of beautiful colors, extensively embroidered, and each clan had its peculiar pattern of stripes, or bands, or checks, like the Highland tartans. Brooches and pins of exquisite workmanship fastened their scarfs, it being said that the ancient Irish work is comparable to the finest work of Trichinopoli in India. Rings, collars, and combs were of gold, silver or bronze. Ladies covered their rich hair with veils, confined by crescent-shaped ornaments of gold on the brow. The lower classes naturally dressed more simply; but all wore in winter a long brown furze coat, which came to be known all over Europe as distinctively Irish.

Another important custom of the Irish was that of fosterage. Under it,

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children were usually brought up in another family than their own, and the regulations governing the custom resulted in the strongest ties of friendship and loyalty between families — between children and foster-parents particularly. Boys were kept in fosterage until seventeen, and girls until fourteen. They learned trades appropriate to their different stations in life, such as sheep-herding, wool-combing, wood-cutting and all the duties of a farmer. The girls learned spinning, sewing and cooking.

The sons of noble families learned horsemanship, archery, the use of spear and sword, swimming and chess-playing, and in the days when Finn and Cuchulain were the masters of great households, the boys were equally trained in music, courtesy, and poetry. The relation of fosterage was a most sacred one, and its ties very binding. Boys were also sent to professors to be brought up, and instructed in all they should know. The tutor was enjoined to feed and clothe them, for which the law affixed a certain fee, and anything earned by the pupil was turned over to his master as part of his due recompense.

Among the arts of Ireland, illuminating ranks perhaps highest. The early illuminated manuscripts contain numerous recensions of the ancient legends, historic annals, and the stories that grew up after the introduction of Christianity. In passing it should be noted that the Irish had a passion for accuracy, and a historian who falsified was liable to suffer death. Frequent astronomical occurrences are noted, as accurately as modern science can verify them.

The most famous of these hand-written books is that of Kells, dating from the seventh century. It is a collection of the Four Gospels, written on vellum, extensively ornamented with colored capitals. The work is almost mechanical in its perfection, and so minute as to presuppose the use of the microscope. The coloring is striking, enhanced by gold and silver ink. In the Book of Armagh, in a space three quarters of an inch long, less than half an inch wide, the magnifying glass reveals 158 interlacings of a slender ribbon pattern of white lines bordered with black, and there is no irregular or shaking line.

The Irish also excelled in metallurgy and enameling. The designs of the stone-carvers are similar to those of the goldsmith, and are preserved on the ornamental stone crosses that mark the intersection of roads. Buildings were round, of wood, with strong posts for walls, filled in with wickerwork, covered with colored plaster. Door-posts and prominent places were covered with ornamentation of precious metal, inset with gems or carving. The Brehon Laws forbade defacement of such ornamentation. Old forts and round towers are found everywhere throughout Ireland, the latter having given rise to much dispute concerning their origin. They antedate Christian times, although some of them were probably built as late as the days of

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Emperor Aśoka, during whose reign Buddhist monks visited Ireland.

Many castles, in various stages of picturesque dilapidation, are found all over Ireland, pathetic memorials of days of strife and bloodshed. Some of them stand on bleak headlands, almost surrounded by dashing waves; others rear their ivy-mantled walls over placid streams, or in the midst of verdant glades, but wherever we go over the "far hills of Eire" there is folk-lore, tradition and song: There is glamor in the air, fairy palaces in hill and lake; and the spirit of romance and delicate beauty breathes in the air. These are the great heirloom of modern Ireland.

Lovers of Ireland look with sympathetic interest on the efforts made to establish unity. The bright days of antiquity should stir them to preserve their heritage, for there are depths in the Irish heart which as yet it has not revealed. We cannot believe that a true account of history is a long recital of war and death — that is missing the kernel of the theme. It is true, war takes a strangely prominent place in Irish chronicles, but, stripped of boasting and poetic exaggeration, it reduces largely. Then too fighting, in the older days at least, was quaintly designated as a "sign of good fellowship between Celts" — a sort of honor paid to a worthy champion. It was mostly chivalrous display, which gave ample opportunities for a war of words.

But that cycle of Ireland's history is now long past. Still, what has been shall live again; and as a rose that blooms with ever-increasing beauty in each recurring season, so surely will the splendor of those golden Celtic ages be again reborn in the fullness of time. Ireland, emerging from her long night of the spirit, will add her magic touch to the life of reawakened and united humanity — in the days when the Children of Beauty again walk with men.

K. H.



"The goal of yesterday will be the starting-point of tomorrow."

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AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE



ONE hot summer afternoon in Wales, I was tramping along a road which skirted the tops of the cliffs, from which I had a splendid westward view across the Irish Sea. The water looked so cool and refreshing that I thought I should like a swim; but it was not until I had walked some miles that I was able to find a way to get to the water's edge. After several attempts I managed to scramble down to a small ledge of rock about a foot from the surface of the water. From here the water looked more inviting than before, and so beautifully clear that I could see the fishes swimming around, and even the pebbles at the bottom, although the depth must have been twelve or fourteen feet.

In a few minutes I was enjoying a swim on the gentle rising and falling waves, and soon struck out for the open sea to have a good long swim and enjoy the peacefulness and calm of that deserted region.

After a while, feeling somewhat fatigued, I swam back to the ledge where my clothes were, to find that, the tide having receded, I was unable to pull myself up the steep and smooth face of the rock to the ledge — now totally out of my reach!

I felt a great loneliness. . . . It flashed across my mind that I had not seen a living person for several hours. Before me was the great wall of cliff several hundred feet high; and I knew that the sea extended to the coast of Ireland several hundred miles away.

To get out of the water seemed hopeless, and I could feel a terrible fear coming over me. At the same time I knew perfectly well that to give way to it meant certain death. I felt a tremendous impulse to throw my arms about and shriek and act like a frightened animal, and for a while I could do nothing but keep still and endeavor to master the wild impulses which rushed over me in such a torrent that I thought I should lose my senses. Then slowly I became aware that I was fighting something which was not really myself, and as this realization grew I was able to force myself to keep still and think — which up to then I had been unable to do owing to the fierce struggle which was going on within me.

The question arose, Was it better to swim up or down the coast? — for I could discover no break in the sheer wall of cliff. Recollecting that I had walked several miles in a vain effort to get down to the water on my way to the spot I decided to try my luck in the opposite direction. In spite of my danger I then began to feel the beauty and calmness of the scene. The sea

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and rocks seemed to be no longer threatening in their aspect, and I felt a wonderful sort of kinship with them which I had never experienced before.

I swam very slowly, just keeping myself afloat, changing my position from time to time in order to make my strength last as long as possible. There was no apparent hope of getting out: I might swim on and on until my strength gave out; but I felt I would trust my destiny and die like a man if need be.

Finally I found a place where I could get out of the water. My legs being too weak to support me, I fell in a heap on the rocks; but after a rest in the warmth of the sun I was able to walk to the place where I had left my clothes.



Looking back at this incident, and remembering that only a few hours afterwards I was enjoying another swim, it seems impossible to doubt the duality of man's nature: that fear is felt by the lower man only, while the *real* Self within — the Higher Nature — knows only beauty, joy, and courage. C.

WAG AND WAGGLE

TO WAG is to move something one way and another by quick turns, and so we say "the dog wags his tail"; but when the dog keeps on agitating that loose end of his anatomy, making the movements rapid and continuous, it is more correct to say "the dog *waggles* his tail." This is only one instance of a way we have in English of forming fresh verbs by adding *-le* and doubling the last consonant. Thus, to WADE is to walk through mud or water, taking short steps and swaying from side to side; but as ducks and some other birds habitually walk in this clumsy and laborious fashion, the word WADDLE has been invented to describe it. Stout people are said to waddle because they give one the impression of wading wherever they go. Verbs formed in this way are called 'frequentative' verbs because they are used to describe an action that is frequently repeated.

To PRATE is to talk idly and to no purpose; and even very serious people prate sometimes because they find the effort to maintain their dignity at all times is too great a strain. Thus we have often read that:

A lillle nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

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But when a child spends a summer afternoon in talking idly to her dolls, she is said to PRATTLE. She may of course be very much in earnest in her make-believe; but since to her elders it seems to be "idle talk frequently repeated" (as the dictionary says), her conversation is described as prattle.

To NIP is to break off the end of something by means of two edges which meet — as with a pair of nippers; but when a mouse sits down to feast on a cracker and keeps on breaking off pieces with his sharp front teeth, he is said to NIBBLE, that is, he keeps on *nipping*. We need not be surprised to find the *p* of nip changing into *b* in nibble, for the two sounds are very much alike, and well-educated persons are often heard to say 'Jubiter,' when they honestly believe they say Jupiter.

To JOG is to push with the elbow or hand in order to attract someone's attention; but when such jogs are continuous or often repeated, the troublesome person is said to JOGGLE. You may remember that Tom Sawyer was lying in bed one morning trying to work up a toothache, that he might have an excuse for staying away from school. He uttered several deep groans and remarked to his bedfellow: "Don't joggle me, Sid" — in order to draw a little attention to his serious condition. Perhaps he was not aware of it, but he was making use of a frequentative verb.

To PAT is to give a light blow with the hand or the fingers, and the frequentative verb PATTLE was formed to denote the action of ducks which propel themselves through the water by quick strokes of their webbed feet. But *d* is an easier letter to pronounce than *l*, and so *pallle* became *paddle* in course of time. Many people out of pure laziness say 'pardner' for partner, and 'Sadderday' instead of Saturday — which goes to show that the desire to save one's self trouble has an important bearing on the study of words and the changes they undergo. *Pallle* had become *paddle* in the time of William Cowper, who 'flourished' (as the saying goes) in the latter part of the eighteenth century; for in one of his poems we find:

"Ducks *paddle* in the pond before the door."

Some of my clever young readers, once possessed of this key to the study of English words, will wonder if 'battle' means a continuous batting, and will try to find a connection between *rid* and *riddle*, *hurl* and *hurtle*, *cod* and *coddle;* but we must proceed with caution and consult our dictionaries. There *is* a link between *bat* and *battle;* but we get our verb 'to battle' directly from the French word *bataille*, a fight. In this study it is easy to be led astray by surface resemblances, and we must not trust too much to our lively imaginations but look into the history of words as we find them in the books which have come down to us.

There are many other of these frequentative verbs which may be looked into, such as: babble, draggle, gabble, scribble, and wriggle. UNCLE LEN

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THOUGHTS ON THINGS IN GENERAL

By Hugh



"YES, I THINK LIFE IS JOY"

PEOPLE here in Lomaland are very kind to dogs; so that you can hardly trot in any direction for fifty feet before you find one of the little drinking-fountains they have put up for our use. If you are thirsty, all you have to do is to walk up to one of them and get your master to turn it on and then the clear, fresh water spouts out for you to drink, and there is nothing to pay. They always call these drinking-fountains *high* drants; but I can never see why, because they are quite convenient even for a small dog like me. They often find our drinking-fountains very useful for irrigating the orchard; and that just goes to prove that if you do something kind for the sake of other people you will get the benefit of it for yourself as well.

Human beings (I always call them H. Bs. in my writings — just for short) are so funny that you can never tell what they will do next. They make a lot of needless work for themselves in many ways. Now, when a dog has eaten his meat and vegetables he quickly cleans up the dish with the little pink dish-cloth which all dogs carry in their mouths. But the H. Bs. make a lot of clatter and do all kinds of dull things with dishes after dinner, and waste much precious time that might be profitably spent in running after balls out in the open air.

A dog can very soon wash his coat by going in swimming and then rolling in the sand to dry himself; but that is much too easy to suit the H. Bs.: they slop the water about in tubs and use up a lot of perfectly good soap, and squeeze and rinse and wring, and even starch and iron, and yet I never saw one of them that looked so nice and natural as a good honest dog in his well-brushed glossy coat of home-grown hair. I have never had my collar starched or ironed and yet the leather looks as fresh as it did the day it was bought. The color is deeper and richer perhaps; but that is just age.

I could never make out why they call us 'dumb animals.' I am not dumb; and in fact I sometimes get into trouble for having too much to say.

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And then just think of the squealing pigs and the mooing of the cows and the bleating of the sheep, and the cats at night. Dumb? — I often wish they were, don't you?

The H. Bs. are very much like us dogs in some ways. Every now and then



"WE BUSY DOGS HAVE NO TIME FOR PLAY"

they have a competition here to see who can make the most noise. They get a lot of fiddles and pipe-things and a big round box filled with thunder called a drum, and everyone takes his choice. Then someone gets up and gives the signal to start and the noise begins. The starter stands in front and waves his little stick to encourage them. Sometimes the drum is the loudest and then the drummer gets tired; and then the pipe-arrangements come out on top for a while; and after that the squeaky fiddles make themselves heard above all the other din. After a long time the starter gives the signal to stop and peace reigns once more.

All the spectators seem to be glad when it is over and they smile and strike their front paws together as much as to say: "We can make a noise as well as you." I was told that one of the instruments they use is a bone (of the 'Trom' variety, I believe); but I have never been able to pick it out. There is one funny man, though, whom I must tell you about. He keeps on pushing brass tubing down his throat all the time. I can't think how he manages to find room for it all.

There are many little brown, velvety flies here who bustle about among the flowers and keep up a hum of conversation all the time. It is better not to try to make friends with them because they make a very hot spot on a dog's skin if they happen to get sat on. The H. Bs. are very kind to these furry little flies and make square white kennels for them to live in, and they go

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in and out and store away the nice, sweet syrup they get from the flowers.

Now we all know that the cow gives us milk and the sheep gives us wool; but it is quite a mistake to think that the velvety flies *give* us the syrup. I will tell you how I found this out. One day I saw one of the men *robbing* the little, white kennels and taking away great blocks of cells in which the syrup was stored. He did not seem to be at all ashamed of himself and actually boasted about the number of pounds he had taken! My master, who has just looked over my shoulder, says that the velvet flies are called honey-bees. (I cannot call them H. Bs. for short because that means human beings.)

One day as I was going to the 'Pavilion,' I ran up to a low bush as I always do to see if there was a bunny-rabbit at home. All of a sudden it seemed as though an alarm clock started buzzing in the very middle of the bush. My dear master became quite excited and requested me to withdraw myself in double-quick time. There was a funny-looking snake coiled up there, and my master attended to him with a stick which he happened to have with him. I shall take care how I poke my nose into other people's affairs in future; but I shall always feel grateful to the snake for saving my life by giving me his friendly warning. Speaking of serpents, I am glad that we dogs wear hair instead of scales. I should never feel fully dressed and ready for company, if I had nothing on but scales. Snakes would hardly look very well in a coat of hair like us dogs either — I fancy they would resemble cows' tails taking a walk all by themselves. There is one good thing about scales though, and that



"I AM GLAD PEOPLE ARE KIND TO US FOUR-LEGS"

is that there is no shelter for fleas. You never see a snake sit down and scratch himself as we poor dogs are forced to do sometimes.

They are very kind to the horses here and to save them the trouble of hauling away the trash from the gardens, my master keeps a little box of

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red-headed sticks in his pocket. When you rub a stick against the box, sparks and flames fly out and then you poke the stick under a pile of rubbish. Very soon big waves of gray-colored air come rolling out and then red and yellow tongues lick up the dead leaves and twigs until by and by nothing is left but a little gray powder. I have never been able to find out what becomes of all the trash. It seems to float off into the air and vanish from sight.

I often think what a grand thing it is to be a dog with a leg at each corner like a table. The H. B.s I notice have only two legs and I sometimes wonder that they get along as well as they do. I once tried to walk on my hind legs, and I can tell you that I am glad that I have not to go about in that fashion. When I come to a gate and do not want to wait for my master to open it, I just leap over the top; but how seldom you see H. Bs. do such a thing. . . .

But I must really stop writing and go out and *do* something. As it is rather hot, I had better lie in the shade of the palm-tree and watch the boys raking. They'll feel encouraged by my sympathy and that will help on a lot.

GLASS BOTTLES

BOTTLES are still produced largely by hand-methods in spite of many most ingenious improvements and inventions made in recent years.

Usually a gang of three men and two boys — termed a 'chair,' or 'hole'— consisting of 'gatherer,' 'blower,' 'wetter-off,' 'maker,' and 'taker-in,' work together. The wetter-off and taker-in are usually boys.

The process of bottle-making is briefly as follows. The gatherer collects from the furnace, on the end of an iron blow-pipe, a quantity of molten glass which he rolls and shapes on an iron or stone slab called a 'marver plate.' The blow-pipe with the glass adhering is then passed to the blower, who places it in a metal mold, closes the mold, and then blows down the pipe until the glass has acquired the required shape. In better class bottles, where it is necessary that no mold-marks should appear on the completed bottle, the blower, while carrying out his operation, must constantly rotate the glass in the mold by revolving the blow-pipe whilst blowing. On opening the mold the bottle is detached from the blow-pipe by the wetter-off, who uses an iron tool called a 'mullet'; and it is then passed by him to the maker, who finishes the neck of the bottle with a thin band of molten glass which he shapes with a hand tool. The finished bottle is then picked up by the taker-in and placed in the annealing lehr, or oven, which is usually close at hand.

The annealing process, during which the article is subjected to considerable heat and then allowed to cool gradually, is for the purpose of removing all strain which may exist, as glass not properly annealed is subject to constant risk of fracture at the slightest contraction or expansion. T. B. M.

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THE CALIFORNIA SEA-LION

THIS is a much smaller animal than the Northern Sea-Lion, the males seldom reaching a length of more than seven feet or weighing more than four hundred and fifty pounds. They may readily be distinguished from their northern relatives by their voices; for instead of imitating their hoarse, aggressive roar, they express their feelings in a soft, musical barking noise. As soon as the warm weather sets in at Point Loma, one may hear their weird, strange cries floating about the hillsides; and it is often a long time before a new arrival discovers the source whence these queer sounds proceed. "*How-woo,*" they call, and then comes "*Hook! Hook! Hook!*"

A census of these animals was taken some years ago at San Francisco, which disclosed the fact that there were twenty-five thousand of them at that time residing in the near vicinity. As it actually requires from ten to forty pounds of food a day to satisfy their appetites, it is fortunate for them in these days of high prices that they get their food for nothing.



FAMILIAR LOMALAND VISITORS

Sea-lions differ from seals in having a visible external ear, a larger neck, and much more prominent and usable limbs — being more like land animals.

If they lived entirely on fish, it would be a serious thing for us; but a large part of their diet consists of squid, crabs, and shellfish, and the small quantity of fish that they eat makes but very little difference to the fishermen. Every now and then they manage to catch a sea-gull by suddenly closing their jaws over him as he hovers over the tip of the seal's nose — purposely left just sticking out of the water to provoke the curiosity of the gull.

Pebbles are often found in their stomachs, as also in the stomachs of other kinds of seal; and it has been jokingly suggested that the pebbles have been taken in to serve as ballast; but quite possibly this is the exact reason for which the stones are swallowed.

These sea-lions are often kept in the zoological collections of Europe, as they manage to endure captivity remarkably well. They are most affectionate to each other, and when one of a pair happens to die, the surviving

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partner is very likely to pine away and die too. When suddenly frightened they have been known to jump sixty feet into the water from the rocks where they have been lying.

A student of Point Loma, on rising to the surface after a dive one day, was astonished to find himself face to face with a sea-lion. The encounter was quite unlooked for by both parties, and acting on the excellent maxim, "Least said, soonest mended," they brought the interview abruptly to a close by retiring in opposite directions.

On one occasion, at a picnic on the cliffs, we saw a party of six sea-lions floating about in the offing and peacefully lunching on the carcase of a dead whale. The rule of silence at meal-times is no part of ocean etiquette, and between mouthfuls the members of the merry luncheon-party exchanged remarks in tones that must have been heard at a distance of many miles.

The easy grace of movement and the confident control of their motions without apparent effort, as displayed by these animals in their natural element, is a joy to witness. At times they stand upright among the waves 'treading water' very much as a man would do, except that their legs are not bent. In order to maintain their perpendicular, they bring their long, thin feet into action, and all the while the flippers in front gently beat the water as a man might do with his hands. Sometimes they gracefully turn over on their backs; but a keen lookout is kept on all sides, and their mild, intelligent eyes seem to be taking it all in.

Their perfect adaptation to life in the water: the ease and assurance with which they swim and dive and glide beneath the waves, somehow puts one in mind of swallows at play. The writer has often spent hours in watching captive seals circumnavigating their tank; and to observe how every lightest stroke of foot or flipper is immediately translated into change of speed or direction, is a fascinating lesson in practical mechanics, and a keen delight to anyone — especially to a naturalist. UNCLE PERCY

ON THE HILLSIDE IN MARCH

A STIFF, cool breeze blows pure and bracing from the mighty sea, which is slaty and uninviting — hardly menacing, but suggestive rather of shivers than of lolling lazily in the surf or taking a sun-bath in the sand.

The sun's bright silver path across the sea makes a sharp contrast to the dull surface elsewhere; yet even this does not warm — it only dazzles.

The long breakers of churning white foam are as white as snow. But while snow is gentle and comforting, these breakers are forever restless and

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clamorous. The waves seek the shore, but always burst upon the rocks long before they get there, and all is confusion and foaming discord. The breakers resemble great cavalry columns of high-spirited white steeds — but they vanish, and never come again; and the mighty ocean, which calmly swells out beyond them, is murky and discolored where the charge takes place.

The first wave breaks at about half-way between the shore and the big kelp-bed, which spreads itself upon the surface of the sea for the whole length of Point Loma and beyond, and is broken up into countless gulfs, bays, inlets, islands, peninsulas, and capes.

An occasional sea-gull hovers just off shore, while a jet-black crow flies directly overhead cawing noisily.

Immediately below the bridge are some beautiful young trees waving in the breeze, their fresh light-green leaves glinting in the sunlight. I. L. H.

THE OLD CLASSIC

THE crimsoned leaves of the wild maples on the hillside are already falling; little gusts of the chilly evening wind scatter the tiny baby hands hither and thither. . . .

* * *

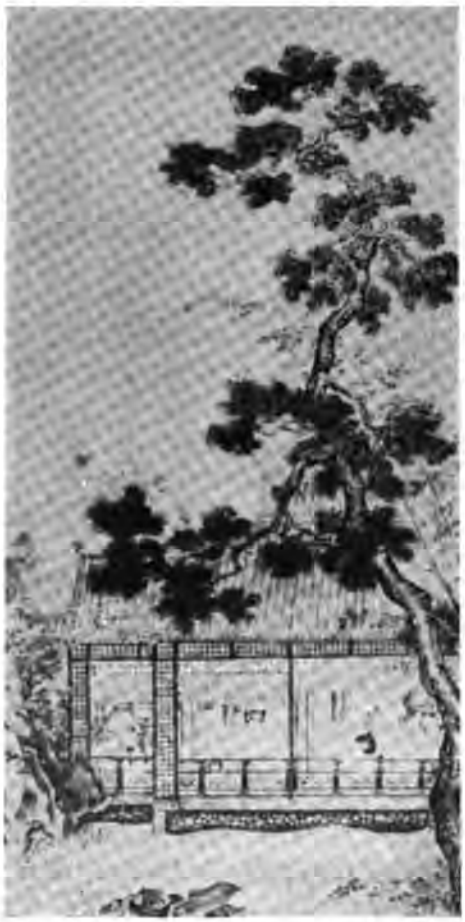
The tall sugi-trees send their long shadows across the narrow white road that leads to the temple on the hill, half-hidden among the ancient pines. . . . Now the old priest is sounding the bell for sun-down — the deep boom . . . boom . . . boom . . . goes echoing and re-echoing through the mist.

* * *

Far down in the valley a fine white line of spray is rising from a solitary waterfall; it rises higher and higher and then is lost among a few stray gray clouds that linger from last night's rain.

* * *

Two old pilgrims slowly go up to the temple.—TETSUO Râja-Yoga Student



COPY OF ORIGINAL BY BAYEN, 13TH CENTURY

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LOMALAND RAMBLES

THE best places for mountaineering in miniature for Lomaland ramblers are now unavailable because several miles of the end of Point Loma, being a military reservation, have been temporarily closed to the public except along the main road.

Before the War there were many difficult peaks and crevasses to negotiate on the lands to the east between Lomaland proper and the old Spanish lighthouse at the end of the Point. This section is quite different from the gentle western slopes, and appears to have suffered much more from the effects of the weather, from 'quakes of long ago, and subsidences of various kinds. The canyons are more numerous and rugged, with much broken and rough ground in their windings to the bay.



GOING DOWN

Nearing the bottom of a Point Loma canyon.

In the old days we would make up a party and, putting on old clothes, start out to explore one or two of the canyons. When I say 'we,' of course I mean we boys and men. The girls go looking for wood-violets, ferns, and flowers in the easy canyons.

It took all our nerve and strength to climb the rugged sides, squirm along knife-like edges of 'bridges,' and work up and down through crevasses of unknown depth —supported by spread elbows and knees, feet and back. Sometimes we had to crawl and squirm through holes and tunnels, and there were lots of places in the crevasses only just wide enough for people without any superfluous adipose tissue to edge through sideways, and sometimes, too, for a considerable distance. In places, the canyon-walls, extending some seventy feet above our heads, cut out all but a thin ribbon of light which showed itself at intervals to those in the depths. In some of the dark passages where the

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INTERESTING ODDMENTS

OLD CHINESE OBSERVATORY

THESE old astronomical instruments were situated in the 'Forbidden City' of the imperial Manchus, in the heart of Pekin. The first illustration shows an Armillary Sphere and a bronze Altitude Quadrant. The former instrument — erected in the seventeenth century by Chinese artificers under direction of a French missionary, was used for fixing the various planes and great circles concerned in the observation of stellar movements, such as the plane of the ecliptic, the celestial equator, the local meridian, the plane of the horizon, etc.



AT THE PEKIN OBSERVATORY
ARMILLARY SPHERE AND ALTITUDE QUADRANT

The larger instrument was used to observe the height above the celestial equator of different heavenly bodies as they crossed the local meridian. The long straight arm, being pivoted at its lower end, swung along the curved arc, which bore graduations. By pointing the arm at the object viewed, by means of pinnules, or eye-pieces at the ends of the arm, and then reading the graduations on the arc, the correct height was ascertained.

The larger illustration shows a bronze Equinoctial and Declination Circle constructed in the thirteenth century by one Ko Chon King, astronomer to the first Tatar Emperor. The axis of the instrument points to the Pole-star, so that the large circle lies in the plane of the celestial equator. A second circle, seen somewhat on edge in the picture, bears a bronze shaft with eye-pieces for sighting, and is movable so as to enable the observer to bring it to bear on any point in the heavens. A reading of the large circle would then give the position of the celestial body in relation to some fixed point — this point being, with Western astronomers, the beginning of the sign Aries.

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comparatively late date — about 2000 B. C.— and they seem to have been used exclusively for charioteering; no other representation of horses is found. The harness, which the sculptures show to have consisted merely of a light collar, secured by bands about the breast, and a light bridle with double reins, gave the horses great freedom of movement; and so far as we can judge by their attitudes in the paintings and sculptures, they made full use of it!

The body of the chariot is extremely light, consisting of a 'floor' of thongs stretched on a light perforated rim, and a slight hand-rail barely reaching the driver's waist. Note that no part of the body extends back beyond the axle of the chariot. While this construction is obviously designed to reduce the vibration of a rough road, as well as stand shocks and strains, we believe that to drive one of these vehicles was no undertaking for an amateur! The small restraint exercised on the team by the slight harnessing, the lightness of the load they drew, and the meager foothold afforded the driver obviously called for skill: perhaps licensed 'chauffeurs' are no new thing in Egypt! — at least, we should hope so, for the sake of the city crowds in old times.

THE MASTER-SINGER

RICHARD WAGNER was a friend of animals who never ceased in his efforts in their behalf. While engaged in writing *The Meistersingers* he attempted one day to do some kindness to a wretched stray dog. The animal, unused to any kindnesses from humans, misunderstood his advances and bit his hand severely. Wagner was in desperate poverty at the time, and the opera which was to bring him fame was delayed by this accident for many weeks; still his compassion was not lessened, and he persisted in having the poor animal well cared for.

IF two tuning forks of the same pitch are placed facing each other — one sounding and the other silent — in a few seconds the silent one will be giving out a distinctly audible note. Is it altogether fanciful to imagine that in a more refined way the human voice will evoke corresponding vibrations from the natures of those around it? If this is true, how important it is that we should be vigilant, that our voices should ever express music — never discord.

New York's shortest street is Edgar Street, which runs between Greenwich Street and Trinity place, near the Battery. It is so short that no doors open on it.— *Clipping*

FROM the remotest antiquity the evaporation of the Dead Sea has supplied salt for the market of Jerusalem. It has been estimated that if the oceans were to evaporate there would remain a layer of salt about 235 ft. thick.

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STRAY BEAMS

"PROPERLY speaking, everything depends upon a man's intentions. Where these exist, thoughts will likewise appear; and as the intentions are, so are the thoughts."— *Goethe*

"WEALTH and beauty, scented flowers and ornaments like these are not to be compared for grace with moral rectitude."

— The Chinese book *Yo-sho-hing-tsan-King*

"THERE is no guilt greater than to sanction ambition; no calamity greater than to be discontented with one's lot; no fault greater than the wish to be getting."— *Tao-Teh King*

"BE not lenient to your own faults; keep your pardon for others."

— *Emerson*

"HE alone achieves all that is possible who forever aims at the seeming Impossible. This is the pathway of the great."— *Persian*

"To have what we want is riches, but to be able to do without is power."

— *George Macdonald*

A FRIEND is one who loves the truth and you, and will tell the truth in spite of you.

"SMALL kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments."— *M. A. Kelly*

"BLESSED is the man who thinks himself no better when he is magnified and exalted by men than when he is held to be mean, simple and of no account. For as a man is before God, that is he and no more."— *St. Francis*

To dodge difficulties is to lose the power of decision.

"No power in society, no hardship in your condition can depress you, keep you down in knowledge, power, virtue, influence, but by your own consent."— *Channing*

"IN every feast remember that there are two guests to be entertained, the Body and the Soul; and that what you give the Body you presently lose, but what you give the Soul remains for ever."— *Epictetus*

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Happiness, for as William Q. Judge said (he was the messenger that came in April), it is like the ocean; so deep in places that even the wisest men cannot altogether understand it but at its shore even little children may learn. I will tell you of one of its teachings.

When your daffodils or crocuses die in the winter you know that the life which produced the blossoms has gone down to the roots for a rest; and though you do not now see the blossoms, yet you know that next year there will be more beautiful ones springing up. And as surely as the flowers come spring after spring, so do we come life after life; and even the oldest oaks and redwoods are very young in age compared to you, the real You that never dies — even when we can see you no more for a time, as when you are absent traveling in some distant country.

Many such beautiful teachings have they brought to us. When you learn them you will do all in your power for the return of the gods on earth and the happy fairy days of old. M. D.

WHENEVER A LITTLE CHILD IS BORN

AGNES CARTER MASON



WHENEVER a little child is born,
All night a soft wind rocks the corn;
One more buttercup wakes to the morn,
Somewhere, somewhere.



One more rosebud shy will unfold,
One more grass-blade push through the mold,
One more bird-song the air will hold,
Somewhere, somewhere.— Selected

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ALL IN THE MORNING EARLY, OH!

THE old sun blinked through the open window, trying his best to wake a tousle-headed little lad, whose shock of golden curls he well-nigh set on fire. But Jack was still in Dreamland, and even the chirping robins and all the morning noises of the farmyard failed to wake him.

"Jack," called a cheery voice from the kitchen. "Bless my soul! what a sleepy-head! I shall have to be up and shaking him before he'll stir." A rosy-faced woman clumped up the narrow stairway, drying her hands on her apron. "Well, lad, you be a lazybones, and no mistake! The breakfast all but waiting on the table, and you still abed!"

The curly head stirred slightly on the pillow, and the wide eyes blinked at the sunlight. "I was dreaming," he said. "It was so nice!"

"Come, come, get up quickly, for the porridge be a-boiling in the pot!" She pulled back the patched quilt and went down the creaky stairs, singing the old milking ditty.

Jack sat up in bed. "I wonder," he whispered. . . ."I wonder how it ended. And the princess came into the garden, and I met her by the magic lake. I was riding on my coal-black charger, and I was



". . . AND RIDE BESIDE ME ON MY FIERY STEED. . . ."

all dressed in red. I asked her to go with me to the land of Paramint, and to ride beside me on my fiery steed, until we reached the castle of Julata, where I'd have to get off a minute to slay a dragon. But if she'd just sit still and wait I'd take her right on home to my own

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mother's voice rang out high and clear —"So early in the morning!"

Jack sat bolt upright, and rubbed his eyes: "It's no use — I never *will* know now," and put his left foot out of bed.

When he got downstairs a bowl of porridge was left on the table, but everything else was gone. They must have cleared it all away because he didn't come. Cold porridge! — Perhaps Minta would eat it: he certainly couldn't. She wagged her tail lazily when he called her, and sniffed at the bowl, but she had had breakfast long ago, she wasn't even hungry. As Jack picked up the bowl his eyes were just a little misty. — It wasn't right of them to treat him so! Lots of people sometimes overslept and it wasn't fair to have to go to school empty!

His books were piled up on the dresser, and by them was his lunch, all neatly packed by mother in a small tin lunch-box. He slung his school-bag over his shoulder and trudged off through the yard.

"Well, Maister Jack, fine marnin' bain't it?" shouted a jolly old farm-hand from the barn. "Be ye off to school? Ye'll be late, sure, if ye don't hustle."

Jack looked back crossly at the man, and passing through the gate, turned down the lane.

There were some sandwiches in his lunch, and he *was* a bit hungry; he would get one out and eat it as he walked. He opened the package — four sandwiches, a cake and an apple. Well, suppose he tried the cake now to see if it was good — and he bit into it, munching as he trudged along. Soon it was all gone, and the empty hole no smaller than before. He'd just have to eat the sandwiches to fill the corners.

Far across the fields the school-bell tinkled, but Jack still dawdled. Hiram had been right — it *was* a splendid morning — just perfect for chasing butterflies across meadows; and there must surely be some minnows in Miller's pool! But he had to *go to school!* Oh! they really didn't treat him right at all. They ought to give him a holiday on a day like this! At last he walked into the school-room.

Empty! On the black-board something was written. He went up to it. "*We have gone out for botany class. Late-comers sit down and*

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study your grammar until we get back." Jack's face fell. He *hated* grammar! and they were having *botany* — all about the flowers — *out in the fields* —! How he ached to be there with Teacher, asking her a thousand 'whys' about the buttercups and daisies. But he sat down at his desk and opened an old worn book — "A verb is a word that asserts." Tears welled up in the big blue eyes and the curly head dropped on his arm. It wasn't right — it wasn't right at all! Why were they all so cruel to him? Where had they gone, anyway? They had been away an awfully long time.

He was so lonely, and everything had gone wrong. Sobs shook the little shoulders, till — at last he fell asleep.

. . . .

Through the portals of a marble castle came a fair princess, in robes of shimmering blue. He rode to meet her on his coal-black steed, and at the palace steps he sprang to the ground, taking her hand in his, "Put your foot in the stirrup," he said, "and I will help you up. Come, princess, let us ride away together."

But she turned away from him on the steps: "I would have gone with you to the ends of the earth," she said, and in her starry eyes there gleamed a tear, "but you were late . . . late . . . late. . . ."

He opened his eyes — the class-room was filled with children. They were laughing — "Jack, Jack, sleepyhead, late — late — late!"

"A verb is a word that asserts," he repeated with a show of diligence; but inside his heart was sad, for he knew that his princess was farther away than ever.

M. A. B.

WISDOM

COMPILED BY MR. B. RABBIT



"ONE today is better than two tomorrows."

"WE have been given one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear twice as much as we speak."



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BEING NEIGHBORLY



"WHAT *WILL* THEY THINK?"

"HOW would you like to do a little brotherhood work?" said Mother to Louise and Helen.

"Ready!" cried the girls. —Why of course — who wouldn't be ready for anything that Mother suggested!

"I have just been to see our new neighbors in the big white house. They have left Sweden and have come to this country to make a new home — Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and four children. Two girls about your ages I should think, a little boy and a little dear baby girl. Mrs. Anderson is anxious to have the two girls attend school, but they cannot speak English very well, and they dread to begin for fear the other children will laugh at them," said Mother.

"Oh!" said Louise, "we must not let that happen. Mother, why cannot we ask them to go to school with us?"

"That is a good idea, but as this is Saturday, why not make them a little visit and become acquainted first? And you might wear your . . ."

"Oh, our Swedish costumes that old Brita gave us before she left. . . . How jolly! And Helen, don't you remember, we will be able to say 'How do you do'—'Varsagoo!'" "No, that is 'Excuse me'," said Helen; "and oh, I can take them some of my lilies — they are just in bloom." And both girls ran off to dress.

Half an hour later the two little girls, in Swedish costumes, with their arms full of flowers, knocked at the door of the big white house.

How surprised and pleased Mrs. Anderson was when she opened the door and ushered in her little neighbors; and how the children's faces brightened at the sight of the familiar costumes; and what

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a merry time they had trying to learn each others' names! Karin and Inga were the names of the two girls, who were about the same ages as Louise and Helen. The little brother was Sven and the baby was Aina.



"GOOD MORROW!"

Then the girls taught Louise and Helen some new Swedish games to play, and Louise and Helen taught the children some of the games they played at school. After that Mrs. Anderson served all with a refreshing drink called *saft-och-vallen*, and with *kringlor* and *skorpor* (cookies and rusks), which they enjoyed very much. Then Louise asked Mrs. Anderson if she would play the Swedish national folk-song, *Du gamla, du fria, du fjällhöga Nord*. This surprised Mrs. Anderson, and she asked Louise how she had learned that song. Louise told her that they had learned it at school in English and were very fond of it. So Mrs. Anderson led the way to the piano and played while the children sang; and when they had finished Mrs. Anderson said that Sweden did not seem so far away when her songs were loved and sung by children of this new country.

After the song the children said good-bye, promising to meet on

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Monday for school; and, waving their hands, they skipped down the path towards home.

After telling Mother all about it Helen said: "But Mother, I don't see what *we* did — it was *they* who made us have such a good time. It was a regular party!"

"I think my little girls carried the brotherhood-spirit just the same," said Mother. . . .

That evening Mrs. Anderson told her husband about the doings of the happy afternoon. "We have good neighbors," she said; "it will not be so hard to chase away the longing for home with such good folk nearby."

"Real brotherhood folk, I should think," said Mr. Anderson. N.

* * * *

"I'M GOING TO POINT LOMA!"

* * *



VIRGINIA E. GUSTAFSON



ESTHER E. PENCILLE

TWO LITTLE NEW ENGLAND LOTUS BUDS

THEY are three years and twelve years old, and have always belonged to the Boston Lotus Group. They hope to join the Râja-Yoga Children in Lomaland soon, and learn more about their great Secret: that LIFE IS JOY.

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A LETTER FROM ENGLAND

DEAR CHILDREN:



"DET UP!"
Nellie's greatest Care

This is Nellie and I---only she won't get up! She's very old, you see, so she is rather lazy. I am sure she takes more than forty winks after her dinner, and she just hates to be disturbed. I wish she would get up, though, because you can't have your picture taken when you're asleep.

You know, Nell has some puppies, and they are much better fun to play with. She's very particular about whom she lets them play with, and though she lets me pick them up, she growls ever so fiercely if anyone else tries to. Of course, that is because she knows that I am a nice little boy, and that I will not teach them anything naughty.

Some day I shall send you a picture of them, when they have learned to sit still long enough to have one taken.

Well, good-bye to you all! STANLEY

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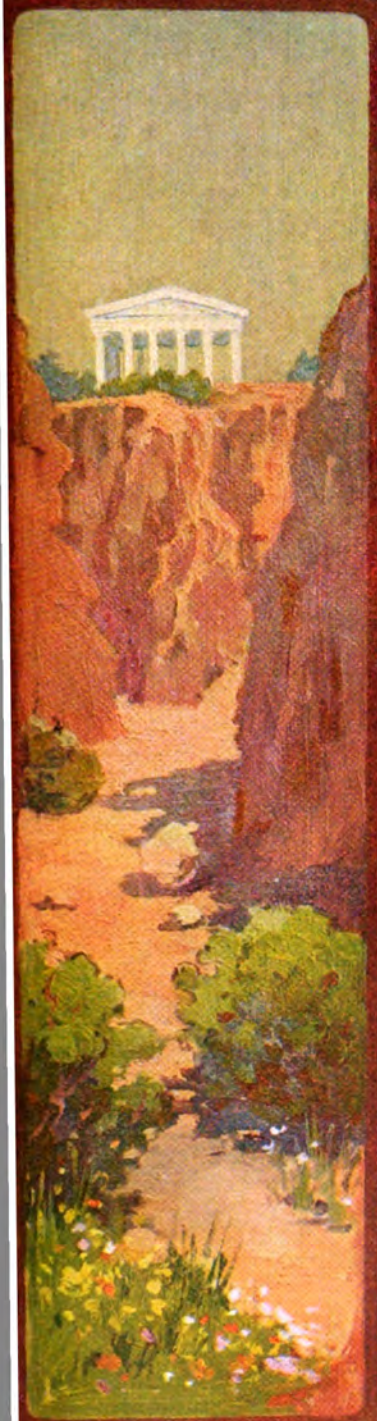
around the feet of the trees to make the sap flow faster, and they warm the great old giants and tell them too, that Spring has come. "Put on your fresh green coats," they say, "for the birdlings are all singing and they are waiting for you to get dressed so they can build their nests."

And so in field and wood they do their work, waking all of Mother Nature's children and helping to dress them in their bright new clothes. Soon a new world has sprung up everywhere, until one morning even the children awake, and begin to sing; they want to dance and frolic in the sunshine, for they too know that Spring has come. M. A. B.



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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

"THE SENSE OF DUTY COMETH FIRST; THEN COMETH STEDFASTNESS; AND ZEALOUS WORK THE JEWEL IS, THAT CROWNETH ALL."

—H. P. Blavatsky





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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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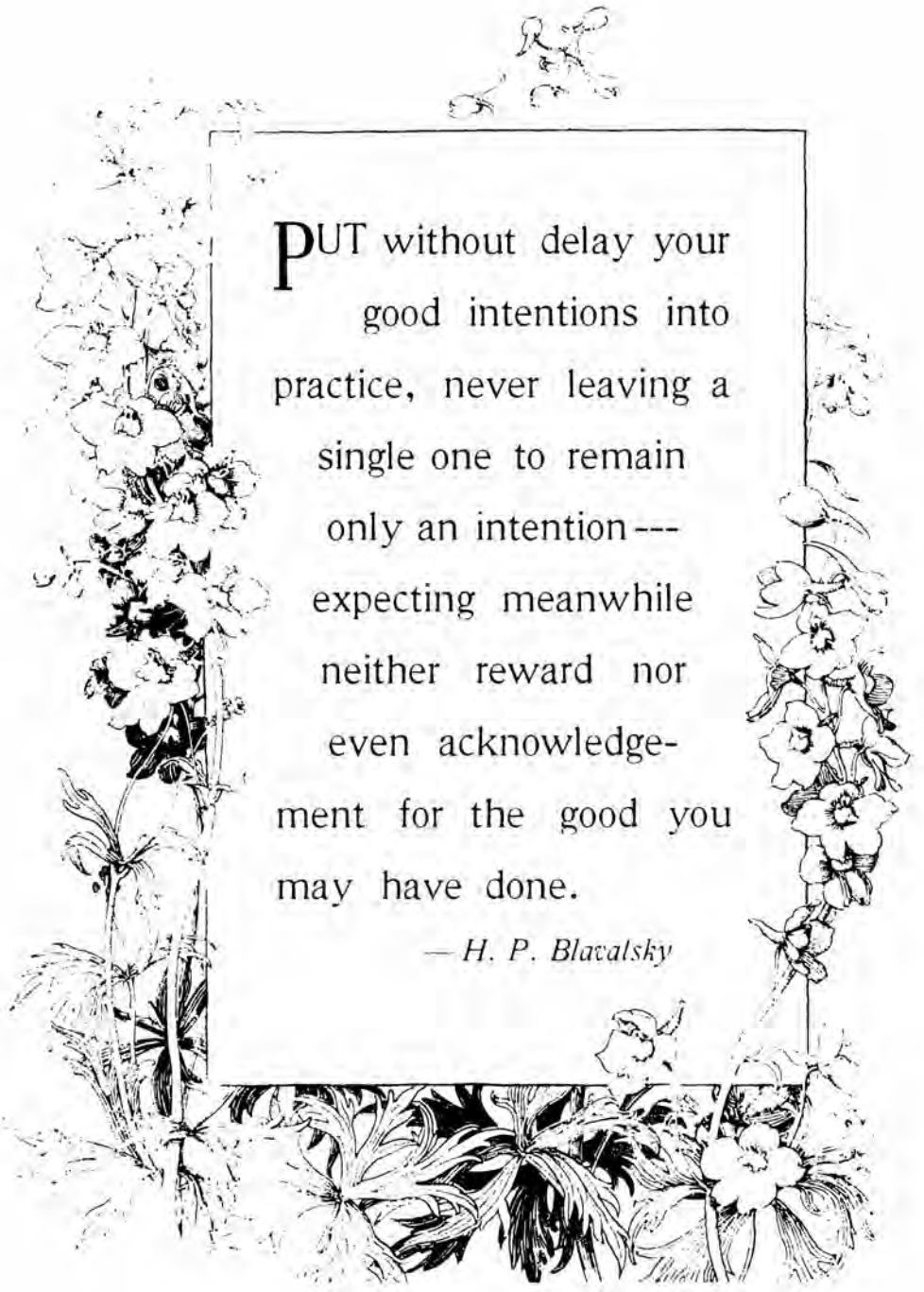
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PUT without delay your good intentions into practice, never leaving a single one to remain only an intention---expecting meanwhile neither reward nor even acknowledgement for the good you may have done.

—H. P. Blavatsky

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 3 MAY 1922

"CHILDREN should above all be taught self-reliance, love for all men, altruism, mutual charity, and more than anything else to think and reason for themselves."— *H. P. Blavatsky*

THE SEASON OF RICHEST PROMISE

GROWTH is something that we constantly see all around us; for it is common to all things. And in every growing thing there is immanent That which works towards perfection, and which strives to grow true to its own type and ideal. Intuitively and unquestioningly we feel that everything that lives and progresses moves towards some ultimate goal of perfection — some great and noble Reality, which, though unseen, already exists. All the beauties of nature are but approximations or reflections of an inner Ideal towards which all Nature grows.

With the coming of Spring we feel this all-embracing growth of things in an encouraging and exhilarating way. Who, indeed, can feel it in the fresh forces of budding and flowering, singing and nesting Nature, and still suspect that we, in our humanity, are outside and apart from this new life? So far from having no part in this renewed and joyous effort, it is for *us* that the rustlings of Spring have the deepest significance. For all Nature works — it has been taught by the wise — for the soul's experience; and from her we can learn much that will help us to understand our own natures more thoroughly. A great Teacher said: "Grow as the flower grows, unconsciously, but eagerly anxious to open its soul to the air." — True progress comes when we seek to understand Nature and work on with her.

What is it that is awakened in us at the sight of sublime mountain-heights clad with lingering snows — by the beauty of a fresh-springing flower — by the glory of the flooding sunshine on the morning when first we hear the song of returning birds in spring-time? Is it not the inward kinship we feel for all that is noble and beautiful? Nature embodies it in birds and flowers, sea and sky; whereas in us the great Reality is *our own Higher Nature.* This is the ideal with which we seek to become wholly at one; for it is this perfection of

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attainment that is dimly shadowed forth in us, as is the great underlying plan in Nature which we see through her visible beauties.

From her we may gain a deeper understanding of ourselves; for the same just and changeless laws govern all life. We know that proper soil, proper care, and the right conditions tend to produce a perfect plant; for in the very seed there is the perfect plan upon which it seeks to build and unfold in harmony and balance — that 'Kingly Union' which is Râja-Yoga. And we have even greater possibilities than anything in Nature; for in us is the privilege and responsibility of choice. *We* have the *power of Will;* — we can *choose to do right*, and *will to overcome* the obstacles that impede us. Not by inevitable conformance with Nature's laws merely are we compelled to progress, but by our own volition do we unfold and grow.

Then too, we may observe from Nature that Spring is the time of year when weeds flourish most luxuriantly — along with the beneficial growths. When we go into our garden to cultivate the fairest plants, we must be prepared to find and cut away poisonous weeds — to tear them out, while yet the soil is soft and workable. For weeds grow faster than the finer growth, and may choke it out before it can mature. So, in the spring-time of life, there are harmful growths which impede the true development of the nature while yet it has but partly unfolded into noble manhood and womanhood.

Selfishness may be called the giant weed, which has its tiny seeds even in little children, and which can strangle all that is of richest promise in their natures. This, our first and foremost obstacle, is ever-present; and from the earliest days of childhood we must meet it time and time again; and when we reach young manhood and womanhood — the full spring-time of life — it is in the light of unselfish aspiration and altruistic ideals that we can build for a strong, useful and happy life. This is the time when, more fully than ever before, we realize the practical application of our ideals, when unafraid of what life holds, and filled with unquenchable ardor to strive and achieve, we can face its noble possibilities.

Among nations, too, which have their springtimes as well as individuals, this is now a time of great possibilities and richest promise. Mighty forces are moving the life of every nation along new lines of progress, and everywhere are signs of national rebirth. Can we, the individual men and women — both old and young — who go to make those nations, ever find a more splendid opportunity to do our part to establish their growing energies on high ideals of living, and love of what is good and true?

Efforts are required of us; experiences are waiting to be met; there is a great work for those who fit themselves for it. And so, in the face of the responsibilities which lie before us, let us plant the seed of a harvest which, in yielding us growing strength and joy, will help to enrich all men. B.

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STRONG PURPOSE VS. NEGATIVE WISHES



AM determined that nothing shall prevent the accomplishment of this duty I now set out to do."

"I wish that matters were otherwise; that I were wiser; were free; were all that I am not."

— Between these two attitudes of mind there lies all the difference in the world: the difference between strength and weakness, between joy and sorrow. A strong purpose leads into the straight way extending from our present station to the happy place of our ideal; while the weak little negative wishes lead up hill and down dale, hither and yon, in a roundabout way toward nowhere.

A strong purpose is like a beacon on the shores of the far land of our ideal, shining for us through the long night, that we may stedfastly hold to our course; the little uncertain wishes are like clouds of fireflies, vaguely drifting, unreal and confusing.

A strong purpose is like the tools a man uses at his honest daily work; while idle wishes are like the playthings that are lost, broken and forgotten.

Strong purposes have made heroes, while negative wishes have but helped forward failures in the lives of men.

Nothing except these negative wishes, these denials of the possibility of better conditions, come between us and our ideal; and only by means of a strong purpose shall we drive them, like pests, out of the mind.

"I wish matters were different." — A strong purpose, if we choose to form it, would make matters as different as we wish them to be.

"I wish I were better fitted." — A strong purpose would fit one for the labors of Hercules.

"If I were only free." — A strong purpose makes us free indeed. R-Y

WHAT RÂJA-YOGA MEANS TO US

A Letter Written by a Group of Junior Boys of the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma, to Mme. Katherine Tingley while engaged in Public Work in Sweden, 1922

Lotus Home, Point Loma, California

DEAR Madame Tingley: We hope that you and the Crusaders had a fine voyage and that you are in good health.

We have just finished having our Junior William Quan Judge Club and at the end of a very interesting meeting, our teacher Mr. Forbes tried to impress upon us the necessity of striving harder than ever just at the present time in order that we might add force to the great work you are doing. He again emphasized that it is in the small duties that our best work is done; and so we

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have made new resolutions to help you by doing our duties so well that our efforts will count with you in helping those who have not had the opportunities of doing right that we have, through lack of the training that we are having.



ONE OF THE HOMES OF THE RÂJA-YOGA 'BROWNIES'

We realize more and more — especially the older boys of the group — what a love the Râja-Yoga training has awakened in us for our parents, our country and other countries, and we would like others to share in that awakening. We have often heard, recently, the expression 'war-torn Europe'; and surely if we are true to our Râja-Yoga training we can help you to change that into 'Peace-loving Europe.' We feel that such a change in the condition of Europe is possible if we are true to the training which we have had in the Râja-Yoga School.

When this letter reaches you, you will be in a country we have all learned to love through a knowledge of its past history and because of the many boys from that land who have been with us. In fact, Sweden will ever hold a distinct place in the hearts of Râja-Yogas, because we know how you love that country and how you are going to help it in a wonderful way when the time comes to open the School at Visingsö. We look forward with enthusiasm to the time when the Visingsö School will be doing its share in making Sweden one of the foremost countries of the then 'Peace-loving Europe.'

Perhaps you would like to know just what we have been thinking about and doing since you left. Well, first our thoughts have been a good deal with you,

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not only on your voyage, but here as well. Here, because your lifework is being so graphically pictured* — a record for the future that we are all very proud of. We have wondered in our thoughts just what those who have never



SIX-FOOT *COSMOS* IN THE 'BROWNIE' GARDEN

seen Point Loma or been permitted to look closely into the life we lead here, with all its activities, will say when they see those pictures before them. We know that all are going to marvel at what you have done here, in just a little over twenty years. We say so with confidence not only because it is always being remarked by the many well-known people who visit us here and get acquainted with the school, that it *is* wonderful, but because of two remarks Mr. Forbes has told us about which deal directly with the pictures.

One remark was made by Mr. Abel, one of the camera men, and the other by Mrs. Cervantes, the daughter of Mr. Powers, the moving-picture director.

Mr. Abel you have seen, and you know how competent he is in his own work and likewise how competent he is to judge of dramatic work because he has filmed so many big pieces that are now world-famous. We have heard a great deal about what he has said because two from our group were helping him. Well Mr. Forbes heard Mr. Abel say to Mr. Powers that nowhere else in the

*Motion-pictures recently produced on a large scale at the International Theosophical Headquarters, by Lomaland students and pupils of the Râja-Yoga School, Academy and College. Among other important themes, they featured the growth of the Râja-Yoga system of education and the life-work of the Foundress, Mme. Katherine Tingley.

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world could they get such a picture as the full scene when the gypsies come in, as you planned it, in *As You Like It;* and nowhere else could they get such natural actors. That coming from one having much to do with moving pictures



A FOLK-DANCE AT THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY, POINT LOMA

Little folk entertaining visiting parents and friends. This dance is one of several originally brought from Sweden by Râja-Yoga Students doing public work in that country. It is here being performed by children of America, Holland, Russia, and England.

ought to be a good guide as to what the public will say when they see them.

The other remark was made by Mrs. Cervantes, who was speaking of the pictures she had seen. She said that she had seen so many in her day, because of her connection with them, that it required pretty interesting pictures to make an impression on her, and the Point Loma pictures she had seen had intensely interested her — even without the captions. She spoke especially of the scene where we are shown making boxes for our garden plants. "I was so interested," she said, "that I would just have liked to be with those boys." As Mr. Forbes says, if that picture is interesting, what about all the others that have been given so much care — especially those of the dramatic work. If you only knew the care with which all our manual-training scene was arranged so as to give at least a glimpse of our work, and then, at the last moment, it could not be taken. Mr. Machell knows just how quickly Mr. Forbes changed all into a small corner where there was sufficient light — but little room — to

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give the idea of the real work we do, and it had to go at that. There was no further time to give to us and so we were all very much disappointed, though the words of Mrs. Cervantes make us think that at least it is a credit to us.

Again, the words of Mr. Abel: that "nowhere in the world could we get such a scene," set us thinking that nowhere else in the world is there such a school as the Râja-Yoga School. We know it is true, not because we have heard the statement made so often, but because we have our own experience with the boys who come into this group from time to time with whom we can make our comparisons between the education we are receiving and the education given in other schools. Again we say that there is no such school as the Râja-Yoga School, with such splendid opportunities for real boys to get an all-around education.

We think of the boys who have come to us from the best-class schools and from splendid homes, and then we know how true the foregoing statement is. Just within the last two years our group has received quite a number of new boys, from thirteen to fifteen years of age; and in every case we have found them at least two or three years behind in the subjects they knew, as compared with those who had had their training here for years. We say 'the subjects they knew' because they knew so few; in fact, it is exceptional to find any of them who know more than Arithmetic, Geography, History (a little American) Reading, Spelling (very, very little) and sometimes a little Latin. Against that, think of the number of our studies, including such subjects as French, Spanish, Latin, Mechanical Drawing, Algebra, Geometry, Mathematics (after commercial arithmetic pure mathematics), History (including a knowledge of modern, medieval and ancient), Shorthand, Typewriting, Art lessons under such a well-known artist as Miss Edith White, Geography (having finished all the countries of the world, we now study from such magazines as the *National Geographical*, which gives us an insight into the lives and work of the people inhabiting the various countries which are only touched upon so very lightly in the various geographies), manual training; and then our musical training in the Band and Orchestra — and so on.

The boys we have just been speaking about and with whom we are making our comparisons came from the best schools. One was the son of a well-known judge in the Southern States, another was the son of a colonel in the American army, another was the son of an architect, yet another the son of a doctor prominent in hospital work in the state of Utah, another the son of a prominent broker in Salt Lake City, and our last recruit the son of a lawyer who has made a prominent name for himself in California. Now all these boys were many grades behind boys of a similar age in our group, even with their very limited number of studies. We can assure you that all of them felt very much embarrassed when they found out how little they knew in comparison with the boys of their own ages here; and they would invariably say when confronted

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with the number of studies: "Why you must study all the time." When they really got down to the facts and found that our study period did not exceed an hour and a half each day, and that our school hours were about two and one half each day, they marveled. Some of them seemed discouraged at first, but with help they soon found out one of the secrets of the success of Râja-Yoga — *learning to study properly*, whereby in their study-period as much could be done in an hour as had formerly taken them three or four hours. None of them formerly had had any idea how to study properly, and it was a difficult task for our teachers to get even a little concentration aroused in them. But bit by bit, through careful watching and helping, their attention to their studies became more and more marked, until an actual love had been aroused in them to get ahead in their studies — then progress became rapid.

We have been thinking especially of one who, because of the death of his mother, had to go home to his guardians in Missouri last July. He came to us, when eleven years old, from the best school in Coronado, California — a school which has amongst its pupils some of the sons of business men known all over America. He was very far behind in all the ordinary subjects, and did not know a note of music. He was with us two years, and in that time — although often a trial to our teachers because he was lazy and did not know how to apply himself to anything — he gained three grades beyond his companions in Coronado. Going home to Missouri he passed his examination as a sophomore (second year) in High School — the youngest sophomore in the school — and gained his position as 1st Clarinet in the High School Band. As you know, we could name others; and we feel that he would have been with us still if his mother's wishes had been followed by his guardians, and he was really sorry to go from us with his other two younger brothers.

Our teacher was reading to us from the *Scolsman* (Edinburgh) about the increasing number of American students in the Edinburgh University. One thing that impressed the students was their ignorance in history: the Americans knowing little of English history and the native students knowing little of American history. So much is this the case that Oxford University has now founded a Chair of American History, and Edinburgh is soon to follow suit. As he pointed out, this was the outcome of a one-sided education. Our teacher also pointed out that it might be possible in some countries to find boys who specialized in certain subjects — by a system known as 'cramming' — in advance of others in the same subject in another country. But that is not real education; to be up in one or two subjects and wholly ignorant — or nearly so — in others, is not being educated.

In this connection, he told us an amusing incident which occurred in a conversation during the war between our ambassador, Mr. Walter Page, and Lord Robert Cecil, who was in charge of the Ministry of Blockade. Mr. Page did much to keep America and England friendly, although at times it was a difficult

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task. One day discussing a certain amount of ill-feeling aroused by the seizure of American cargoes, Mr. Page remarked: "You must not forget the Boston tea-party, Lord Robert." To which Lord Cecil replied: "But you must remember, Mr. Page, that I have never been in Boston. I have never attended a tea-party there." Lord Robert had failed in history!! So again we say that we are fortunate in being able to study history thoroughly here, and at the same time to have a love aroused in us for other countries, which alone can make the study useful: the characteristics of a people speak through their history.

The foregoing are some of our thoughts aroused by the taking of the pictures; and now, just a brief statement as to what we have been doing. The weather has been very trying for our flowers; they had a complete setback on account of the cold. Do you know, we had such a heavy hail-storm one night that the hail lay on the ground until the following mid-day? It was a new experience for our flowers, and they did not like it. Some of them shriveled up, as much as to say: "Why did you not cover me up before it got so cold?" However, we shall see to it that we have plenty of flowers before you return. We have about one hundred and fifty boxes of fine cinerarias just coming into bloom, for you. We are going to set them in front of Headquarters, and they will make a fine showing until the time comes for the begonias again.

Now, although the cinerarias in our garden — though sheltered beneath the trees — were all done-for by the cold nights, yet not one of the cinerarias we have for *you* suffered in the slightest; and so we say they must have known they were for you. We have accordingly been doing plenty of garden-work to make up with flowers in the future for the loss that has occurred now.

Also, we are busy making a big double tennis-court for the young ladies. That will keep us busy for some time, because it is a big job; but we think Mr. Forbes is very happy when there is plenty of work to do. It seemed rather a strange coincidence, some would say, that we had cleared the place for the tennis-court some six months ago, so that you might see if it were suitable or not. We waited for your approval, but it never came until just before you left on this tour. That was the *very spot* they found so useful for taking all the scenes in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *As You Like It!* If we had commenced to level the place they could not have used it; and so the clearing of the ground there, months ago, was evidently in anticipation of the pictures.

We must close, and in so doing send you and the 'Crusaders' lots of love. As an International Committee organized by your loving 'Brownies,' we sign our names in their behalf. *With best wishes:*

ROSS WHITE, *for America*
DAVID CORYN, *for England*
ERLAND SIRÉN, *for Sweden*
JOOST DE LANGE, *for Holland*
MILTON PETERSON, *for Norway*
REGINALD KAHN, *for Russia*
BARDY BARDSLEY, *for Australia*
KARL EUGENE MILLER, *for Germany*

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more arches, others consisting simply of a long stone slab thrown across a canal. When seeing all these bridges one is reminded of Marco Polo's description of old Hangchow — for which he claimed 1200 bridges. Old Hangchow must have been a city of canals, like Soochow, but hardly anything remains there either of the bridges or canals. The present-day Hangchow is indeed a less historic place than Soochow, which has largely preserved its old character: its fine walks and watergates, amazingly narrow streets, and canals. In them are moored hundreds of small boats painted in bright colors and ornamented with carvings, and besides these there is any number of large transport-boats which carry everything necessary for the daily life of the people is brought to town.



'MONDAY MORNING' ON THE CANAL
— Judging by the domestic occupations only; for the Chinese calendar contains neither Sundays nor week-days.



HOUSEBOAT-DWELLERS
Though modest in size, these little craft furnish more roomy quarters than are enjoyed by many of the crowded city-dwellers of China, and their mobility is an advantage.

"The canals are also a great convenience for laundry, as you may observe in one of the photographs —and in the warmer season favorite haunts for Asiatic cholera.

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"An old resident of Soochow made the following well-balanced and illuminating statement: 'When the waters are high and fresh, boating is a pleasant mode of traveling for a family, but when the water turns green and then black, and melon-rinds and garbage float on the surface, and the boats get jammed for a couple of hours amid odors not from 'Araby the blest,' the poor shut-in prisoner wishes he were ten thousand miles away from the Oriental Venice.' . . The beauty of Soochow is hardly of the kind that makes you long to live there, but it is certainly a delight to the eye and may keep you enchanted for quite a few days by its picturesque charm.



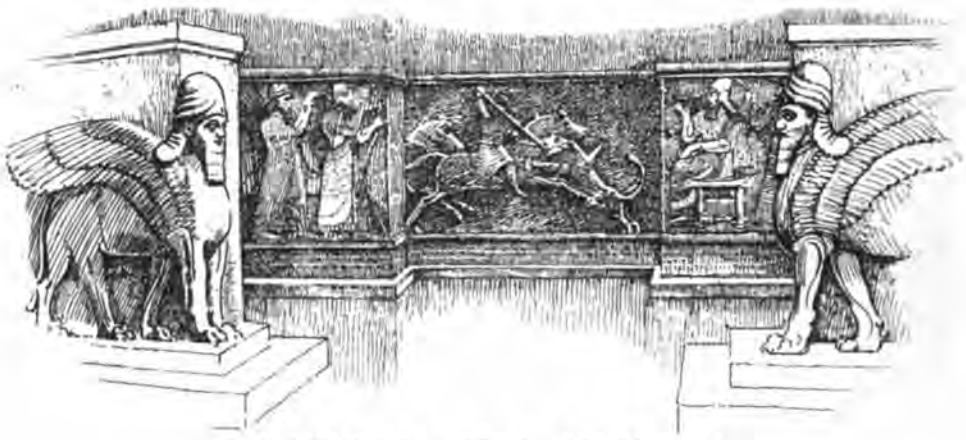
SEEING THE WORLD FROM THE DOORSTEP
The numerous and well-padded coats show it is yet late winter.

"In olden times this beauty must have been more apparent, because there is a saying attributed to an emperor of the Sung dynasty (who was also a great artist) that gives it all in a nutshell: '*Above is Heaven — below Soochow and Hangchow.*' The people of Soochow often quote this saying; they are proud, indeed, of their old city, they think it is about as good as the 'Western Heaven' of the Buddhist priests, or the 'Isles of the Immortals' for which the Taoists long. The old Soochow citizens are the most happy-looking, gentle and contented population that one can find in present-day China. They are said to be pleasure-loving and easy-going, and this may well be; but they are very pleasant to look at, because their round faces radiate sunshine, and their loud voices speak a tongue that is mild and harmonious like a song. The children in their padded coats and 'rabbit-caps' who roll along the narrow streets or sit perched on the thresholds of the rickety houses, are just as happy as the chickens and the kitties, which never get tired of their company. They do indeed need some Râja-Yoga education, which would include some skill in the use of soap and water. But as long as they have not got it, they are happy with the next best thing, which is sunshine, friendship with all that lives and breathes, and a never-failing good humor."

Greetings to all!

Your 'Chinese correspondent' OSVALD SIRÉN

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'BABYLON THE MIGHTY'

A Picture of the Life of Ancient Antiquaries as Revealed by Modern Researchers

THE sun beats down over the wide Babylonian plain — temples, palaces and shrines radiant in the white glare. Lined with the terraced gardens and the steps of lordly pleasure-grounds, the broad Euphrates flows proudly through the heart of the ancient city. Busy throngs fill the streets, while from the fields hurry the sweating laborers — for today is holiday in Babylon. All are agog to hear and see the haughty Assyrian envoy who arrives from His Majesty King Asurbanipal, on an errand of peace — even deference — to the older, more cultured city. Though fortune has been against them in their encounters with this indefatigable wager of battles, the Babylonians still look tolerantly upon their unruly daughter (and their sometimes mistress) of the north, Assyria, as a land of unlettered provincials. They pride themselves on their well-stocked libraries, their mud-books, curiously inscribed in the rich Sumerian tongue — the language of learning only — which preserves the lore of their Chaldaic forefathers, those wise readers of the stars, and interpreters between gods and men.

No one knows the millenniums of the legends: whether they be from the days of Oannes, the fish-god, who came out of the deep each day to instruct men in wisdom and the arts; or whether they have been handed down since the time of Father Xithusrus, who buried the tablets containing all knowledge before the Flood, and afterwards exhumed the holy writings and restored them to his children.

So the gossips and the graybeards wag their heads and stroke their chins; the young men and the soldiers look their tallest and their fiercest; the priests, stately, and grave, wait with unbending dignity to open their treasures to the inspection of the lordly barbarian who approaches.

But it is the brick-makers — the scribes and artists — whose heyday it is

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above all others. Is not theirs the work that has brought this recognition to their beloved city? — The laborer feels that his dripping brow and limbs have bedewed the clay that kings will hold in their hands. The hours spent under the fierce sun, treading out and working the fine clay into shape, have brought their reward. On them, as on the scribes with their delicate ivory styluses, rest the eyes of the populace with new interest and concern. The glaziers and enamelers thank Marduk that the baking ovens were hot and well-tempered, and the artists cry aloud that the whole city is itself an open book, the work of their hands, with its sculptured walls, painted and carved with their history, their religion and their arts. . . .

Now the state barge is seen, and presently shouts of welcome and acclaim announce its near approach. With slender swan-like prow, its gorgeous silken canopy and colored sails broken into dancing reflections on the waves, it shoots over the tide, impelled by the strokes of swarthy rowers: eight bronze statues in their white pleated skirts.

Riding up to the quay, the light craft is met by representatives from temple and court, who assist the lordly visitor to descend, and escort him to the chariot that awaits. The populace shout and cheer, and jostle and push to obtain a nearer view of the strangers. They, for their part, veil an eager interest under courtly indifference, while with pride their escort point out the strength and extent first of their wharves, to which come ships laden with the treasures of the East. — From Arabia, frankincense and horses; pearls and gems from India; wine, emery and building stone from Armenia; fine wool, lapis-lazuli, silk, gold and ivory from Media. Fruit venders with golden oranges and purple figs from the north,* crimson pomegranates, or whatever will tempt the Babylonian palate; foreign merchants with strange dress and stranger tongues, that remind one of the confusion of languages when the tower of Babel fell — all are at home in the mart of the world's trade. The road of the envoy leads direct from the river through the Gate of Ishtar, the benign goddess — only one of the bronze portals that pierce the walls of Babylon 'the Hundred-Gated City.'

Between the walls and the city, orchards and gardens are in flower.

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*Herodotos, the Greek historian who traveled in Babylonia a few centuries later, says of the 'Land between the Rivers' that: "It makes no pretence, indeed, of growing the fig, the olive, the vine, or any other tree of the kind: but in grain it is so fruitful as to yield commonly two-hundred-fold, and when the production is greatest, even three-hundred-fold [the amount of seed sown]. The blade of the wheat plant and the barley plant is often four fingers in breadth."

The observation of some modern joker, who suggested that Herodotos must have got these astounding figures from some old Babylonian 'Chamber of Commerce,' seems to have been anticipated by the historian, who says further: ". . . I am not ignorant that what I have already said concerning the fruitfulness of Babylonia must seem incredible to those who have never visited the country." (*Book* I, 193) Many of his 'marvels,' however, are now accepted facts; and in the light of *our* growing knowledge the old historian is increasingly vindicated.

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The apple is in early bloom in the north Babylonian plain, with myriads of silken blossoms blushing like dawn. The air is sweet with the breath of honeysuckle and thyme. Fields of wheat, barley and millet billow green and gold in the sun. Waterways lined with groves of date-palms, promising abundant harvests, and the rosy tassels of the feathered tamarisk, give grateful shade. Thrifty husbandmen lead countless streams of water over the rich soil, covered with lentils, succulent cucumbers and melons. The songs of the lark and thrush arise by day and the nightingale at night. Here and there a parrot screeches from some leafy haunt, and pheasants flash their bronze throats in the shade of giant tulip trees, whose orange and yellow flowers look like flocks of orioles settling on their branches.

Within the massive walls, straight streets divide the city into regular blocks. The dwellings of the good citizens of Babylon — three or four stories high, upheld with posts of palm-wood, decorated with twisted rushes, plastered and colored till they look like carved stone — line the avenues leading to the palaces, one on each side of the river. Raised high on their platforms of well-baked bricks, they tower above the flat plain, the surrounding walls broad enough to accommodate four chariots abreast. From the many towers filled with guards, the full-armed soldiery look down — half fiercely, half fearfully — on the representative of the great monarch, the weight of whose arm they have often tested in battle. Soon our envoy arrives at the dwelling of the high priest of Bel, the city's chiefest citizen.

— Gardens of lovely flowers, and thickets of oleanders and myrtle cluster round the pilasters and buttresses of hard red brick. The pale anemone in the shade of protecting trees makes way for gay crocuses and jonquils, the night-blooming cereus, and lilies of many a hue. With his faithful grayhound behind him, old Ur-Sim, the bent and wrinkled gardener — who rules here more severely than the governor in the palace — watches with jealous eye, lest a careless foot tread on one of his precious plants.

Within is the glory of Babylon. Sculptured stone slabs and walls of bright enamelled brick tell stories of victory or of the chase, recited in proud language, in white inscriptions skilfully sunk into a deep blue ground. Rosettes, flowers, winged serpents and dragons in brilliant color blaze over the walls. The foot falls soundlessly on the thick Babylonian carpets, famous throughout the antique world. Curtains and hangings heavy with gold and embroidery vie with statues, incense-burners of strange form and delicate workmanship; gold, silver and bronze vessels excite the interest of the strangers. Human-headed bulls guard the entrance to the banquet-hall, where the wisdom and might of Babylon are gathered to confer upon the weighty matter of supplying His Majesty, King Asurbanipal, with the learning of Bel's favored city.

Grave courtesies are exchanged; the noble guest is led to the seat of honor,

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while deft slaves hurry soundlessly to bring in the steaming dishes. The Assyrian feasts his eyes on the richness of his host's attire, the splendor of the starred ceilings, the curiously wrought patterns of mother-of-pearl, lapis-lazuli, carnelian and jade. Never has he seen more rich and curious embroidery, more elegantly set and polished stones, or finer array of necklaces, bracelets, well-wrought tiaras of gems and plumes. Never has he seen better plate of fine gold, silver, and bronze, better or more highly polished spoons and forks of well-chased bronze. The spiced wines and cooling drinks are poured into goblets of crystal; honey distilled from a thousand flowers awaits him in dishes of cut and colored glass; grapes and plums and fine wheaten bread are piled in silver and copper bowls, or trays of onyx and jasper.

Strains of music now are heard, voices hymning to Bel, while harp and psaltery add deep notes to the chant.* As it dies away, through the curtains steps a maid of Babylon — daughter of the high priest — and at her entry all sounds cease, all eyes are lowered. With modest mien she advances, awaiting her father's command, regardless of the unveiled admiration in the eyes of the prince she has come to entertain. Lover of the old legends and stories, at her father's side she has spent her youth in the temple precinct — his best scribe, and custodian of the precious tablets. Hymns, prayers, war-songs, epics — she knows them all — has seen many eager youths taught the strange science of numbers, the art of reading the stars; has piled high many grammars and syllabaries, the texts of the old Sumerian tongue. Love-letters she has taken down and answered, and knows Khammurabi's code well-nigh by heart. To her then the old man turns with just pride and tenderness, and bids her recite some noble verse as earnest of what shall go from Babylon to enrich the new library of Nineveh. . . . So until evening the noble guests refresh themselves, but when the great white stars burn in the dark Babylonian sky, they go to the tower of Bel, to see the curious instruments wherewith the Chaldaic seers read the mysteries of the heavens. The procession starts forth between the dark blue walls, whereon the lions of Babylon march forever forward, guarding the hall that joins palace and temple.

Presently they arrive at the great temple; its base dedicated to Saturn, and blackened with bitumen, as is fitting for that planet. The winding steps take them past the second stage of orange, because that is sacred to Jupiter; the third is crimson with the color of Mars; and next, its gold plates glittering in the light, is the house of the Sun; on the fifth stage, yellow as the limpid flame of Venus, were placed seats for the guests to rest, and look out over the

*Nearly all known instruments of the Harp kind were used in ancient Mesopotamia. A variety of zither, and an instrument resembling the 'cembalo,' are much in evidence on the monuments. These instruments, curiously, seem also to have been used for military purposes, and the sculptured processions contain many 'bands' of mail-clad harpers, vigorously striking their instruments as they march.

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city shrouded in darkness at their feet. Their guides bring them the instruments of bronze and crystal that show them the horns of Venus, and Saturn with his whirling rings, and planets with a heaven full of moons. Charts and maps are stored within the enclosure — a precious legacy. Continuing, they came to the stage of Mercury, blue as the firmament. Last was the stage of the moon — silver as the white crescent above them. Here was the shrine with its huge golden images of Bel, Beltis and Ishtar. On the golden table were vessels of iridescent glass, drinking-bowls and censers of gold. Here burned fragrant frankincense, of which a thousand talents were offered yearly before the guardian deities.

The golden lions of Beltis seemed to crouch, ready to spring upon the intruders; and the silver serpents, thirty talents each of pure metal, appeared sinuous and alive as their ruby eyes glittered in the flare of the torches. The drapery of the couch for the divine occupants was sumptuous and rich. Even the lesser shrine had its image of gold, and its table of the same precious metal, and its attendant image, twelve cubits high, equally precious. Entranced with all they had seen and heard, the dark princes descended, and in the open air breathed the fragrance of the temple-gardens.

WHEN the days of their visit were ended, the boats were loaded with their precious freight of brown bricks. Lucky scribes — selected to go north to teach the 'barbarians,' and proud of their signal honor — strutted along, with their goods and outfits borne after them. The friendly crowds thronged the steps, cheering and rending the air with felicitations; stern officers listed and checked the loads brought on board. . . .

The journey was prosperous and safe, and at the wharves and steps and palaces of the northern city, richer and more sumptuous than their own, the southerners in their turn were filled with becoming wonder. The city teemed with busy throngs. Here and there the gaily painted chariot of a nobleman thundered swiftly down the broad streets; everywhere were the long flowing garments of officials and men of rank, with their fringes and borders of golden and colored threads. Footmen attending high-born ladies made way for their mistresses, while the admiring visitors gazed on the delicate silken robes, the rich jewelry of their girdles and necklaces, their embroidered cloaks and gemmed scarfs. On either hand were displayed the sumptuous wares of Assyria: fine fabrics of silk and wool, carpets from their own dear city, glowing with color and soft as fleece; dazzling displays of iridescent glass vases, dishes and bottles; bronze bells and weapons; implements and vessels of elegant form and skilled workmanship.

At the palace, they were conducted through passages and halls lined with alabaster slabs, covered with elegant sculptures. Great winged bulls guarded the entrances, and the southerners wondered that they had five feet,

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till their hosts explained that it was done so that from all angles they would look as if they had four. The walls pictured the life and history of the magnificent city; the hunts, victories and pleasures of the kings; vassals bringing him tribute, religious festivals, and likenesses of powerful gods. Drawings of flowers and animals adorned the walls, and the furniture was inlaid and carved with extreme delicacy. The ceilings were painted and enameled with flowers — lotuses, rosettes, honeysuckle, with colored borders and moldings. Precious cedar beams, plated gold and silver, adorned the lofty chambers, and the windows showing the azure sky were enclosed in brightly colored frames. Even more than the palace, the visitors longed to see the library. Hither they were conducted, with some beating of the heart, for here was their home to be, and here they were to make their fortune, at the pleasure of the king. The workmen were still finishing the last decorations, and stood open-mouthed to view the lordly conclave. . . .

Next came the storing away of the precious bricks, the study and copying of old texts, till by the thousand they filled the shelves. Scribes listed them; librarians were in charge of them, students and old scholars came with eagerness to examine and read them. Calligraphers toiled early and late to supply new ones; and the inscription of laws, judicial treatises, mathematical instruction, prayers, history — all that Nineveh had done — was stored away there. At times the great king came with his nobles, and all prostrated themselves and bowed low before him, and praised him and his great deeds. Here he and his successors watched the piles of tablets mount higher and higher, till that evil day when Cyaxares the Mede, and Nabopolassar the Babylonian, after besieging the city for two years, made their way through walls destroyed by the flood, and brought low the mistress of Mesopotamia.

THE great palaces and temples became mounds of sand; nomads pastured flocks where the gardens of the queen had bloomed. Year after year the river flooded the treasured library, soaking the precious tablets. . . .

So it went for 2500 years, until an English scholar, patient, imaginative, undaunted, resolved to lift the curtain that hung over the history of the land between the rivers. Unafraid of sickness, danger, hardships, with the labor of heart and head and hand, George Smith, in 1873, began to rescue these treasures buried in the huge dust-heaps. Not only opening the crumbling mounds, that were the habitations of kings, he unsealed their strange script, revealing their thoughts, their knowledge, their prayers.

The vista he opened up has not only added undreamed of chapters to the story of human history, but shows us that even in those far-away times, man was civilized, skilled, artistic: at times progressing, at other times falling back in culture; but always adding some element to a worthy heritage, and writing some lasting message on the screen of time. K. H.

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CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME AT MUKÓJIMA

A GENTLE breeze stirs the branches of the cherry-trees. Their pink and yellow blossoms shed a soft glow on the grassy bank of Sumidagawa. The merry laughter of the people who pass under the trees echoes over the quiet river; now and then strains of a *samisen* come floating over the water from pleasure-barges.

People from the country are walking along the bank — men and women who never pass an idle day except at this season. They carry their bright red blankets and their provisions with them, smiling and nodding to some acquaintance from the country, looking with wonder at the bright *kimono* of children who have come with their fathers and mothers to join in the flower-festival.

All along the road for miles, as far as the avenue of cherry-trees extends, there are little tea-houses, where gaily-attired *músume* offer the passers-by tea and sweetmeats of all kinds, among them little cakes wrapped in cherry-leaves.

Here and there under the trees are groups of people, seated on red blankets, eating their lunches. Their laughter mingles with the rustling of the branches in the breeze; the blossoms above them nod quietly, as if they knew why these people are happy, and the pink and yellow petals come fluttering softly down upon them. — TAMI-KO S. *Râja-Yoga Academy*

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TIDES IN THE OCEAN OF AIR

WHEN the first balloon ascent was made at the close of the eighteenth century, people became very much excited, because they thought that once air-travel had been made possible there was no reason why they should not visit the stars and the planets, and certainly our own near neighbor the moon. Great was the disappointment when it was discovered that the air only extended a few miles overhead and then gradually thinned out.

The fact is that we live at the bottom of an ocean of air supposed by some to be two hundred miles in depth; but even at a height of only seven miles it becomes too thin for human beings to breathe, and the greater the height the more rarefied does the air become. This atmospheric ocean, like the ocean of salt water, has a very uneven surface, with great saucer-like depressions and vast mounds of heaped-up air which slowly sweep over the face of the planet in a general easterly direction.

At the Lomaland Weather-station there is a little instrument called the 'Barograph,' by means of which the varying pressure of the air overhead is made to record itself during every minute of the day.

On Monday morning a blank chart is carefully fitted round the drum of the barograph, and the clockwork which works the drum is wound up and started for its seven days' run. A long metal finger furnished at the tip with a little pen full of ink rests lightly upon the chart. The metal finger is connected with a sensitive aneroid barometer, so that the continuous line made by the pressure of the pen against the slowly revolving drum rises and falls with the changes in the pressure of the air.

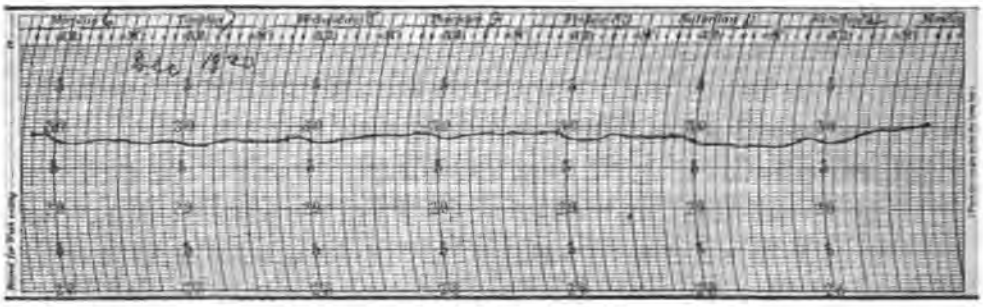
The aneroid barometer consists of eight little flat boxes made of German silver screwed one on top of the other, thus forming a column. Each box is air-tight, and has been pumped nearly empty of air before being sealed up. A spring inside each box tends to keep the flexible tops and bottoms apart. Thus any increase of air-pressure shortens the column of boxes by forcing the flexible tops and bottoms nearer together; while a decreasing weight of air, allows the springs to push the two sides apart thus making the column a little longer. As the column lengthens and shortens so the finger indicator moves up and down and the pen at the end rises and falls — thus making a wavy line upon the chart wrapped round the drum. In this way, by the time the pen reaches eight o'clock on the following Monday morning, a complete record of the air-pressure for every moment of the past seven days has been made. (*See next page.*)

The figures 28, 29, and 30 show that at these points the pressure of air would exactly balance a column of mercury so many inches high. The distance between the lines running up and down the chart represents two hours in time, midnight being marked MT. and noon XII.

Two very curious tides in the air-pressure can be traced on the chart.

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If you look at the recording line between 8 and 10 in the morning you will see that every day the line rises a little, while from 2 to 4 in the afternoon it



AN AVERAGE WEEK'S BAROGRAPHIC RECORD FROM THE RÂJA-YOGA WEATHER STATION, PT. LOMA (December 6th to 13th, 1922)

tends to dip downwards. At midnight also there is a slight tendency to rise. There is a good deal of mystery about these regular ups and downs, and they still await an explanation. It is unlikely they would have been discovered but for the barograph, which supplies a continuous record for us to study.

It will be seen from the week's record before us that the mercury stood at about 29¾ inches high most of the time. A steady falling of the line is a pretty good sign of coming rain, while a rising line betokens fair, dry weather.

Seeing that the line of the barograph follows the rise and fall of air-pressure it is plain that if it were to be carried up a mountain, it would steadily fall, because the higher you go the less the weight of the air above your head. Mr. Glaisher, who in 1862 ascended in a balloon to a height of 29,000 feet, reports that the air-pressure fell to nine and three quarter inches!

Climbers of mountains who try to make tea at great heights discover that owing to the diminished weight of the air, the water boils at such a low temperature that the tea will not 'draw,' and they have to content themselves with drinking warm water.

UNCLE LEN

"BROTHERS WE"

A RECENT issue of the *New York Times* reports a remarkable friendship between two animals who, though widely separated zoologically, are very close in sympathy, and offer an example, not uninspiring to us humans, of untutored practical brotherhood.

A certain white gander, resident at a logging camp near Greensborough, Alabama, has made a companion of an old blind ox, says the report. Every day the kindly fowl leads his old ox to the watering-trough, cackling repeatedly the while in order to show the way, and later leads him to and from

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the pasture. On the return the gander sits sociably by and preens his feathers while the old ox rests.

This is the second report we have noticed of such behavior on the part of geese. A reader of this magazine wrote some time since of another gander who became 'pater familias' for a whole family. A certain 'Mother Goose,' having become blind through accident, was being shunned by most of her flock, when the chivalrous gander appointed himself guardian of her and her goslings, leading them to the pond, and piloting the whole squadron about on the water, himself remaining constantly by the side of the afflicted mother.

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

THE cocoa (or cacao) tree is an evergreen, growing to a height of from fifteen to twenty-one feet, flowering and bearing fruit at all seasons of the year, and yielding from fifty pods to, in some circumstances, several hundreds per annum. The seeds contained in each pod vary in number from twenty to forty.

The pods do not ripen seasonally but irregularly and are stripped off at the discretion of an expert, piled in heaps, and opened; the rind is then removed, and the closely-packed, almond-shaped brown beans or nuts extracted and laid out to dry before being packed in sacks for exportation.

The original home of the tree was undoubtedly the valley of the Amazon, where it grew in wild profusion. At the present time our sources of supply include Guayaquil, Pará and Bahía, the West Indies, Ceylon, and some parts of Africa. The finest qualities are grown in Central America, Trinidad, and Ceylon. The Ceylon product, of comparatively recent cultivation, commands the highest market-prices, on account of its delicacy in color, flavor and aroma.

The processes by which, from the imported brown berries, are obtained the cocoa extract and various dainty forms of chocolate are as follows:

The beans are emptied in sieves and sifted, all imperfect ones being thrown out. This preliminary is followed by the process of roasting, and then by winnowing. Broken and stripped of husk or shell, the berries at this stage are known as 'nibs.' The nibs being ground and melted into a paste, differentiation of treatment then begins. In the production of the dry cocoa powder of commerce, hydraulic pressure is employed for the elimination of superfluous oil or butter — amounting to fifty per cent. In the making of chocolate and chocolate creams in all their infinite variety, the paste is mixed with fine-ground sugar of pure quality, and flavorings then added.

Analysis reveals that the beans contain tissue-forming nitrogenous matter or gluten; energetic force or working power in the form of digestible fat; starch and sugar; minerals; and theobromine, a stimulant. Nearly one-fifth

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of the full bulk of cocoa is pure albumen, on which the white corpuscles of the blood are dependent. Concentrated cocoa is proved to be richer in proteid elements than even veal, lean mutton, cheese or eggs. T. B. M.

THE INDIANS OF THE AMAZON AT HOME

THE *Bulletin of the Pan-American Union* gives an account of two years which were spent by Dr. Koch Grunberg among the Indians of that portion of the great Amazon Valley which lies between the tributaries Yapurá and Rio Negro, in the back country of Venezuela and Colombia.

Before Dr. Grunberg set out he was warned that these Amazon velley Indians were so depraved that they used their visitors for food, and were so ignorant as to be unacquainted with the art of making fire. True, although most of the Indians he met had no knowledge of the civilization of the white man, yet he found them ready to respond to kind treatment, and wherever he went he was made free of their homes and looked upon as one of themselves.

The Doctor made it a rule to pay for everything he used and to reward every service done for him; and thus he got the title 'Friend of the Indians,' and his good reputation went before him and raised up friends wherever he went. His boatmen never grumbled when — as sometimes was necessary — they were asked to work eighteen hours a day.

Gold and silver is of no use to pay these people with; but fish-hooks, calico, knives, beads and salt are greatly prized. The natives live together in *malokas*, or large huts, which afford shelter to several families, so that sometimes as many as a hundred people may be found living in one of them. The roof is thatched with palm-leaves, and keeps out the rain perfectly.

These communal dwellings are kept "painfully clean" — so the Doctor tells us, and are swept out every day. The inmates of a *maloka* live together in the most perfect harmony, and the harsh sounds of voices raised in quarreling are almost unknown. Their honesty too is something wonderful. Even old scraps of newspaper which had been thrown away and drops of candle-grease that had been spilled were always carefully collected and put on the traveler's campstool where he might find them. Once he left all his baggage behind him in charge of an old man, and when he came back after a month's absence every trunk was thickly covered with dust. — No one had touched them although they were known to contain valuable axes and knives and beads. This was not merely because of fear of the white man and his terrible firearms, as the Indians do not even steal from one another. The only case of theft the Doctor ever met with was committed by a certain Indian who had become partly 'civilized' by living with and learning from the whites!

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The affection they show to their children is most touching, and mothers will often play with their babies for hours together. Once the Doctor spoke rather sharply to a little brown boy who was playing about his feet and making himself rather troublesome. The mother, who was standing nearby, gave him a severe lecture on his want of self-control in thus scolding a child who was too young to know any better! The wife of one of the chiefs was his special friend, and helped by her little daughter she did everything in her power to make his visit a success. He always called her "my mother" and she returned the compliment by calling him "my son." Every morning as soon as he awoke the little girl fetched him a calabash of fresh water with which to rinse his mouth, and many choice morsels of food and refreshing drinks were prepared for him. When the day came for him to leave the tribe neither his 'mother' nor his 'little sister' were to be found — they had gone out before sunrise into the *mandioca* plantation because they could not bear the pain of saying good-bye.

The inmates of a *maloka* are awake long before day. At sunrise they bathe in the river, and soon after the women call them in to breakfast, which usually consists of boiled fish, *mandioca* cakes and broth. The *mandioca* cake sounds like a strange and foreign food; but we must remember that our familiar tapioca-pudding is also made from this plant.

After breakfast the men disperse to hunt or fish, while the women go to work in the *mandioca* plantation, and peace and quietness pervade the village. The old folk quietly swing in their hammocks; tame parrots call out from time to time among the branches overhead; and the silence is occasionally broken by the muffled shouting and laughter of the children as they splash each other in the shallows of the river. About the middle of the day when the heat becomes unbearable, the women come trooping back with baskets full of fresh *mandioca* roots, and shortly after the men return with their catch; so that by six o'clock a hot supper — well seasoned with pepper — is ready to be eaten.

The evening is spent in friendly chat in which the events of the day are thoroughly discussed, and shortly after sunset all retire to their hammocks.

They are very clever in making pottery from a bluish kind of clay. They use no potter's wheel; but build up their pots from flat slabs of clay rolled out thin on a board and consolidated by pressure. With a sharp stone the sides are made smooth, and are then decorated with very artistic colored patterns. They weave their own hammocks from palm-fiber, and these are much more durable than our manufactured cotton goods.

These simple forest Indians find all they need close at hand and manage to live very happily in the midst of wild Nature where most of us would starve. They can get along very well without us, though they certainly find our fish-hooks and knives better than anything they make themselves.

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Any one of my readers probably uses more material in a year for his pocket handkerchiefs than one of these Indians would wear out in the form of clothes during the same time, but they behave with more dignity and propriety than many so-called 'civilized people,' and keep their bodies and their minds clean and pure. Surely they set us a much-needed example of cheerful, simple and contented minds living in harmony with Nature's laws and guided by the principles of brotherhood. UNCLE PERCY

INTERESTING ODDMENTS



WHERE OUR HOUSES BEGAN

LOGGING in the American Northwest is carried on by methods adapted to the special conditions met with — the huge size of the trees being the principal one. In the virgin forest of these regions, firs and cedars of five and six feet diameter are common. The men 'felling' these giants ply their axes and cross-cut saws while standing on boards let into the trunk some six feet above the ground, where the girth of the tree is less than at the ground-level.

When brought to the ground, trimmed, and cut into sections, they are dragged through the woods over well-worn tracks in the smooth clay — which is always wet and slippery in this land of continual rainfall. The 'donkey engines' doing this work are huge machines, the kind shown in our illustration not being of the largest. They are mounted on ponderous runners or 'skids,' and move from place to place by sending out their own hauling cable, by which,

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when it is fastened to some great tree or stump, they pull themselves along!

The logs are usually hauled to the banks of rivers — principally the Columbia — and are rolled or sent down 'chutes' into the water, where they are made into enormous rafts and towed to saw-mills. Ocean-going rafts of huge proportions have been made up in the rivers of the Northwest and towed by powerful tugs to Hawaii, Japan, South America, and even around the Cape of Horn to the Atlantic seaboard of the United States. B.

Dickens' Good-will towards Others

Charles Dickens was passionately fond of the theater, and loved the lights and music and flowers and the happy faces of the audience. He was accustomed to say that his love of the theater never failed; and, no matter how dull the play, he was always careful while he sat in the box to make no sound which could hurt the feelings of the actors or show any lack of attention. Life behind the scenes was always a fascinating study to him.

— *Pitman's Shorthand Weekly*

When the Poles were 'Tropical'

The South Polar regions have become the object of a great deal of scientific investigation, and the discoveries made there by recent expeditions have proved important from a botanical and geological point of view.

This is largely due to the discovery, within three hundred miles of the Pole itself, of fossilized wood belonging to species *which grow only in temperate regions*. This fact seems to indicate that the climate of the Antarctic has not always been what it is now. Similar discoveries made in the North Polar regions also support the theory that possibly the axis of the Earth's rotation has shifted at certain periods in the past, thus greatly affecting the climate of large areas of land.

It frequently happens along the railways that run through mountainous regions of the United States that deer are found standing on the track at night. When this happens the glare of the headlight of the approaching locomotive blinds and dazes them so that they are powerless to move and they are invariably killed. Last January more than a dozen deer were reported as having lost their lives in California alone. Consequently the Southern Pacific Railroad issues instructions to its engine-drivers to dim the headlights for a few moments whenever a deer is seen on the track, so as to give it an opportunity to make its escape before it is too late. A.

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STRAY BEAMS

"JOY is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature; joy moves the wheels of the great time-piece of the world; she it is that loosens flowers from their buds, suns from firmaments, rolling spheres in distant space seen not by the glass of the astronomer."— *Schiller*

"THEY are never alone that are accompanied by noble thoughts."
— *Sir Philip Sidney*

"WHOSO neglects a thing which he suspects he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself; it is not too little, but too great for him, that he doeth it not."— *E. B. Pusey*

"THINK truly and thy thoughts
Shall the soul's famine feed;
Speak truly and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A grand and holy creed."— *Horatius Bonar*

"HE who lives without a definite purpose achieves no higher end than to serve as a warning to others. He is a kind of bell-buoy, mournfully tolled by the waves of circumstance, to mark the rocks or shoals that are to be avoided."— *George Eliot*

"TEMPTATION never catches a man with his back to it."
— *Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont*

"THERE is no royal road to anything. One thing at a time, all things in succession. That which grows fast, withers as rapidly; that which grows slowly, endures."— *J. G. Holland*

"FOR blocks are better cleft with wedges
Than tools of sharp or subtle edges."— *Buller*

"THUS does he live, as a binder together of those who are divided, an encourager of those who are friends, a peacemaker, a lover of peace, impassioned for peace, a speaker of words of peace."—From the Buddhist *Sûtras*

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YOURS IN FUN, PUCK

Some people think the only thing I am good for is having fun at somebody else's expense; but I must tell you right away that such ideas are quite incorrect, for I have helped no end of mortal bodies, and enjoyed it, too. Why, just as an example, take that account of me in a book called *Puck of Pook's Hill* — where do you suppose those children would have been without me to help them in seeing all the unusual people that they met? — But enough of that; I have an idea, and if you can just wait until I rest my hand (I'm not used to writing) I'll tell you what it is.

Perhaps you have noticed that there is a picture with my letter: it is one that was taken by the court photographer recently, when we were having some fairy frolics. I found a copy that some one had left near Titania's bower — "whereon the wild thyme blows" — and I thought that you might like to hear about it (I mean the picture, not the bank).

We had been having no end of good times, dancing now in this part of the Lomaland forest, now in that; and playing tricks, too, for some queer country people came during the season of our revels to rehearse a play, and I just had to show them a few ways of acting. Of course that kept me rather busy, and as a result I lost several of the dances; but I was there on the last day, and I had a chance to have my picture taken with the rest of the revelers. If you look well, you will see me behind the other fairies, and perhaps you can tell by my position that I am trying to make them dance faster, but most of them were interested in watching the owl and the frog — they are an extraordinary pair, aren't they? The frog is really quite an expert in acrobatics, and he can amuse the court for whole hours sometimes. The owl is not exactly brilliant in the daytime, but at night he sees everything. He is a good person to put on guard, and one of his duties is to see that no one comes near Titania when she is asleep.

Well, I seem to have said something at least, so I think I'll stop. It is a mystery to me how you mortals ever write so much — my hand won't be good for waving my wand for several days now.

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I don't mind, though; for as I told you at the beginning, it is a most unusual pleasure to be writing to you children. Just one thing more — Midsummer is coming, and perhaps I shall visit you then, even if you don't know it. Good-bye, and good luck to you all.

Yours in fun — PUCK



AN ELF OF SPRING

By AMELIE RIVES

TOO cold it was to ride or walk;
A little elf swung on a marigold stalk.
The marigold flowers were fallen and dead,
The marigold flowers were shrouded in snow,
A bitter wind rushed to and fro,
And all the violets were a-bed.

The little elf's nose was sorry and blue,
But the little elf's self was jolly all through;

And as he swung from side to side,
He sang this song with an air of pride:

"Out o' the wool o' the chestnut-buds
My Minnie spun my hose and jerkin;
Of a bat's wing made my cloak,
Warm enough to wrap a Turk in;
Lined them all with thistle-down,
Gathered when the pods were brown;
Trimmed them with a rabbit's fur,
Left upon a cockle-bur;



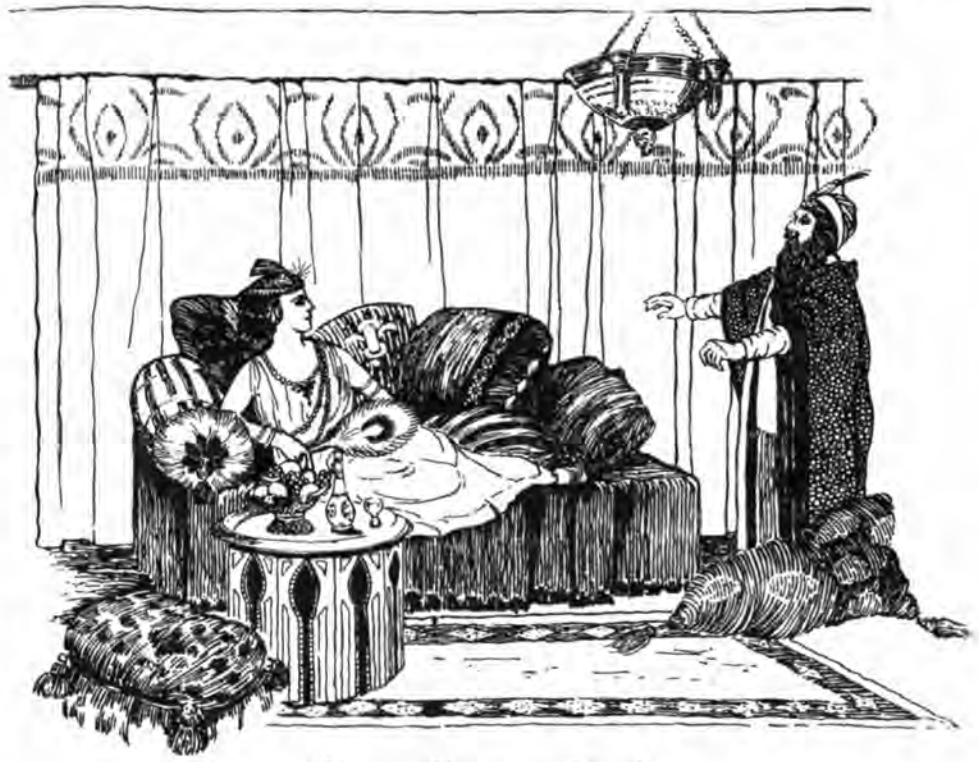
"Yet in spite o' everything,
Much I fear that cold I be.
Ha! Ha! the Spring! Ho! ho! the Spring!
The merry, merry Spring for me!" — Selected

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THE WHITE LILY OF PERSIA

An Eastern Story

IN a far-off Eastern land, where nightingales sang and roses and white jasmine scented the air with their bloom, the Princess Sharnaz sat in the palace garden. Once more a story-teller had come to the palace, and once more she felt a longing in her heart. From him as from the others she had waited to hear something about — she



"He told Wonderful Tales"

knew not what. He had finished — and still she waited. Sharnaz stole out to the garden, to search her heart, and find where the longing lay. . . .

In the palace all was mirth and gaiety. The king her father, the story-teller and the guests were now reclining on rich divans: the story-teller was being entertained in his turn. He had told wonderful stories of old heroes, and their high chivalry and glorious deeds, and his listeners were thrilled with the tales of their greatness.

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But these tales had not thrilled the princess Sharnaz. They had only reawakened her longing.

. . . . . .

ONCE more the palace was gay with dance and song. Another story-teller had come and the reception-hall was bright with many-colored lamps, that blended well with the rich colors of the tapestries. The princess Sharnaz was there, clothed in a rose-colored gown, which was fastened with golden brooches, and golden bands bound her hair. Her eyes, clear and dark, shone in rare beauty in the glow of the lights.

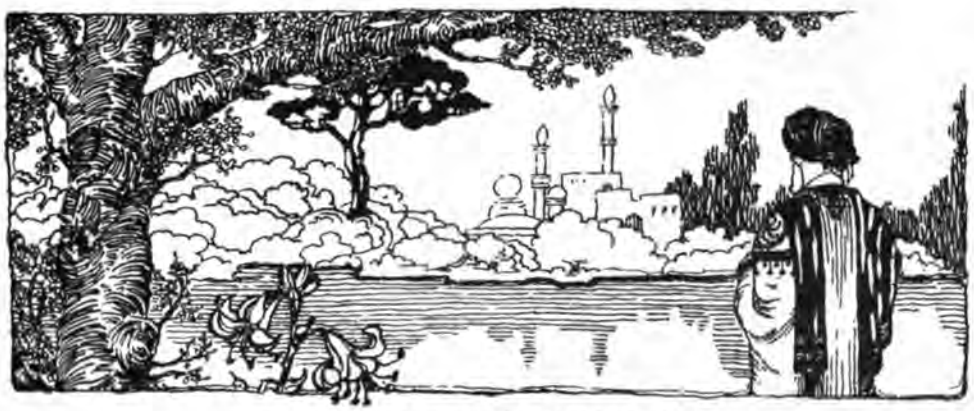
The lamps were dimmed and everything was hushed, while the story-teller told not of bold warriors or heroes, but of old magicians and their enchantments; and he recited magic incantations, so that as he finished the room in the half light seemed under a spell, and there was deep silence. Then he saw the wondering eyes of the Princess Sharnaz, and he said they reminded him of Fairyland, and the fairies; and he told wonderful tales of *devs*, and pearl cities in the sea, and of trees and flowers who became men; — and when mortals were asleep, the fairies crept forth from the hearts of the flowers, and the curled leaves, and chanted magic spells, and danced to sweet music of silver-stringed harps of shell. The little nymphs and sprites were always among the trees and flowers; and perhaps some night when the Princess was all alone, they would come to her and whisper her secrets.

The heart of Sharnaz was filled with gladness; the lonely feeling had gone; she knew not it was the fairies her heart had yearned for and for lost Fairyland. And when all the guests had gone, and the whole palace was in slumber, she stole out into the garden to wait for the fairies. Soon she sank into slumber among the roses and sweet magnolia, and she dreamed that the fairies crept out from the hearts of the flowers and carried her into a silver bark; and they glided over a crystal lake, where the lotus-flowers were blooming. Soon she heard the fairy bells — the fairy clocks striking the hour of midnight; and the boat glided on and on till they came to the

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realms of Fairyland. The air was filled with sweet perfume, and she heard the silver-stringed harps that the fairies were playing around the throne of their Queen. They told her wonderful secrets about their life and hiding-places, and she danced and sang with them till they saw the morning-star rise over the hills of Fairyland.

. . . . . .



". . . BUT HE SOUGHT IN VAIN"

IN a far-off Eastern land, where nightingales sang and roses and white jasmine scented the air with their bloom, came the King seeking his daughter. But he sought in vain. Never would he find Sharnaz more. The longing in her heart had ceased; for the fairies had come for her. They had borne her away in a silver bark to be their own Princess in Fairyland, where the lotus-flowers bloomed.

But under the trees where the Princess used to wander sprang a pure white lily, stately and beautiful — to be known throughout the land as *Sharnâz* the 'Flower of Fairy-Longing.' — That is how the lily first bloomed in Persia. F. H. E.

A MOTHER'S SONG, by FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

Lillle ships of whilest pearl
With sailors who were ancient kings,
Come over the sea when my lillle girl
Sings.

And if my lillle girl should weep,
Lillle ships with torn sails
Go headlong down among the deep
Whales.— Selected

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ON THE UNDER SIDE OF THE EARTH



"YOUNG CELESTIAL"

ALAN was trying to study his Geography, but he found it very hard, for it was all so strange that he simply couldn't get it into his head. "The earth is like an orange," he repeated to himself, but in his heart he simply couldn't believe that it was true, because he couldn't see how people could live on the under side without falling off. He looked at the globe and wondered what it was like in China, where everyone lived upside down. "It must be a very topsy-turvy place," he said to himself, and his head began to spin as he tried to imagine it.

"You wantchee come see?" said a voice quite close to his ear.

Alan started and turned to see who was there, but nobody was in the room, so he thought he must have been dreaming for a minute, and shaking himself he turned back to his book again. "I should say I would like to go there," he mumbled to himself. "That's the real way to learn Geography! I wish I were Francis Drake or Columbus! *They* never had to study books — they just *went* places!"

"Hully up," said the voice again; "Makee step on magic carpet, we go largy journey."

"But where is the Magic Carpet?" asked Alan, in surprise.

"Whaffor you so silly?" asked the voice impatiently. "Him b'long on floor, o'course."

Alan looked at the old hearth-rug that lay in front of the fireplace — just where it had lain ever since he could remember. There certainly was nothing magic about that. But he didn't want to annoy his invisible visitor any more, so he walked across the room and sat down cross-legged on it, and began to look into the crackling fire.

"Now must wanchee start," — and right beside him Alan saw the little Chinese boy who had so often smiled at him out of his Geography Book, page 40. He expected to see "YOUNG CELESTIAL" printed below his feet; but he had them crossed under him and he

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didn't look a bit as if he belonged to the schoolbook any more.

"What is your name, and how did you get here?" asked Alan.



"They just *went* places!"

"Me b'long Hsing-Fu," laughed the little pig-tail gentleman, bowing deeply before him as he introduced himself. "Me takee you see me home; me home b'long Shantung-side."

. . . . .

Alan might almost have thought he was dreaming, had not Hsing-Fu held him so firmly by the hand; for everything seemed so strange. They came to a quaint old village, where little pig-tail boys were playing marbles on the road, and smiling almond-eyed little mothers rocked their dollies and crooned soft lullabies to them. Even the houses seemed strange, with their low curving roofs, that turned up to heaven at the corners. Tiny bells were fastened to the eaves, and tinkled as the breezes swung them to and fro.

"This b'long me house," announced Hsing-Fu, when they came to a gate in a high stone wall, that inclosed a paved courtyard, and a number of houses, both large and small. At one end of the enclosure Alan noticed a kind of scaffolding that held up a roof. His little companion saw him look in that direction and said: "That b'long new house; my honorable grandfather makee new home for Uncle Hsing-Ma.

"But surely you don't build houses like that, said Alan in surprise. "Why, they've begun with the roof!"

"Yes," laughed Hsing-Fu; "allo time makee house so-fashion. Allo time put on loof first."

"Of course," said Alan after a minute. "That's because you live upside down." As they went into the house Alan took off his cap. (His little companion had such nice manners that it made him feel as if he wanted to be polite too.) A venerable old man sat smoking

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a long pipe near the doorway as they entered, and his face broke into a smile of a hundred creases when he saw them. Alan didn't know quite whether to hold out his hand to him; but Hsing-Fu bowed down very low with his hands in his sleeves.

When they were alone again Alan asked his little friend: "Don't you take your hat off in the house?"

"No b'long ploper takee off hat s'pose makee chin-chin olo people" — by which Hsing-Fu meant to say that one must never remove one's hat while speaking to one's elders! Alan wondered what strange topsy-turvy things he would come across next.

"Wanchy tiffin?" Hsing-Fu asked him, as a great gong sounded through the house. — He realized for the first time amidst all this strangeness that he was very hungry. "Yes, indeed," he answered, "but please may I wash my hands first?"

Hsing-Fu looked at him in amazement: "You makee *wash?*" he cried. "Whaffor you makee wash?"

"Because I like to be clean." — Alan felt as if he were saying a sentence out of his reader: 'All nice boys wash three times a day.' Then he felt that perhaps he had hurt his new friend's feelings, so he added quickly: "But I don't always do it."

"You velly dirty boy s'posee wanchy wash three times evly day," said Hsing-Fu very solemnly.

That was a new idea; but of course, just what you'd expect in the Land of Upside-down.

When they sat down to dinner Alan was scarcely surprised to find that they served the dessert first, and ended the meal with soup. Everybody seemed to gobble very fast, and they were careful to make noises when they drank their soup, as if they considered it good manners. He thought he must be sure to remember that — so that he could tell Mother about it next time she said that it was ill-bred to eat fast or noisily.

After dinner Hsing-Fu took him all over his home and showed

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him his lesson-books, which all began from the end and seemed to be written backwards.

"You likee China?" asked Hsing-Fu.

"Why, I think it is just fine," answered Alan, "and I'm awfully glad you brought me. But, you know, Hsing-Fu, it's funny, everything seems upside down here!"

The little Chinese boy looked puzzled for a moment, but then he began to chuckle. "No," he said, his bright almond eyes twinkling, "*You* country b'long upside-down."

They stood looking at each other thoughtfully, for each of them was perfectly sure that the other lived in Topsy-Turvy Land.

"Anyway, it doesn't matter a bit," said Alan, "who is right side up — for you are just as real, and your country is every bit as good as mine. And perhaps, you know, there really isn't any right side up at all! Perhaps, if the world is really round like an orange, it is right side up all over, wherever you happen to be!"

"Yes," said Hsing-Fu beaming, "Me tinkey so too!" M. A. B.



THE TOP SIDE OF THE EARTH

A RIDDLE, *by Jonathan Swift, who wrote* Gulliver's Travels

WE are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features.
One of us in GLASS is set
One of us you'll find in JET.
T'other you may see in TIN,
And the fourth a BOX within.
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from YOU.

A E I O U

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I AM 'PLATO,' THE FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN

THINGS THAT DOGS CAN DO

WHEN I was quite young I heard a man tell many stories about a certain dog who could do tricks — useful ones. This dog could bring any kind of tool to his master at command, carry the mail, etc.; but he would *offer* to help only when there was more than one package to carry! Once when his master had a load of hay he looked up at it as if he wanted to ride on top. "You can't jump up there, Wolf," said his master. Wolf looked at him and then went to the fence alongside the road and jumped on that, as if to say "you drive close to the fence and see if I can't." So his master drove up to him, and sure enough Wolf jumped up into the hay.

When I heard of all the smart things this dog could do I became quite ambitious to be like him. As I said, I was only a puppy then; but I made a resolution that by the time I had grown up to full dog-hood I too would help my master with useful tricks. Now the RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER has asked me to write up a few of the things I can do — which is rather embarrassing for a modest dog. But you

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ask my friend George about me, and he will tell you a thing or two. My first master was very much surprised because, when I was little, I once carried his shoes from where he had misplaced them to where he usually put them; and I always brought him his dinner-pail when it was noon without having to be told to do so.

What I like best of all is to jump from the top of the barn into



THEY SAY THIS IS MY BEST TRICK

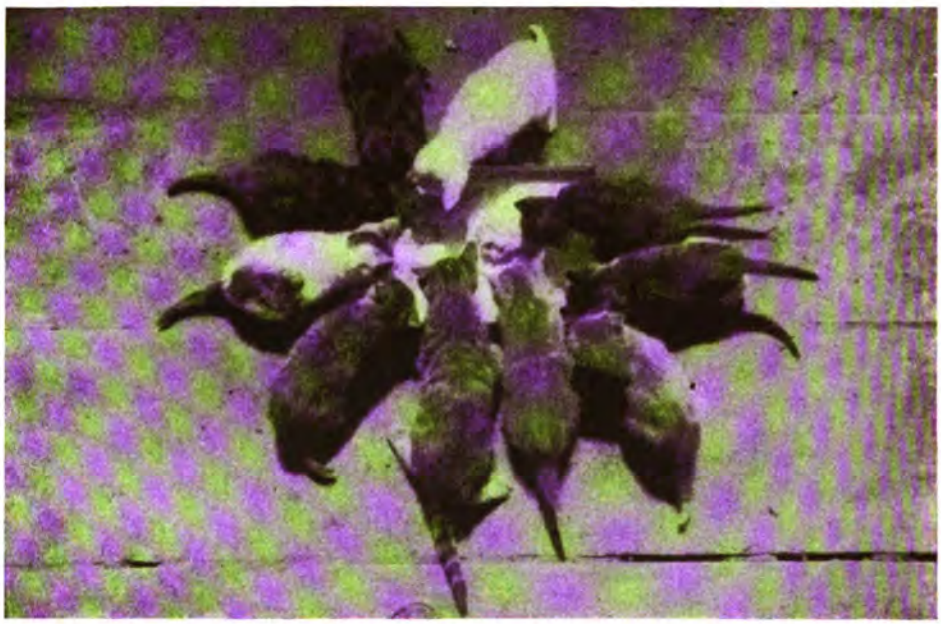
my master's arms. I can jump eighteen feet that way. You can see me doing it in the second picture. In the other I'm waiting for them to fill up the wagon with hay for me to ride on top. I also like to run after balls and sticks. My friend Hugh is a great ball-player, he likes to be out-doors as much as I do. I could never live inside the house all the time, like Thirteen or Ivan or Puck (who ate one of his little mistress' bed-slippers). However — every dog to his taste. I do not say that I am as smart a dog as Wolf, but I leave you to judge how clever I am in my own way when I tell you that for some reason or other my good master named me: PLATO

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A NARROW ESCAPE



OTHER PUSSY made a nest under the bushes for her seven kittens. "It is a fairly good place," she said, "while they are tiny, but I must go in search of a better one before the rainy weather begins." She went house-hunting the next day and discovered a nice barn nearby; but also discovered George, who took care of the barn and the horses. Now



PUSSIES WHO LIVE AT ONE OF THE BIG VEGETABLE GARDENS IN LOMALAND

They are at midday lunch — look at the shadows and see if you can tell how we know it. Their parents are responsible for the barns and seed-rooms at the farm, and they are learning to take up this duty too.

Pussy was rather a timid cat and not used to people; and as she did not know George, she concluded to make a home under a pile of boards nearby.

Moving-day came; and when she thought no one was looking she picked up a kitten in her mouth as mother cats do, and carefully carried it to the little hollowed-out place she had made under the pile of boards. Seven times Mother Kitty picked up a baby and carried it way across the road and under the fence; and when the last one was safe in the new home, she was quite ready to curl

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up with the kittens and take a good long rest, not just a cat-nap.

But after the moving was over there was still much for Pussy to do, and she had to leave her kittens and go to the business of catching rats and mice about the barn.

She had not been away for half an hour when she returned to find her home invaded by a horrible snake — a rattler at that! There he lay, coiled around her nest and in the middle of the coil her seven little kittens, their eyes open and wild with terror! When the cat approached, the snake raised his head and hissed, rattling at the same time. What could poor Mother Kitty do!

First she began to tease the snake, hoping she could get it to chase her, but only succeeded in enraging it, and it showed no sign of leaving the kittens. Then she saw George! Could she get courage enough to run to big George, and would he understand the danger that threatened her little family? She had not been especially friendly with George when he was busy about the barn, but *he* had shown no sign of being unfriendly, and anyway, it was her only hope. So she ran to him — mewing pitifully and rubbing herself about his legs and looking up at him until he noticed her. Then she ran back to the wood-pile, and then back again to him rubbing and mewing. Then back again to the wood-pile to tease the snake.

George did not understand at first. He petted her and asked her if she was hungry; but there was something distressing in her cry and in her actions which meant trouble of some kind, so he thought he would follow the cat. As soon as he neared the pile he detected a sound which, once heard, is never forgotten. —"Rattler!" said George, and ran into the barn for the spade.

Pussy was at her post busily teasing the snake when George arrived. Quickly removing the boards he found the snake still curled around the frightened kittens — rattling his tail with all his might. It took but a minute for George to dispatch Mr. Snake. Then he gathered up the seven poor little kittens and made them a nice safe nest in the hay in the barn, where no more snakes could find them, and there Mother Pussy raised her little family in peace. SISTER SUE

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"WON'T YOU TAKE SOME OF THESE PRETTY FLOWERS?"

DEAR CHILDREN:

It is my birthday today, so I have come to bring you some of my flowers. Mother says that is the way that the Râja-Yoga Children celebrate their birthdays—by giving something to others—and I want to be a Râja-Yoga too, so I am going to give you some of my marguerites.

Mother tells me that the Râja-Yoga's learn that "Helping and sharing is what Brotherhood means," and I think it is true too. Once when I helped her with her mending she said it made the work ever so much easier when her dear little helper was around. And I think that sharing is just as important as helping, for it makes you feel very rich when you have something to give away, especially when it is something you want very much yourself, because that makes it all the more precious. It isn't much use giving things away when you don't want them yourself. Why! that is just what you do to the waste-basket. The only difference is that the waste-basket is made for things like that, and it isn't a person. But just supposing somebody should give you something he didn't want, wouldn't it make

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you feel somewhat as if he thought you were a kind of waste-basket?

Mother is calling me now to go and help her, so I must say good-bye. You see I am very busy, and really do not have much time to write letters, because it takes so long to spell the big words.

Well, good-bye now, and many good wishes, MARGUERITE



"ADD A LITTLE FLOUR AND STIR WELL"

AT PLAY

I'M making a cake for Dolly
With pebbles, and mud, and sand;
If she's good she shall have it for supper,
And I'll make her understand
That the pebbles are great big Raisins,
And the mud is Chocolate brown,
And the sand is poured all over
Like Icing that trickles down.
And oh, she must chew it and chew it,
Or she'll be very ill.
It's so good, even you would enjoy it,
And I'm sure my Dolly will.

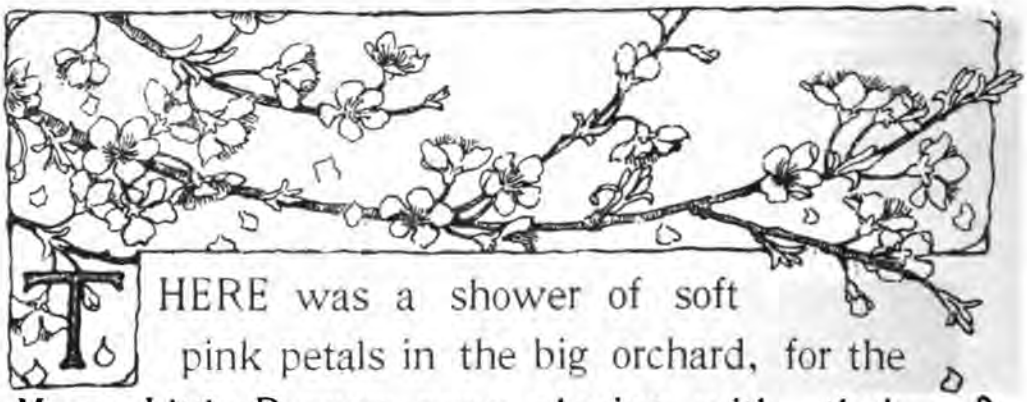
— CARMEN HELENA

TIME TO RISE!

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
Hopped upon the window sill,
Cocked his shining eye and said:
"'Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepyhead. *'R. L. S.'*

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THE JOURNEY OF THE BLOSSOMS



THERE was a shower of soft pink petals in the big orchard, for the Merry Little Breezes were playing with their sisters the Blossoms. They had promised to teach them to fly; so they caught them up in their strong wings and whirled them through the sunny air.

"Where are you taking us?" they cried; for they could see nothing but the blue sky all around them.

"Over the Hills and far away!" whistled the Little Breezes, as they whirled them faster and faster in their gay dance.

At last from far away the Wavelets on the beach called to the Breezes to help them wash some kelp ashore; and as the Breezes love to help they said goodbye to the Blossoms, and let them flutter gently to the ground. And there they nestled close together, whispering softly of their great journey, and of the big blue world they had seen above the sunny orchard. "And perhaps," they said to each other, "perhaps there are many things we have not seen yet!" M.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 4 JULY 1922

RÂJA-YOGA *is an ancient term, meaning simply 'royal' or 'kingly union.' I selected it as best expressing the aim and object of true education, namely, the perfect balance of all the faculties, physical, mental and spiritual — in a word, Character.*— KATHERINE TINGLEY

DUTY — "THE ROYAL TALISMAN"

LET "DUTY" be our watchword, and the happiness of its fulfilment the sunshine of our daily lives. There is joy in the thought of Duty well done, and happiness in the doing.

Sometimes we hear one say that he or she lets duty go in order to enjoy some preferred pleasure. Does this mean that there can be other and greater joys than the doing of Duty? It may appear so — but only to the *lower* side of our natures, to whom the Duty means nothing.

In each of us there are two selves — the Higher and the Lower. We surely all know these two selves within, and the part they constantly play in shaping our thoughts and deeds. We know the one to be our true self: wise, aspiring, compassionate — our Warrior-Self; and the other the opposite of this — our own enemy. What prompts us to pure, noble and happy thought and helpful, courageous deeds is the Higher; while that which seeks to blind us to the great and noble things, and to lead us to forget others in selfish and evil acts, is the lower — which is entirely wrapped up in its own unworthy aims.

So we see that the distinction between 'duty' and 'pleasure' — so often made — is only the difference between *two kinds* of pleasure: that of the Higher nature, and that of the lower nature.

"Duty," said a great Teacher, "is that which is *due* to others." Now we know that we never neglect the performance of anything we owe to another because of a noble, unselfish motive. The neglect of duty — to others, or to our own better selves — can only be prompted by the lower self. And since the latter cannot feel and act for the good and happiness of others, but only *desires for itself*, small wonder that, *to it*, duty seems drear and unprofitable. But is *this* the viewpoint we should take in seeking to do right?

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The higher part of our natures is in the deepest sense one with the higher nature of all men; and it exists therefore but for the good of all. "That which is due to others" is its constant care, its eternal purpose and quest. Duty is the noble happiness of the soul; and it should be our supreme joy.

Through devotion to what "is due to others" we come in touch with that aspect of human nature in others which is common to us all — the ***higher*** human nature. And with high associations in thought and act, and large, unselfish purposes, comes growth — of mind and heart; and with this growth come larger and nobler opportunities — to render "that which is due to others." Let us bend our efforts to this high purpose!

Genuine efforts may be accompanied by possible failure and discouragement. But obstacles which seem to block the way, and outlooks which suddenly loom dark and threatening when we have failed — for the time — to surmount them, are but signs of a worthy task determinedly undertaken. Bright success is hidden behind disheartening failure, if we will but persevere. It is in the face of discouragement that we should seek to ally ourselves more consciously and sincerely with our Higher Self — the Warrior within — like Sir Galahad, whose strength was "as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure." It is the time to cleanse our hearts of all less worthy desires and insincerities: "cutting all doubts with the sword of knowledge."

Let us begin our days with this abiding purpose and trust. A good beginning is half the battle won. To rise each morning with an earnest determination to fulfil and to achieve all that lies before us, for that day, of what is good and true: this will enable us to take the first thing we have to do from 'on top,' with the confidence of achievement. And so on to the next thing, and the next. There is a strength which comes through courageous devotion to Duty such as made strong the noble Knights-errant of the Grail, who passed invulnerable through perils, and not to be withstood by evil, so long as they continued to cherish deep the sacredness of their mission.

One duty at a time, and each in its proper place — this is the Râja-Yoga ideal of the doing of duty: the achieving of a 'Perfect Balance' of right action, which prevents confusion and doubt and loss of time and energy, and leads to perfect results — a Kingly Union of purpose, effort and achievement in our lives. "Duty, consistently followed, is the highest path."

THE Râja-Yoga system endeavors to make clear to the young mind not merely the necessity but the meaning and beauty of rules and regulations; so that following them does not become a task but a pleasure.— *Katherine Tingley*

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HOME

WHERE is thy Home, O Soul?
Where thy abiding place?
Here thou dost build thee a fortress,
There thou dost plant thee a grove,
And a garden, whose trees and whose flowers,
Are the children of men.
Hast thou no Home in all the lands
Though cottage and palace receive thee?
Where is thy Home, O Soul?
Is it here in our hearts?

Where the night is darkest,
Where the need is greatest,
Where the hope is brightest,
There thou art.
Where the wrongs are deepest,
Where the hates are fiercest,
Where the hearts are sorest,
We see thee there.

There though the task be heavy,
There though the night be dark,
There though the wrongs be ancient,
There where the need is greatest,
There is thy Home;
And here
In our heart.—Lomaland, June 7th, 1903

THE KINGDOM WITHIN YOU

BETWEEN the eighth and the tenth centuries France was ruled by very weak kings, called *Rois Fainéants*, or 'Do-Nothing Kings.' The real power of the government was in the hands of officials called Mayors of the Palace. *They* were the real kings, and dethroned their nominal masters, shut them up in monasteries, or disposed of them in other ways at their own will. The weakness of the royal power was an excellent occasion for the feudatory and dependent baronies and dukedoms to become very powerful and turbulent.

As the history of a nation is usually that of an individual in larger proportions, we can take a very useful lesson from these conditions in old France.

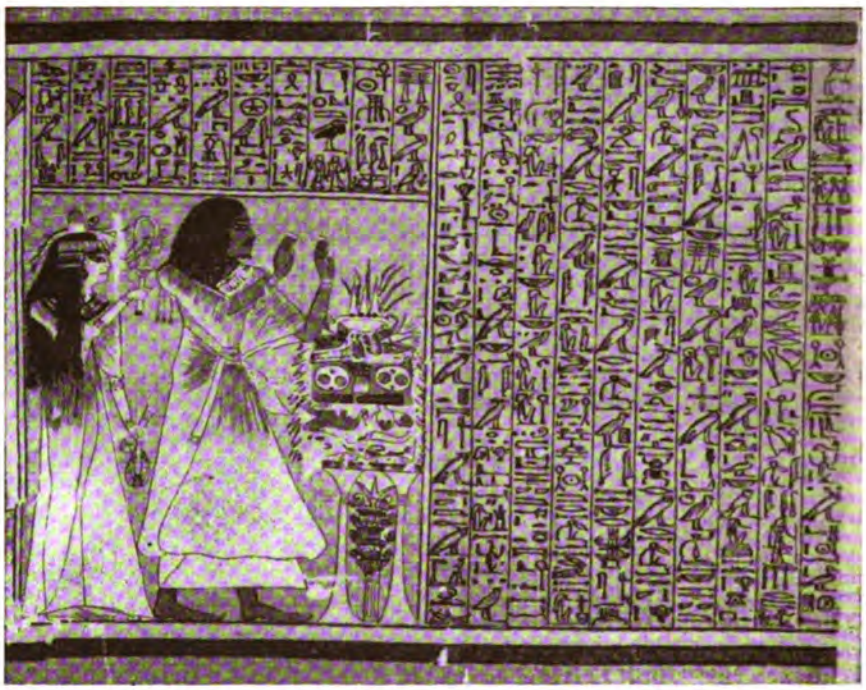
Every human being has a kingdom within himself — a veritable empire — of which he alone is the Crowned Head. Of this empire he generally knows only a small portion, and governs somewhat less. It has not only dangerous places which he frequently does not suspect — like dark morasses, perilous chasms, and deserts, but also unknown riches and unworked resources.

Usually he remains within certain familiar portions of his domain, contenting himself with utilizing such parts of his inheritance as he is easily acquainted with, neglecting, or ignoring the rest. As a result such proud dukes as Ambition and Egotism possess themselves of fair provinces in his domains: selfish Lords and Princes of Vanity, Indifference, Carelessness, or Untruthfulness eat away his patrimony, until the real Man, the nominal King of this interior realm, has but a small demesne left to him of his original estate. His resources are wasted, or exploited in a thousand unworthy ways. His household governs him. The servants and domestics — his faculties, impulses, ideas, and chief of all perhaps, his words — become independent

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approval of the good works which marked the first year of his reign. But in thus extolling their King, they little knew that their solemn memorial was to become millenniums later the means of bringing to light, not the glory of Ptolemy, but the glory of all Egypt throughout the ages of its history.

In accordance with their decree, one of these "Stelae of hard stone" was



FROM THE BOOK OF 'GOING FORTH INTO LIGHT'— COMMONLY KNOWN AS THE 'BOOK OF THE DEAD'

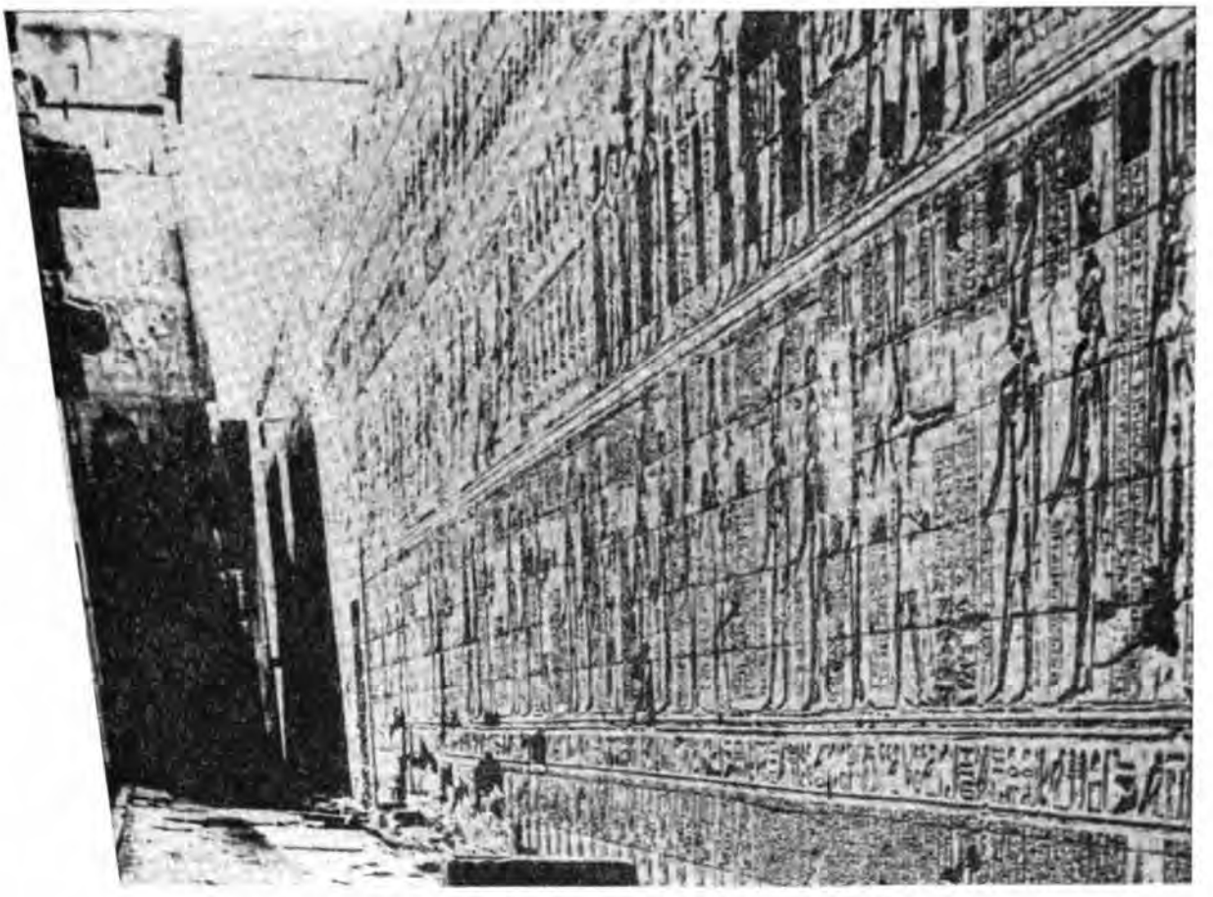
In earlier times the sacred books were written in this simplified *hieroglyphic* style.

set up in the temple of Tem near the city of Bolbitine in the Delta; and there it remained during the few years which were left to the Egyptian nation. Its greatness was already a thing of the past these many centuries, and even the national life and culture were fast fading out. The rulers of Egypt and a large and growing portion of her population were of Greek origin — in race, language and customs. The mighty power of Rome was spreading over the Mediterranean lands; and the King himself had in his youth been made the ward of the Senate. The real Egypt was soon to sink into oblivion as part of the Empire.

It was therefore in the very closing scenes — in the last moments of her existence — that the learned scribes of Egypt left for the future this key to her records. Under the Romans Egypt became (outside of the great city of Alexandria, where a brilliant foreign culture flourished) but a great corn-land

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— the "granary of Rome." The old cities decayed, the temples fell into neglect, and were slowly buried under the accumulated rubbish of a dwindling and spiritless population. When the Arabs came in 641 A. D. the Coptic Egyptians, descendants of a once mighty race, did not know the names — in



PART OF TEMPLE WALL AT EDFU, SHOWING THE MONUMENTAL USE OF HIEROGLYPHICS

The greater part of the wall-surface is covered with texts. Mingled with these on the lower frieze we see representations of the King standing in various postures before figures of Horus and Isis.

some cases not even the sites — of some of the old cities. — And beneath the ruins of forgotten Bolbitine lay the solemn edict of the priests, decreeing the everlasting glory of Ptolemy.

In the meantime the Dark Ages settled down over Europe; intercourse ceased with the western countries, among whose people Egypt and her history became mere fable and tradition. Under the Arabian dynasties an entirely new order of civilization held sway in Egypt, and the oppressed Copts were relegated to an obscure place in Moslem society. The only legacy left to them from their old culture was their language — a true lineal descendant of the old Egyptian tongue — which still survives in the Coptic Scriptures.

Among other Arab settlements in the Delta, there grew up the town of

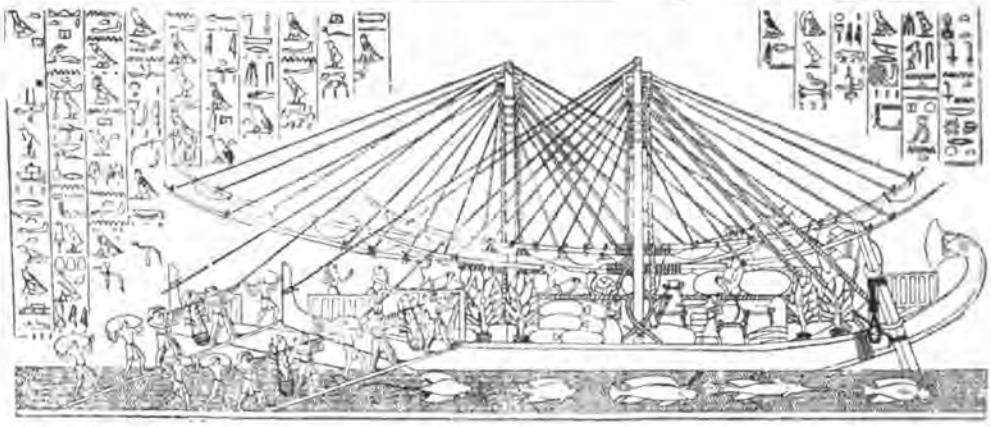
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Rashîd, founded, as fate would have it, on the very site of ancient Bolbitine. The Copts called the town Rashît, and it became a center of the Levantine trade which came up the mouths of the Nile. Now the Mediterranean traders of the day were mostly Italian; and in the *lingua franca* of the seaports, the town of Rashît became known as 'Rosetta.' Beneath the city lay the 'Stele of hard stone,' waiting for its resurrection.

Then, a little over a century ago, in the year 1799, Napoleon Bonaparte landed in Egypt and occupied the country, and in doing so became the inaugurator of the science of Egyptology. By his direction, a body of *savants* accompanied the military expedition to study the monuments and antiquities.

It remained, however, for a simple artillery officer to make the great and priceless discovery. In the environs of the town of Rashît, or Rosetta, fortifications were commenced. Foundations were dug; a pick struck something hard in the loose soil, . . . and the Rosetta Stone was added to the archaeological spoils of the French army.

With Napoleon's evacuation of Egypt in 1800, the Stone passed into the hands of the English, and in 1801 found a place in the British Museum. It had by that time already become the center of great antiquarian interest. The *savants* brought by Napoleon had caused casts and rubbings of the Stone to be sent to France; and after its acquisition by the Museum it was sent in facsimile to universities and other centers of learning all over Europe, and was thus made accessible to scholars. This was in the year 1802. Twenty years later — just one hundred years ago — M. Champollion presented to the world the first practically complete system of translating Egyptian hieroglyphics.



TAKING ON CARGO IN THE LAND OF PUNT: A SCENE FROM QUEEN HATSHEPSU'S FAMOUS EXPEDITION IN 1300 B. C.

The rare and curious products of Punt are listed above: precious metals, woods, ivory, potted shrubs, ***habni*** or ebony, ***netersentra*** incense, ***mesdemut*** ointment, and other goods. A bearer is steadying a crated plant on to the deck; the 'mate' officiously superintends amidships; the idler on the bridge is about to get into trouble with one of the great dog-faced ***anau*** apes.

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In the inscription on the stone itself it is decreed by the priestly conclave that the edict shall be inscribed in the "writing of the gods, the writing of the books, and the writing of the Greeks," — and it was done accordingly. The Greek inscription was easily translated — the "writing of the Gods" (the *hieroglyphic*), and that of the 'books' and the people generally, (the *demotic*), at first baffled all scholarly efforts. But the Greek text was there to furnish the key, from which was worked out the process of decipherment familiar to most of us from histories and school-books.

As early as 1801 one Citoyen Du Theil, of the French Institute, declared the three parallel inscriptions to be *repetitions* of the same text. Still earlier, in 1761, J. J.Barthélemy had proposed that the ovals occurring in the Egyptian texts must contain royal names. The Swede Åkerblad made some progress in identifying the names and titles of King Ptolemy in the demotic text. The first step, however, in the translation of the *hieroglyphic* was made by the eminent Dr. Thomas Young, of the British Royal Society, famous also as the promulgator of the Undulatory Theory of light. Comparing the hieroglyphic signs in the royal ovals (commonly called by scholars *cartouches*) with the corresponding names in the Greek text, he succeeded, in the year 1821, in establishing the identity of some five of the signs, and also made certain other important findings.



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

The present home of the Rosetta Stone*

It was by enlarging upon this beginning that Champollion finally filled out and completed a system of reading which, though afterwards found incorrect in some details, forms the basis of the present knowledge of the subject. Availing himself of his knowledge of the Coptic tongue, he was able to co-ordinate it with the results of his hieroglyphic researches, and thereby to reconstruct in detail the grammatic structure of the language of ancient Egypt, as well as to compile a vocabulary for the use of translators.

That was a century ago. Since then the work of a large number of in-

*First opened in 1759; now containing the world's largest and most famous collection of books, manuscripts, maps, drawings, prints, coins, medals, classical and oriental antiquities, and ethnological, geological, and botanical collections.

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dustrious scholars has introduced us to every possible phase of ancient Egyptian literature: monumental inscriptions have been copied and preserved, manuscripts translated and published; even private letters of those long-departed folk — business records, deeds, memoranda, the very contents of wastepaper baskets in old Egyptian dwellings — all have been read and made known to whomsoever would learn. These acquirements have changed our whole view of ancient history and life enormously; but Egypt still has its secrets, and mighty ones. After the reading must come the *interpreting* of these eternal records — records which link the greatness of Egypt up with that of the glories of ancient India, of America, and other venerable civilizations. In the light of the teachings brought to the western world by Mme. Helena Petrovna Blavatsky, all the wonder and greatness of those ancient peoples are shown to belong to one magnificent whole, as star-clusters flaming in the deep night of time, as precious jewels which enriched the crown of humanity's past splendors — as a promise of what may still grace its future greatness, when man "ascends the throne of his fathers." In this way the past can become a *living thing* for us, to inspire our efforts to attain our highest possibilities, in the realization of humanity's great heritage. H. B.

LOMALAND BY THE SUNLIT SEA

AN APPRECIATION BY A VISITOR

ATHENS ne'er had sweeter flowers
Than those of Lomaland's fair bowers;
With human grace resplendent shown,
The teachings of the ages gone;

No fairer sky we e'er may find,
Nor wondrous training of the mind
To things unseen, existent, fell,
Where past and future, comingling, melt

Into a present liv'd for love,
With earth below and sky above;
Wondrous the mind controlling thee,
O Lomaland, by the sunlit sea.

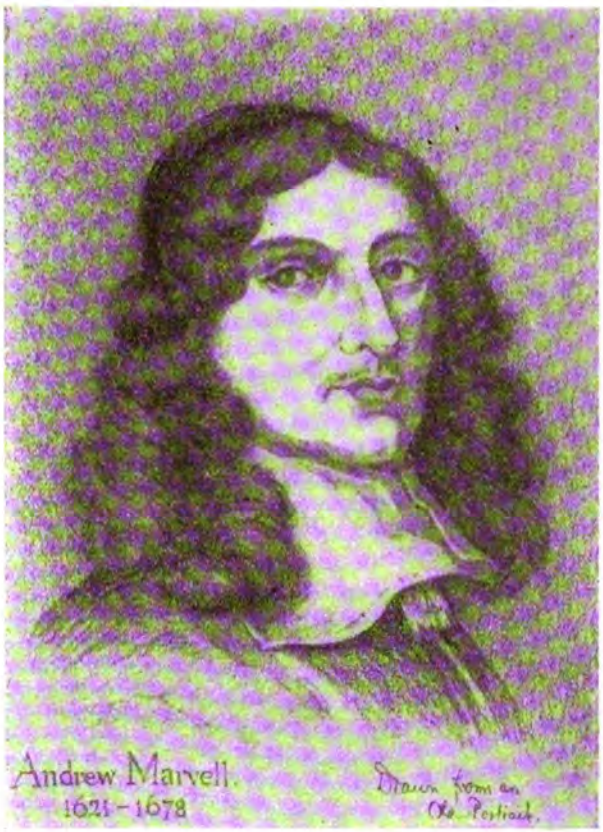
Fair Lomaland, of famed intent,
To whom our God Himself hath lent
His face and image, wondrous, free,
I bow in homage deep to thee.— P. D. B.

Written after a Classic Presentation in the Greek Theater

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A FRIEND OF MILTON

IN the study of a period of history where radical changes rapidly succeed each other, and where complete reactions — like the swing of a pendulum — seem suddenly to turn the whole course of national life, one is often struck by apparent breaks in the sequence of events that seem quite inexplicable. In reality, however, the 'Merrie England' of Good Queen Bess was not so very different from the land of the Stuarts, torn by civil and religious strife. Even in the glorious reign of Elizabeth the growth of Parliament brought it to clash with the absolute power of the crown; and it was only through her infinite tact that a direct breach was averted. But when she had passed and James I — completely out of touch with the temper of his people — came to the throne and claimed the 'divine right of kings,' the smouldering fire was not slow to break out. The old aristocracy, including imported gallants from the French Court, and the newly established Commons, formed of a worthy class of artisans and tradesmen, soon divided into radically opposed parties which called themselves Cavaliers and Roundheads. Of the former, in its best aspect, filled with courtliness, wit and daring, perhaps no better example can be found than the poet Richard Lovelace, whose much-quoted lines, have become so popular that we almost forget their origin:



"I could not love thee, Dear, so well
Loved I not Honor more!"

And of the latter — sternly virtuous, and strong of fist and courage — none is more typical than Cromwell himself. Looking at these two widely differing classes it seems hard to conceive that some of the best qualities of each should have been successfully blended in one man — a legislator, a lover of gardens,

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a wit, a satirist, a scholar and a poet; who through all the troubled changes of these times, followed an unbroken thread of patriotic service. This man was Andrew Marvell.

Owing to his extraordinary modesty we know very little of the man himself. He was born at the parsonage of Winstead in Holderness, in the year 1621; attended the Hull Grammar School, of which his father, formerly parson at Winstead, later became principal; and went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, to take his B. A. degree in 1639. He then spent four years in foreign travels, visiting, and becoming well acquainted with the languages of France, Spain, Italy, and Holland. According to the custom of that time, a period of travel in different European countries was considered part of the education of every better-class young man. It is an interesting thought that possibly Marvell, on this tour, may have met some of the great men whose acquaintance Milton had made some years before. After these wanderings, in the year 1650, Marvell became tutor to Lady Mary Fairfax, the young daughter of Lord Fairfax, and went to live with the family at their country residence at Nunappleton in Yorkshire.

Lord Fairfax had been a stanch supporter of Charles I; and upon the ascendancy of the Commonwealth — not choosing to accept any public office— he retired to the ancestral seat of the family in Yorkshire. He was a man of the finest moral character, who remained true, at the expense of popularity and position, to his political opinions. Lady Fairfax also was quite an exceptional woman, and she and her husband must surely have had a considerable influence on the young man. The peace and quiet of their country-home afforded the inspiration for his many garden poems, and his stay at Nunappleton was of the utmost importance in his poetic career.

It is of course as that of a poet that the name of Andrew Marvell has been handed down to us through three successive centuries. Time has wonderfully changed and brought out the importance of the man. To his contemporaries he was a satirist, a legislator, and incorruptible patriot, the most delightful of companions and the keenest of wits; but as a poet he was quite unknown. As a matter of fact, his poems were not published until 1776, when Captain Thompson, a descendant of the Marvells, collected them for the first time — almost a century after his death.

During the years at Nunappleton he was very close to the trees and flowers, and it was at this time that his *Poems of the Country* and some of his *Poems of Imagination and Love* were written. To this period certainly belong his *Thoughts in a Garden*, when with perfect unconcern he was able to look upon the troubled world from his shady retreat.

"How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays;
And their uncessant labors see

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Crowned from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close,
To weave the garland of Repose! . . .

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass. . . .

And those irresistibly quaint lines *To His Coy Mistress:*

"Had we but worlds enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges side
Should'st rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. . . . "

But perhaps in none of his poems does he so truly seem a part of nature as in *Appleton House*, where he says:

"Thus I, easy philosopher,
Among the birds and trees confer,
And little now to make me wants
Or of the fowls or of the plants;
Give me but wings as they, and I
Straight floating on the air shall fly;
Or turn me but and you shall see
I was but an inverted tree.
Already I begin to call
In their most learned original,
And, where I language want, my signs
The bird upon the bough divines,
And more attentive there doth sit
Than if she were with lime-twigs knit.
No leaf does tremble in the wind,
Which I returning cannot find;
Out of these scattered Sybil's leaves
Strange prophesies my fancy weaves,
And in one history consumes,
Like Mexique paintings, all the plumes;
What Rome, Greece, Palestine, e'er said,
In this light Mosaic read."

Some of his most delightful poems are to and about children, as, for example, *The Picture of Little T. C. in a Prospect of Flowers*, which is actually all that the name promises; and his poem on a child with her pet fawn. Only lack of space prevents us quoting these verses here at length.

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It was either while Marvell was at Nunappleton or soon after that he met Milton, and became one of his closest friends. Later, through the commendation of the great man he was made his Latin Secretary. All this was under the Commonwealth, at which time he counted Cromwell and Bradshaw amongst his friends also — which associated him with the nation's leaders.

Under the Restoration he held a seat in the House of Commons for the township of Hull, which office he filled until his death in 1678, excepting for a



TWO FRIENDS OF ANDREW MARVELL: CROMWELL VISITING THE LATIN SECRETARY

brief vacation, occasioned by his accompanying Lord Carlisle on a fruitless mission to the Tzar of Muscovy, in 1663-4.

It was during this later portion of his life that he won for himself a great name as a satirist; and delighted the whole country, including the King, by the witty way in which he refuted the arguments of the orthodox Bishop of Oxford in a two-volume publication, *The Rehearsal Transposed*. All this is of very little importance nowadays, but it was what made him so truly a man of his time and earned for him the name, 'the liveliest wit of his time,' from his contemporaries.

Though we know so very little of the personal charm of the man, we cannot doubt that he was popular when we see the quantity and quality of his friends. His close companionship with Milton, and the high esteem in which

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he was held by the older man, speak greatly in his favor; and let it be remembered — greatly to his credit — that he was one of the few of his contemporaries to recognise the greatness of Milton, and to appreciate *Paradise Lost* when it first appeared. Cromwell and Bradshaw, too, had the highest opinion of the Assistant Latin Secretary: and later his satirical pen was so powerful that the party of Charles II would gladly have secured him for their side. Neither the favor of the King nor the promise of rewards and advancement could turn him from his views; and he did not hestiate to speak his mind with a superb indifference to both. He said with equal truth and frankness of the statue of Charles II: "It is such a king as no chisel can mend." He knew well that satire was the best weapon against a court of triflers such as his.

Not the least remarkable thing about this many-sided Marvell is his extraordinary balance, and the great kindliness and justice, shown even toward his enemies — of whom he had many. One of the noblest aspects of the character of Charles I is revealed to us by this Puritan poet; and this, strangely enough, in a poem in honor of his adored chief, Cromwell. Perhaps in these verses, more than anywhere else, can be seen the big-hearted generosity of their author, his sympathy for suffering, and his admiration for courage and nobility, wherever they are to be found.

". . . That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn: . . .

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right;
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

Andrew Marvell occupies quite a unique place in English literature; for while he is the last of the Elizabethan lyricists, he is also the first to sound the new note of Keats and Shelley. The 'Return to Nature' in his garden poems is unmistakable; and his intimate love and knowledge of birds and flowers places him far ahead of the poets of his own time. Almost to another cycle belong some of his magical lines, as for instance —

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied."

Yet, though he is beyond and above his times in many ways, it would be hard to find a man more truly representative of the best activities of England in the early seventeenth century. Andrew Marvell must be numbered among those few strong, purposeful men who appeared in the trying years between two epochs — at a critical turn in the whole history of the life of England, and to an extent of all of western Europe. Posterity may see him as one of those supporters of Truth who in ages of waning light uphold their

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bright torch, defying dark hosts that menace. Surely we cannot doubt that, to an extent, he knew this to be his true work, when we read his own lines, written in the troublous times just preceding his death:

"Courage, my Soul! Now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield!
Close on thy head thy helmet bright!
Balance thy sword against the fight!
See there an army, strong as fair,
With silken banners spreads the air!
Now if Thou be'st that thing divine,
In this day's combat, let it shine!
And show that Nature wants an art
To conquer one resolvèd heart!"

M. A. B.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A VOYAGER

Two hundred miles off Malta,
August 5, 1886

WE hope to arrive at Malta before dinner-time tomorrow. We have had a very pleasant time so far, the weather having been lovely (in other words broiling). . . .

"I should much like to obtain a photograph of one place we passed on the Portuguese Coast: the Mafra Palace — a large building near to the Cintra mountains. We saw it from about ten miles distance; and as we passed could see for about two hours with our glasses a great deal of its magnificence. The one building contains a church, convent and palace; and being 825 feet long and built of marble, with towers over 300 feet high, is very imposing. Next day at five o'clock in the morning we passed Cape St. Vincent, and were up to salute the lighthouse keepers. We passed near to the cliff, and the people in the old convent on the edge almost overhanging the sea waved a long white streamer to us from one of the windows. The lighthouse is in a part of the old convent.

"On Sunday forenoon we saw a whale appear four or five times, . . . also some flying fish. The air was so clear that when we passed across the bay into which the Tagus empties we could distinctly see at night seven different lighthouses along the coast leading to the harbor of Lisbon. Today at 3.00 p.m. I could see the island of Pantillaria, about *fifty-five miles* away ahead of us.

"It has been most interesting to see the changes in the color of the water. The dirty-looking green of the Irish Sea gives place to the dark blue after passing Cornwall and on through the bay of Biscay; and then as the waters from the rivers flow into the sea off the Portuguese coast (notably from the Tagus) the color changes to brownish-green again. From here again down to Gibraltar the water is of a beautiful *ultramarine* blue — an ethereal and

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lovely color — a color more of heaven than earth, and yet so different from that in the Mediterranean Sea, which is a deep *Prussian* blue. It is so wondrous clear, so fascinating, that one can gaze into its depths for hours together, and give the mind up to quiet enjoyment. . . .

"The sunsets also are beautiful. The sun sinks; the horizon gradually becomes suffused with a *deliciously* warm rosy tint — deepening into glowing crimson — which from the western horizon gradually merges into the deep blue of the sky overhead, fading away to the East into the luminous but withal rather dull and somber tints of green and blue — almost white. After the sun sets he rapidly "*Leaves the world to darkness and to me.*"

Yet not to absolute darkness; for although in a few minutes the sky becomes quite black, and correspondingly, the water a roaring inky mass, yet the stars appear from their hiding-places, each vying with each in its beauty. The loveliness of the starry heavens in these regions *is a thing to be wondered at!* Each star is as a luminous piece of silver standing out far from the black abyss beyond; . . . the Milky Way, one immense galaxy, seemingly impenetrable, appears almost as a *solid mass of light.*

"After passing Gibraltar we saw the ranges of mountains in the south of Spain about ten miles away; and as we passed peak after peak, and cape after cape, it seemed to me as if I were greeting old friends. The panoramic view of the land along the coasts of Spain and Portugal and then along the northern coast of Africa, was extremely picturesque. The cliffs, the cultivated lands above, the mountains, the numerous buildings and quaint villages and towns. . . . Again, the precipitous headlands in all their frowning grandeur, and the caves peeping out in every conceivable nook and corner in the cliffs, carry the imagination to the time of smugglers and corsairs.

"The peculiar phosphorescence of the sea observable at night is very remarkable. As the sky darkens, the water, whilst in motion, assumes a silvery bright appearance, brighter as the motion is more intense; so that the water alongside the ship and astern seems as it were a lake of glittering and shimmering moonlight. In the midst of the seething mass flowing along are still brighter globules of light, like fairy lanterns floating along in the turbulent stream. These are the small fish. The light over the stern of the vessel is so palpable that I am able to see the time clearly by my watch. Last night a shoal of porpoises were swimming along by the ship, some of them right ahead, and they had a most curious appearance. Imagine a large and mobile piece of phosphorous say six feet long endowed with life, and rushing along through the water, and imparting a luminosity to the eddying water in its wake. This is just the appearance the porpoises had — like immense comets, with fiery tails streaming behind them. The scene on a dark night is fascinating, and reminds one of Eastern legends."

(To be continued)

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THE HARPER OF THE GODS

IT was necessary to the gods in Ireland that they should have music, and among their company Angus Og was the most skilled harpist of all. It was he who sang divine songs to his immortal kindred, and he who first taught the sons of men the magic and potency of music. Angus Og was the son of the Dagda, and at times he would leave his father's palace at Brugh na Boinne to go wandering among mortals, teaching them by means of the sweet sounds he awoke from his harp. At times he let himself be seen by mortals, and so it befell one day to Cormac King of Tara. He sat alone in the Judgment Hall, studying and reading the laws, and musing how they should best be carried out. Suddenly a stranger appeared to him, of such noble beauty that the king knew at once who had thus honored him. He said to his friends afterwards:

> "He was a beautiful young man, with high looks, and his appearance was more beautiful than all beauty, and there were ornaments of gold on his dress; in his hand he held a silver harp with strings of red gold, and the sound of its strings was sweeter than all music under the sky; and over the harp were two birds that seemed to be playing on it. He sat beside me pleasantly, and played his sweet music to me, and in the end he foretold things that put confusion on my wits."

The harp of Angus Og could never be stolen for long, although many tried to rob him of it. If the harp heard its master calling, it would leap from whatever hiding-place it was in, and place itself in his hands, its strings vibrating and sending forth the best music in the world. So the harp came naturally to be the favored instrument of the Irish heroes, and they sought to perfect themselves in its use. It varied in size, from the small portable harp to the great instruments played by the bards. These were six feet high, with thirty or more strings, and were played by the fingers, or finger-nails, which were trained to a peculiar shape to enable the musician to strike the strings easily. In the Dublin Museum, where are preserved so many beautiful gold art-objects of Ireland, is a small harp of exquisite workmanship, said by some to have belonged to Brian Boru. Even if this is erroneous, there have been preserved over a dozen poems of MacLiag, the bard of King Brian Boru.

Great care was taken by the poets to preserve the exact words of their predecessors, and as the music was composed especially to fit the various themes and moods of the poetry, it is supposed that many of the tunes played by old Irish harpers have really come down from very early times. During the golden age of Irish learning, her harpers were in demand in France, Russia, and Italy, as teachers and performers. As to the skill accredited to them, we quote from Giraldus Cambrensis, who as a rule, takes

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pains to avoid mention of any good thing about the Irish. He heard the Irish harpers in 1185, and wrote of them:

> "They are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen. For their manner of playing on these instruments — unlike that of the Britons — is not slow and solemn, but lively and rapid, while the melody is both sweet and sprightly. It is astonishing that in so complex and rapid a movement of the fingers the musical proportions (as to time) can be preserved; and that throughout the difficult modulations on their various instruments, the harmony is completed with such a sweet rapidity. They enter into a movement and conclude it in so delicate a manner, and tinkle the little strings so sportively over the deeper tones of the bass strings — they delight so delicately and soothe with such gentleness, that the perfection of their art appears in the concealment of art."

It seemed at one time that all this wealth of melody was to be lost, for little was done to write down the airs, and the wonderful race of old harpists was passing away. In 1792, in Belfast, a harp festival was arranged, and all the old minstrels were invited to come and play. It was a noteworthy occasion, and their names have been justly preserved.

Denis Hempson, ninety-seven years old, and blind, was a veritable picture of the description by Giraldus; for he played with long crooked nails, playing with the tinkling of bells and the booming of the big bass strings in the aboriginal music of the country in a most perfect and finished style.

Then there was Arthur O'Neill, also blind, like Daniel Black, aged seventy-five; Charles Byrne, eighty years old, who had traveled about with his uncle, a blind harper, and was still playing at ninety-two; Rose Mooney, blind, and Turlough Carolan. He too was blind, and was noted for his marvelous memory; for he could listen to a violin concerto, totally unknown to him, and immediately repeat it. He was also a master at improvising.

At this music-festival of Belfast, of which we have mentioned only a few of the great names, there was a young man of nineteen, Edward Bunting, who was entrusted with transcribing the music played by the old harpers. He did this, and devoted his life to the collection and preservation of the music and the story of the lives of this wonderful generation of musicians. The Râja-Yoga students are deeply interested in the preservation of the old melodies of Ireland, Wales and Scotland, their choral collections containing a large number of them, some of which have been barely rescued from oblivion.

Folk-song is the outpouring of the heart of a people, and with the hills and lakes full of fairy singing, and the shadowy flame-presence of Angus Og brooding over the old harpers, it is natural that these exquisite melodies should wreathe themselves round our hearts with an undying appeal. K. H.

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child, stay!" But even as he spoke a foaming wave dashed over the prow and carried his fair daughter back with it into the sea. In anguish he looked overboard, watching for her to reappear, but from that very moment she seemed to have vanished for ever.

Soon the storm abated, and all the sea was like a glassy lake. The clouds that veiled the sun were now dispelled and once again the *Dolphin* was mistress of the waves. But the captain's heart was heavy as he mourned for his daughter; only his solemn oath gave him courage, as he turned his ship and sailed on again towards the Land of the Setting Sun.



UNDER the blue-green waves Virginia opened her eyes. She knew that she was not drowning, for she felt that someone was leading her by the hand.

"Fear not," said a voice beside her, "for indeed no harm shall befall you!"

"Who are you?" she asked softly, turning to her companion.

"I am the Prince of the Sea, and I bear you to the King, my father, who requires you as his hostage. But do not be fearful, fair maiden, for I myself will protect you!"

Down through the gardens of seaweed, through bowers of coral and crystal, the Sea Prince led his captive to the banqueting hall where the King with all his court were feasting in royal state. As they entered all the guests raised their glittering shell-cups in the air. "Hail, to thee, Prince," they cried, "Hail to thee."

He bowed to them in passing, but did not linger till he stood before the throne.

"I have brought you the captain's daughter," he cried, bowing deeply, "as an honored guest of your court."

"You are welcome indeed, fair maid! We pray you be happy amongst us until your father, returning, shall give us his yellow gold."

Virginia shook her head sadly: "You know not my father," said she, "for what he hath once sworn that will he never forswear. He hath given his word to his Queen that he will bring her his gold. Therefore I pray you do not punish him if he do but what he deemeth right."

The King shook his head as he gazed on her sad countenance: "But Lady, be not sad. Here at our court accept whatever cheer there is and so

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forget your loneliness, and here with us be merry. Come, sit by our side now, and join us in the feast."

Thus the captain's daughter sat beside the King, and after the banquet the mermaids took her to their cool green caves and their gardens of shimmering seaweed, where phosphorus-gleaming fishes light up the depths of the sea. They showed her their sports and pastimes, and together they played many games. They taught her their work too, and told her of all their duties; how they made the mermen coats of mail out of hundreds of tiny shells; how they wove opalescent seaweed curtains and made soft carpets of sea-grass.

And so the time slipped by and day by day she grew to love the People of the Sea more dearly, and they in turn loved her. The Prince could hardly bear to think that someday she might leave him, and one evening as he took her on his foam-white steed to ride upon the surface of the Ocean, he begged her to remain with him for ever. "Some day," he said, "the Kingdom of the Sea will all be mine, and oh, how happy I should be if you would be my Queen!" She longed to promise this, but yet she could not, for she knew that when her father came she must go back with him. "All I can say is that I will never forget you," she answered, "and that in the Beautiful Island my thoughts will return to you often"; and she sang a low sweet song of her homeland, as the memories came and went.

As they rode along the waves a great dark ship sailed towards them out of the sunset. When they reached her side they saw that she was none other than the *Dolphin*, sailing proudly on, with her hold filled with ingots of gold.

In his lonely cabin sat the captain. "I must be dreaming," said he to himself, "and yet methought I heard my daughter's voice." He went out upon the deck and looked across the waves; — the white foam-horses were prancing close to the sides of the ship. "Indeed t'was here," he thought, "that fair Virginia was drowned. Perchance to me the spot seems haunted for thinking overmuch upon her memory."

As he stood there gazing out sadly he heard her cry out to him: "Father I am here,— thy daughter!"

At last he saw her riding by the ship. "Alas, dear father," she cried. "I am held here as a hostage until you shall give up your gold to the King of the Sea!"

The captain drew back: "Gladly would I give it were it mine, but my gold is for my Queen," he cried, "and I cannot give it up."

"Keep then your gold," cried the Prince, who rode beside Virginia, "we would rather have your daughter. She has grown very dear to me and to my people and we would not have her leave us."

Virginia turned to the Prince and, smiling through her tears, she said: "I must go back to my old father, or my heart will never know peace. I must go back to the Land, for duty is calling me there."

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"Remember," replied the Prince, "that you are the Sea King's hostage. You cannot go from his realms unless he give you leave."

"Then I will beg him to grant it!" she answered very softly.

"But what is *duty?*" he pleaded. "*You do not want to go back!*"

"Duty is a call that cannot be silenced. So I beg of you, dearest Prince, take me to the King that I may plead my cause."



Down in the depths of the Sea they sought the King together, and found him in his coral-gardens, pacing to and fro.

"Dear Sovereign," cried Virginia, throwing herself before him, "my father has returned with his gold from the Land of the Sunset — and ah, I beg of you to show him mercy, for he will not give it up."

"Then you must go," said the King, very gravely. "Through thy father's unflinching honor and love, and through thine own pure devotion, my power over thee has been broken. The Kingdom of the Sea and all its powers cannot overcome one stedfast human heart. Go, dear child, if thou wilt; for I can no longer hold thee."

The Sea Prince placed a necklace of snowy pearls about her throat, saying: "Farewell, dear Lady! Go back to your Beautiful Isle; and let these pearls remind you oft of the People of the Sea."

So Virginia went back to her good father who stood on the deck of the *Dolphin* as it tossed on the heaving sea; and as the moon rose high up in the heavens she looked out from her casement and watched the Prince riding the waves. Farther and farther away he swept on his billowy steed until naught was left but a fleck of snowy foam on the distant horizon. M. B.

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SAPPHICS

DAYBREAK IN LOMALAND

SOFTLY and stilly morn is stepping earthward;
Hangs in the West a moony disc of silver,
While in her train a few belated starlets,
Twinkle and glimmer.

Over the city's thousand eyes night-watching,
Crowned by a glow of faintest rose and amber,
Mountains are there, mysteriously mist-veiled,
Dim, dark, and somber.

One rosy flush comes creeping o'er the mountains,
Till all the heaven with rose and pearl encircled
Mirrors the western sea of undulating
Waters empurpled.

Gold runs along the rim of rugged mountains,
Then with a burst of splendid golden sun-sheen,
Taking the wailing earth with sudden triumph,
Steps forth the Dawn-queen.— F. S. (Râja-Yoga Academy)

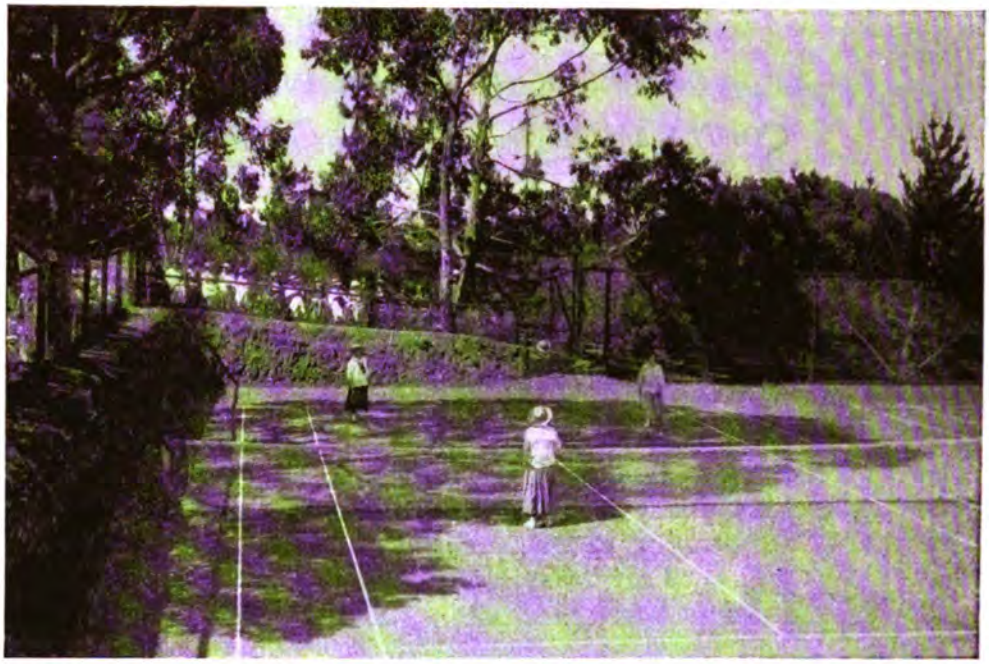
THE MARK OF THE THE BETTER PLAYER

IN tennis you can surely learn a great deal about the character of your opponent, from the way he plays the game; and he can learn a great deal about you in the same way. There are many points in the game which cannot be regulated by rule, and situations constantly arise where a good player's preference for fair play and sportsmanlike spirit are put to the test. From the standpoint of true sportsmanship he is the better player who surpasses his opponent in the contest of sincere play, courtly deference and generous spirit.

Sometimes an umpire, for instance, will make a mistake and give a wrong decision. Your *small*-spirited adversary may, under these circumstances, be perfectly willing to accept whatever the umpire may decide, if it be in *his* favor; but there are also instances in every game of honorable adversaries who refuse to take advantage of an error in that way.

It happened during an important tournament some years ago that a player got a ball in his favor although it seemed to him that he had served it over the line. "Was that good?" he asked his opponent. "I couldn't be sure — it looked good to me," was the answer. "Are you sure that ball was good, Mr. Umpire?" The umpire nodded: "It looked good to me." A

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CORNER OF THE NEW TENNIS COURTS OF THE RÂJA-YOGA ACADEMY

Scene at the opening of the courts on May 17th

moment's hesitation, and the player went back to the base line and served a double fault. His opponent instantly knew that he had done it intentionally, and spoke of it afterwards.

This was true sportsmanship—that spirit of play through which one recognised in the better player a character worthy of honor and respect. L.

"A PIECE OF RÂJA-YOGA WORK"

WHEN we 'Brownies' undertook to construct a set of tennis courts for the young ladies of the Râja-Yoga Academy in the earlier part of the year, we had no small idea of the difficulties which would have to be met. The plot of ground selected lay on a well-wooded hillside having a considerable slope, with the tough red hard-pan a few feet under the surface and the top soil penetrated in all directions by stubborn eucalyptus and pine roots. The work necessarily had to be done mostly by hand, and took a good long time. Many early mornings and free evenings before dark were spent at it; but now it is finished, and we feel that we can safely say with some people who have seen and played on the courts that they are the "most exquisitely environed of any in Southern California, and among the most 'rapid.'"

It is always fun doing a piece of construction work together out of doors; and in this work there was something beside the mere labor, to make it doubly

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A JOLLY AFTERNOON ON THE HILLS

LOMALAND RAMBLES! — Indeed they are fun; and we Râja-Yoga girls (though perhaps we do not "climb up and down crevasses and canyons of unknown depth" as the boys did in a late number of the MESSENGER) still have just as much fun in our way.

On a recent Sunday afternoon a happy group of us started up the main road with our teacher for a real good time. The ramble led us up as far as the Greek Theater, where we branched off and raced down the little path which leads over the hills. On rounding one hill it was so narrow that some of us slid down into the bottom of the canyon. After scrambling up again we had to cross a little bridge, which was so unsteady that we were afraid it would give way and land us in the canyon again. However, we all arrived safely on the other side.



READY TO START HOME
The end of an exceptionally fine ramble

Beautiful wild flowers covered the hills, and presently we stopped to gather some. The boys do not seem to appreciate these beauties on their rambles; for they very seldom gather flowers or even mention them. After running down the hill at high speed we arrived at the vegetable garden, where we all sat down to rest a bit.

Next we started for the ocean. On arriving at the cliff-edge several daring girls climbed up a pinnacle of rock which towered above the sea, and were enjoying the view when our teacher gave the word to return home.

No one was exactly enthusiastic about climbing hills again just yet; but our teacher told us that we could not go *downhill* all our life — that there had to be some *climbing* too — and we agreed with her.

After emerging from a grove of eucalyptus trees we beheld a huge field of glowing poppies and wild heliotrope — the purple and gold forming an exquisite carpet of Brotherhood colors. Some of the girls held the large armfuls of hyacinths which we had picked on the hills, while others gathered poppies. Reluctantly leaving the field at last, we started for the Academy, laden with flowers. Snail-like we climbed Esotero hill, and arrived in front of the Academy just as the supper-bell began to send forth its welcome call.

L. G. —A RÂJA-YOGA JUNIOR

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"AND THE LION AND THE LAMB SHALL LIE DOWN TOGETHER —"

THEY did in the face of a common danger. The mountains east of San Diego, California, are the scene of many forest fires, appearing at intervals during the summer. A herd of jersey-cows not having appeared in the barn after one of these fires broke out, the owner, a Mr. Edwards of Descanso, San-Diego County, started out in search of them.

Making his way through the smouldering brush, he came upon a gulley large enough, he was sure, to hold a herd of cattle. While waiting to water his horse in the stream he presently beheld a wild-duck come floating down, not at all frightened by his appearance. Then a wild goose came waddling out and wild pigeons flew on to the branches of the trees close by.

He began to wonder if he had not strayed into some enchanted forest, but the place was too familiar to him; and not having caught sight of his cows yet, he wandered a little further. But strange as the behavior of the ducks, the geese, and the pigeons had been, the sight he now suddenly came upon almost took his breath away. — There, nestling in safety, were *all the animals of the forest!* A jack-rabbit lying next to a wild-cat; a deer wandering round with a mountain-lion at his heels; wolves, coyotes — all had forgotten their wildness under the stronger impulse of self-preservation.

Mr. Edwards led his cows away, and to his amazement, all the animals followed in procession. They wandered peacefully until the open country was reached, when, in a flash, the spell was broken. The deer bounded away; the birds flew into the air; the wild-cat sprang at an unwary jack-rabbit; and, frightened by the sudden confusion, the cows fled away in mad haste. M.M.

A SECOND SOLOMON

PEACE BE WITH YOU! A certain Arab, one Ibn-Abdullah, had left 17 camels to his three sons, with the request that Yusuf should receive one-half, Mahmud one-third, and Ali one-ninth of the camels. Unable though to see their way in thus dividing the herd of 17, the three brothers decided to go before the village *Kadi* for judgment. Now the wise old *Kadi* settled the case in this manner: Selecting a camel from among his own herd he added it to the 17 to be divided among the three sons, and invited the young men each to take his allotted share.

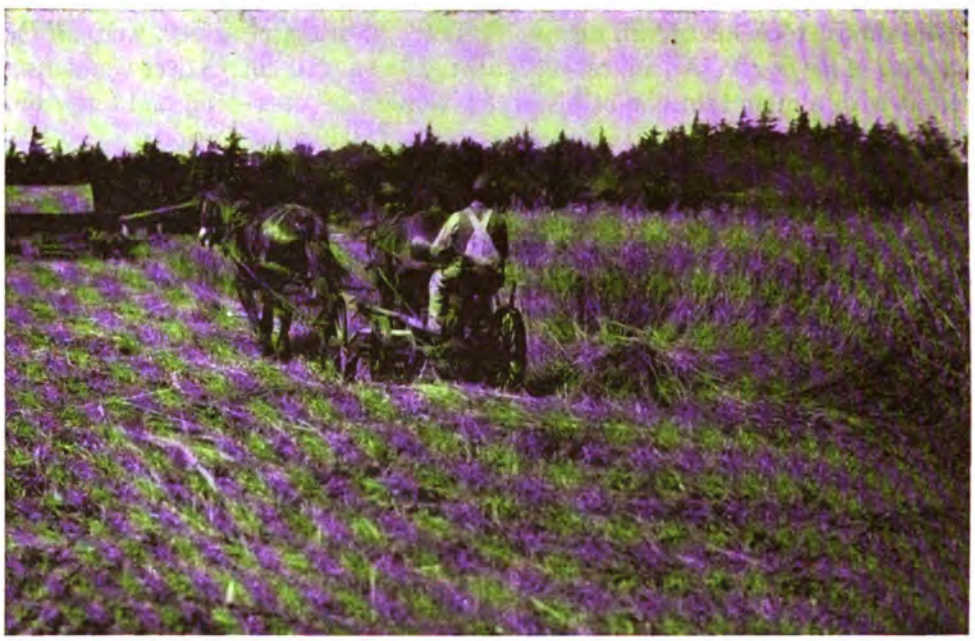
The whole problem now became — because of the addition of the *Kadi's* camel — as easy as rolling off a log; for Yusuf's share was now 9 camels, instead of $8\frac{1}{2}$, Mahmud's had grown to 6 animals from $5\frac{2}{3}$, and young Ali became the proud possessor of *2* whole and fully alive camels. So everybody was happy — even the generous old *Kadi*, who with a smile led the remaining camel back to his herd. — 'Amath em-Matik Al-Laddi'

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INTERESTING ODDMENTS

A 'MEISTERSINGER' REVIVAL

SURELY there is a great interest to be found in the recent revival of the music of the 16th-century Meistersingers in the picturesque city of Nürnberg — their old-time home. Descriptions have reached us of a concert given in the Katherinenbau, where the famous old guild used to meet. Some of the pieces, says our correspondent, were of particular charm, grace and delicacy — a characteristic we so often find in old music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Besides vocal numbers there were pieces for 'viol,' 'cembalo,' 'gamba,' etc., in quaint arrangements which have not been heard these many centuries. This combination of sight and sound in beautiful old surroundings must have been a delight to eye and ear. B.



REAPING-TIME IN A LOMALAND OAT-FIELD

The grain is exceptionally tall, standing in some places higher than the horses' ears.

A HISTORICAL FIND

A CLIPPING just received gives an account of the finding of the body of a ninth-century Viking near Reykjavik, the capital of Iceland. The body was enclosed in a block of ice, says the report, and was perfectly preserved, being that of a Norseman about six feet in height, tall and stately, with long

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reddish hair and beard. The skin and features are in perfect condition.

Judging from the clothing, arms and accouterments, as well as other circumstances, it is believed that this may be the body of Erik the Red, father of Lief Eriksson, discoverer of America. Old legends, it is said, tell of the burial of Erik and seven of his comrades in some spot on the island. This may have been done on an inland glacier, whose journey oceanwards through the centuries has thus brought the old viking again upon the sea, where this particular block of ice was found floating. Though we have yet to hear of the full substantiation of this report, there is little doubt of its possibility; as this is not the first occurrence of the kind; and the discovery would prove a very important one historically. H.



1776 — 'THE ONE-HOSS SHAY'
(Not published as an authentic photograph)

THE LIBERTY BELL

THE ringing of the Liberty Bell from the old State House in 1776 announced the separation of the American colonies from the mother-country, and the severance of their allegiance to the King of England.

After it was cracked, in 1835, this foremost among national heirlooms was relegated to an obscure resting-place in a loft, where it remained until the visit of Edward VII (then Prince of Wales) to this country. On being taken to see the old bell the Prince proposed that it should be removed to a more fitting shrine, as the nation's most precious relic. Americans will always remember this generous act of a successor of George the Third.

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STRAY BEAMS

As we must account for every idle word, so must we account for every idle silence.— *Benjamin Franklin*

THE man who lives for himself lives for a very small man.— *Joaquin Miller*

A MAN should say: "I am not concerned that I have no place — I am concerned how I may fit myself for one. I am not concerned that I am not known — I seek to be worthy to be known."— *Confucius*

IF instead of a gem, or even a flower,
We should cast the gift of a loving thought
Into the heart of a friend, that would be giving,
I think, as the angels must give.— *George MacDonald*

GIVE not the tongue too great a liberty, lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, the sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.— *Francis Quarles*

JUST being happy
Is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side
Rather than the blue;
Sad or sunny musing
Is largely in the choosing,
And just being happy
Is brave work and true.—*Selected*

HOPE is like the sun, which as we journey towards it, casts the shadow of our burden behind us.— *Selected*

NO endeavor is in vain,
The reward is in the doing;
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.— *Longfellow*

WHOSOEVER is satisfied with what he does has reached his culminating point — he will progress no more. Man's destiny is to be not dissatisfied, but forever unsatisfied.— *Robert Louis Stevenson*

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A STORY ABOUT CORAL

"GRANDPA, what is this?" said May, as she held up something hard and white. "See, it has branches like a tree, and is full of little holes. I found it in my box of shells, but it is not a shell, is it, Grandpa?"

"That, my dear, is a piece of coral. Many tiny animals like stars once had their homes in it. It grew down at the bottom of the sea, near some island where the water was warm and clear. But the branches looked very different then; they were soft and downy, and waved to and fro in the water."

"How pretty they must have been!" said Rob. "Grandpa, please tell us a story about them."

"Well," began Grandpa, "let me see: Once upon a time Mother Nature found that the world was not big enough for all the people who had to live upon it. She said 'I need more islands; who will help me to build them?'

" 'Oh!' said the whales and the sharks and the dolphins, 'we are strong enough to do anything; we will build them for you.' But the little coral stars said, 'We cannot do very much, we are so small, and yet we would like to help too.'

"Then the big whales and all the other great fishes laughed at the coral stars for thinking they could be of any help; and while they laughed they tossed the sand into great piles, and made such a noise that people thought there was a storm at sea. But the next

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day the waves came and washed all the sand away, so there was nothing left; and the whales did not know what to do.

"The coral stars said nothing. But one day the waves found a big wall growing up in the sea. It was a wall of coral, and they could not dash it away, so they lapped gently against it; and as they sang their soft little songs they washed up fine sand to fill up the holes. The wind brought seeds to plant in the sand, and soon the islands were quite finished. Then Mother Nature said: 'See what fine work my little coral stars have done! Even the smallest little creatures may be of some use if they do their best!' " F. S.

THE SUNSHINE FAIRY

I CAME from the Court of Good Queen Mab
To my Mother in London-Town;
From a rosy palace of sunset clouds
On the back of the stork I rode down.

I went to a wee little redbrick house
Where I knew she was wailing for me;
And in at the window I flew. she says,
And perched right upon her knee.

Sometimes she calls me her changeling child —
Half Mortal — but mostly Elf —
From the Sunset Palace of Good Queen Mab —
But I think I am just MYSELF!

— Margaret S.



A LITTLE LOTUS-BUD OF LONDON

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and sometime there would be a happy kingdom. Of course one would expect these unsettled conditions would bubble and bubble until they boiled over — as they surely would have done in any other country — but no, they too, were simply things that were *going to be!* You see the people were very hopeful, and so things went from bad to worse, if that is possible where everything seems to stand still.

At last one very important citizen managed to think *differently* from his countrymen, and he became alarmed for the future of his country. To think differently helped him to act differently; and he decided to leave Tomorrow for a time in order that he might more easily work out his plans to help matters there.

Among his friends was a Prince of a neighboring country. The Prince was always busy with his estates, and as he always gave his immediate attention to any request, the first person the nobleman thought of was this Prince; and he determined to go to him for help.

The Prince seemed to know the trouble almost before anything had been said! — and he assured the nobleman that he would help in the effort to save the land of Tomorrow. "We will begin Today," he said. "My castle shall be the base of operations."

The Prince went to work right away. Before sunset of that first day messengers had been sent with instructions to many a knight and baron. There was much to be done, but the Prince was untiring. Each evening the work of the day was gone over, improvements were made, and further plans outlined. The castle was like a bee-hive — people were coming and going all the time, and yet there was no confusion. Every detail was looked after in its proper order — no one thought of doing later what was to be done *then*.

Soon word came that the land of Tomorrow was becoming dissatisfied with itself. An effort was made to improve matters — several of the nobles actually aroused themselves to the point of setting aside the king — such as he was — and placing a more able man on the throne. But it was of no use — even the best of them were only half awake; and were likely to fall asleep again right in the middle of everything. They were about to become discouraged.

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Then came a proclamation stating that whoever could supply the needed remedy would receive untold wealth and be showered with honors. The country would gladly do anything in order to save itself.

This was the right moment at last, and now that it was arrived, the Prince and those with him were quite ready for it. Word was sent back that the offer of wealth and honors might be set aside; but the people must expect to *work* — if the Prince were to try to cure the sick country.

The agreement was made. Days slipped into weeks, weeks glided into months, months melted into years; and still the work went on in the land of Tomorrow — and it was up-hill work too, much of it. There were times when the task seemed nearly finished, and the country appeared vigorous and healthy to the untrained eye. Not so to the Prince — he saw beneath the surface.

Once it was a lazy guard who caused trouble: he failed to demand the password from some merchants who sought to cross the frontier. Soon it was discovered that they were banished trouble-makers who had returned to try to stir up discontent in the country.

When this had been stopped, and all was going smoothly again, a half-dozen easy-going townsmen began to long for the 'good old days.' Directions that should have been carried out today were left until some distant Tomorrow. The worst came, however, when an official in a high position betrayed his trust, and plotted to throw open the chief fortress to the trouble-makers. It was not only disloyalty, but the worst ingratitude. Only the strength of those who were true and the patience and good-will of the Prince saved the country from losing the help which it so much needed.

Thus many a victory was barely won; and at such times the Prince appeared to be everywhere at once stemming the tide; at least those who called on him for help always found him at their side.

Then one bright day that from its very dawning breathed new life, the land that had once been Tomorrow found itself fully awake. There were rejoicings everywhere — the Prince was victorious; and

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so were the people, for they had persuaded him to stay with them always, and to be their ruler; and he was crowned and lived forever in their hearts as the valiant PRINCE OF TODAY. H. O. M.

TEACHER'S BIRTHDAY



HAVING A GOOD TIME

THESE photos show one of the things we did. It is lots of fun for boys to go to work and do something all together. We had to make time against the tide; so that "Kenilworth Castle" wouldn't be washed away before it was finished. It is much finer to see a *whole* castle go down after a good buffeting against the waves. That's the way we 'Brownies' believe in doing things: to the finish, or not at all, the way real grown-up men always do.



AT THE PICNIC ON THE BEACH

There is no end to the fun you have in doing all sorts of useful things, in work-time as well as play-time. Now the way for *boys* to do things is willingly and with a good spirit: that is our 'Brownie' secret. We think that Robert Louis Stevenson certainly must have known this secret; because he once said that

"The world is so full of a number of things [to do, of course]
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings." S.

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He shivered — yes, it was chilly before the sun came up. Tears of disappointment filled his eyes, and if he hadn't been almost a full-grown man he might really have cried.

The pale yellow light in the sky was turning a brilliant red, and the big black cock in the barnyard crowed loudly two or three times. Johnnie knew that soon the whole house would be astir; and he thought he had better go back to bed so that nobody would wonder why he had got up so early — as if there were anything so strange in that! Once again he looked longingly at Speckly; but her beady eyes were watching him as keenly as ever. — No, he 'darsn't' go a single step nearer to her, or he knew she'd let everybody know about it.

Just then 'Cockerella' from another nest began to cluck and cackle — trying her very best to tell everyone that she had laid an egg — the very finest egg that had ever been laid in the barnyard. Johnnie suddenly remembered something: "You can hatch chickens by keeping the eggs in a warm place," Father had once said. Quick as a flash he thrust his hand into her nest and felt two eggs in it. Surely nobody would know it if he took one of them! He picked it up, all warm and white, and slipped it into his pocket; then he tip-toed — almost ran — back to the house.

Up in the attic behind the kitchen chimney, where it was always warm, Johnnie had made a nest, and hour after hour, day after day, he sat there watching and waiting for his egg to hatch. Sometimes he would slip down to the garden to ask strange questions of Old George. "How long did eggs take to hatch?" and "Wouldn't they hatch quicker if you kept them in a *very hot* place?"

George looked a bit puzzled at his earnestness, but only stopped his digging long enough to answer: "Na, na, Maister John, tha'd cook tha egg afore tha'd hatch it." And that sent him up to the attic again in a fever of anxiety lest his nest were in too hot a place and he had cooked the baby chick that was waiting to come out.

At last one morning he crept upstairs feeling sure that today something must surely happen. Kneeling down by the nest, he took

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the egg in his hand — so warm and white it was! Surely, it —

"Maister John, Maister John! Coom ye doon — coom and look!" Old George's voice was calling from the barn-door. Oh dear, *why* did he have to call him just now, while he was *so busy?* He just *couldn't* go, that was all there was to it. He'd just run over to that old window anyway and see what George wanted.



". . . He was *so busy.*"

— Johnnie could never quite tell what it was that made him trip on that bunch of old baling-wire just then, but *crash!* there it lay on the floor — smashed into a hundred pieces — the beautiful *while china egg* that he had been watching over so carefully, trying to make it hatch. "And it wasn't even a real egg, after all!" Johnnie muttered to himself, and trudged off in a mood, leaving Old George waiting for him in the barnyard.

Next day Johnnie thought better of it and went to Old George and asked what he wanted. "Na, na, ye be too late, Maister John; for they're all hatched noo! If ye had coom when I called ye ye'd have seen them all coming out of the shell!"

Speckly's little family were cheeping and running around her!

That was quite too much for one small boy to bear; and the great round tears rolled down his cheeks. — Oh! if only he had not stolen that horrid china setting-egg from Cockerella he could have seen the hatching of all of Speckly's chicks! M. A. B.

LOST TEMPER: *by Sydney Dayre*

WHAT! lost your temper, did you say?
Well, dear, I wouldn't mind it;
It it isn't such a dreadful loss —
Pray do not try to find it.

And it is gone? Then do, my dear,
Make it your best endeavor
To quickly find a better one,
And lose it — never, never!

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AN AFTERNOON ON THE LOMALAND SEA-SHORE

WE live on a hill that slopes right down to the cliffs by the beach. In playtime, after we have had our games on the hill, run in and out among the bushes, or romped over the poppy-fields, we long to get down on the beach.



Oh, there are so many nice things on the sea-shore — shells, pebbles, all sizes and kinds of stones, crabs, and many queer little things running over the rocks. There is sea-weed too, for jumping-ropes.

When we go in wading, the water is so cold at first that we just have to run back on to the sand. But we are not really afraid; and soon creep in again. We have to tread carefully or we splash into a hole and get wet. This we have done many times. It is fun to clasp hands to see who can stand in one spot the longest. As a wave comes slowly towards us, we all turn and run to the shore; but sometimes the wave wins the race — and then, how wet we are!

On the shore, my sister and I dig deep holes and build towers of sand, while little brother gathers stones and sea-weed for decorations. We pretend the heap of sand to be old castles with deep water all around them.



Yes, we have very much fun down on the sea-shore; but we cannot stay there all day because the tide begins to come in, and unless we get up on the cliffs soon enough, our shoes and stockings and all our playthings are washed out to sea. S. H.

TIME FOR PLAY

THE fisher who draws his net too soon,
Will have no fish to sell;
The child who shuts his book too soon
Will have no lesson well.—*Selected*

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ly and go on with the rest as if nothing had happened. Each Wavelet carries with him on his back, some shells or seaweed to lay on the sand to mark just how far he went, so that Mother Moon, who is always watching, can tell who really climbed the farthest up the shore.

Father Ocean loves to see his little Wavelets play like this. He knows that they are too lively to keep still, and he would much rather see them racing each other than upsetting great ships at sea which have people on them. All the same he is very careful not to let them go too far. He calls them back when he thinks they have been playing long enough, and then they have to try to sweep the beach and clear away the seaweed and the shells that they piled up. Sometimes they have to hurry so that some of it gets left, but Father Ocean tells them they must always tidy up when they have finished playing, and leave the beach all clean and smooth for little children to build castles. M.



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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

"TO LOVE A CHILD TRULY IS TO HELP IT TO DEVELOP ITS HIGHEST FACULTIES, WHICH GROW BY, AND THROUGH, A WILLING SERVICE TO OTHERS."

—Katherine Tingley





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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

Published bi-monthly under the direction of Katherine Tingley
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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 5 SEPTEMBER 1922

"To find one's heart filled with compassion for all that breathes is a wonderful power in itself. Let us set a sublime example of true compassion and mercy. Let us kill out hatred and strife. Let us make the world glad through pity for those who see not, who hear not, and will not listen. . . . 'Love makes the world go round,' and the sooner it is understood, the nearer we shall come to the kingdom of heaven on earth which the great Nazarene spoke of."— *Katherine Tingley*

SERVICE

"Children of Light, as ye go forth into the world, seek to render noble service to all that live!"

TWO great aspects of life constantly confront us; they are: Getting, and Giving. All humanity, it may be said, is moving along these two paths, and according to which of the two each of us is treading, so is he either in turmoil or in repose, as regards his inner life.

Both of these are paths of striving; but the first is one of permanent dissatisfaction, while the second is one of constant fulness and gratification — *of the deeper needs* of the student. And this *inner* gratification has to be realized sooner or later, just as the physical body must have oxygen or die.

There are many young people who cherish the strange idea that they are going to avoid doing any work in life if possible — they are going to *enjoy* themselves — by which they generally mean to make their own desires and wishes the boundary of their thought-world.

This is a foolish notion; for although it *is* apparently realized by a great many, still, one of two things is certain to result. The search for personal enjoyment and gratification proves in the end wearisome and unsatisfying. Or, if the nature in question is sufficiently shallow and trifling to find satisfaction in this quest alone, then at the close of life that one is doomed to look back on a dreary expanse utterly devoid of growth or significance — a lifetime uselessly frittered away, with nothing to show for it but the physical and moral ills which such self-indulgence always brings in its train.

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This is especially true where one has had the opportunity of coming in contact with a person or persons whose lives are devoted to the realization of great and unselfish ideals. For such natures necessarily leave their impress on our own Higher Self, and once so impressed and evoked it will always maintain a protest of its own at the sight of the lower nature deceiving the student with the idea that he is finding real happiness in the path of purposeless self-indulgence.

And what a call there is for service, and those who are ready to serve! To appreciate this fully one must spend a period of time constantly in the presence of one who has made it a life-work to lift some of the heavy burdens of humanity. A 'Crusade' such as that recently conducted by Madame Katherine Tingley, accompanied by a body of Râja-Yoga students, is an everlasting object-lesson. To visit the great cities of America and Europe, to be present in the great concert-halls and witness the thousands pouring in to listen to the message of hope and spiritual courage, to see the hunger for some great message written on the faces of the people — those thousands of upturned faces, listening, listening, listening — eager to receive those simple Râja-Yoga secrets of the greatness and grandeur of life and the splendor of its purpose — to be privileged to experience all this is to be profoundly impressed with the selfishness of one who, knowing the needs of humanity, will still choose personal pleasure before the fulfilment of the obligation he or she owes to mankind.

It is the motive that counts, in every case. The great artist whose fame attracts thousands, if his mind is centered on the fame of his name or the box-office receipts, is likely to leave a less lasting impress on the world than a more obscure person performing his humbler work with the service of mankind as his aim and object.

Nor do we perform an act of *virtue* in choosing humanity before self. For after all there is a certain justice in nature's laws; and the power which she has given us to make the choice *places upon us the responsibility* of choosing rightly. Seeing the needs of our fellows, it is our *duty* to seek to serve them. To be sure, the responsibility can be ignored; but in doing so, one must be prepared for consequences that must inevitably follow.

Much can be done towards maintaining the right outlook on life — the large outlook — by refusing to let oneself get into ruts. Each one of us has really two forms of duty: our immediate personal responsibilities, and those growing out of our relation with all our fellow-men. If we can constantly compel the depth and breadth of the larger responsibilities to color the former we shall never be in danger of seeing nothing in the 'small' daily duties but smallness and unimportance. They will all be bricks in the greater structure. We shall in no less a sense be serving all humanity.

To visit the various countries of the world, to meet the different peoples,

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to know of their trials and problems, and to see how each of the nations in turn expresses its eagerness to receive help, is to realize how very much we are all one big family, and how important it is for each one who appreciates this to do his part, however simple, to accentuate this larger note of international brotherhood — Universal Brotherhood. Just as soon as we understand and appreciate this great need we are responsible to aid in its realization. We may run to the ends of the earth to avoid it, but we carry it with us nevertheless; and the sooner we gladly and enthusiastically begin to do our part, the sooner is a really happy and progressive life open to us.

Katherine Tingley has given her students the keynote to the great problem of a truly happy life:

"Strive, Love, Serve, and find Peace." M. M.

"PRIVATE OFFICE. NO ADMISSION"



I WONDER how many of us have thought what might be the effect of such a notice on the doorway of our minds. How many boys and girls there are who go through the day without noticing what is really going on in their minds: the Manager's Office of their characters! The thoughts come and go, and most of the time no watch is put upon them. There is no doorkeeper to notice where they came from or where they go; what they want or what they look like; yet each day hundreds of 'thought-people' come knocking at the door of our minds, and when the day is over we know very little about who they were or what brought them there. Thus the day goes by and we but seldom learn the lesson it could have taught us.

The mind is a wonderful instrument for the use of that great Director, the Higher Self. It is largely through the mind that we are conscious of the life that surrounds us, and if we would take a little heed, there are many interesting things we would observe.

In the first place we would soon find out that the thought-people are divided into two great classes: those who are engaged in *constructive* work — the builders, artists, musicians, craftsmen, students, humanitarians, organizers — each bringing plans to the Director for enlarging his field of activity; and the *disintegrators* — grumblers, idlers, jealous and critical self-seekers. Some of the latter class are in very respectable clothes; but once let them into the chambers of your mind and there will be no end to the confusion and unhappiness they will bring with them.

Did we but realize what a difference it makes as to whom we allow to enter our thought-world, we would become so keen and watchful that in time we would know these thought-people and detect friend or foe even

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before they reached the door. We would remember each night just whom we had received and whether they had proved a help or a hindrance. We would know whether to allow them in again; and if undesirable they would get a stiff rebuff when they returned; the office staff would be so occupied they would have no time to entertain idlers and busybodies.

The whole day is often colored by the first waking thoughts. If we arise with a strong optimistic thought, we have placed a sentinel at the doorway of our minds. If we add to this a thought for self-conquest, we make that sentinel alert to distinguish between friend or foe.

If we have also a thought for helpful service, we send out a wireless call of invitation to all the good thought-people.

A day started in this way with the Manager at his desk means a day when real business will be done. There is an advertisement in the pose of the head, the set of the shoulders, the light in the eyes that the firm of CHARACTER-BUILDING is up and doing.

If we awake negatively, we place no sentinel at our door; whoever likes may enter, and the day goes by without any particular meaning. We are drifting, waiting for something to turn up. Most probably it will be ruin and bankruptcy; for when we make no effort to call in the better thought-people they do not come our way. For while we are giving food and shelter to the disintegrators, they are too busy answering the calls of those who really want them. These disintegrators will come again and again; seeing how well they are received, they will gain a surer footing. Then some day they will come back with a host of their friends, like sharp and crafty creditors; and we shall find it difficult indeed to drive them out.

Sometimes a child (and sometimes older people too, who never learned these lessons when they were children) will go to bed in an angry temper, full of selfish bitter feelings; and because he does not clear his mind of them before going to sleep, they await him like a suit of clothes to be put on again in the morning. Then what happens in his thought-world? When he awakes he puts a sentinel at his doorway, but it is a mean, dark watchman, one clever in attracting others of his kind, and his wireless call hurries all the evil thought-people to this office. They receive commissions, are granted favors, and are entertained sumptuously.

Perhaps some time later, when the day has begun with sunshine, he will wonder who these dark figures are who constantly block the doorway and who take up so much of his time in trying to send them away. He will have forgotten they were friends of a day off guard, when the Lower Self got control of the office.

Now where do these thought-people come from? — They are the children of our minds. We create them and send them out into the thought-world. There others receive them, entertain them, feed them, give them strength

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and nourishment, while we in our turn are sheltering those from other minds. This is the only way they can live. If we refuse them entrance they languish by the wayside; whereas every time we let one in it gains strength to travel further on its way which may be good or evil.

It is a wonderful thing to go to bed at night and know just how each moment has been spent — no blanks when we do not know what really has been happening in our Manager's office, but every moment accounted for, attending to business for the Higher Self. If eating, let us nourish the body and make it strong and healthy for the Real Self to work in; if out for recreation, let this also be to strengthen the body or to relax and rest the mind. When out of doors try to find the beauty and harmony of mountain, trees, sea, and sky, inspiration and food for the Real Self. This will be to train the mind and master the knowledge that will make it more efficient. If studying music or any other form of art, let us seek through rhythm and balance and form to find expression for the best within. If working, let us be conscious of doing something useful and helpful, at the same time gaining skill by the experience. Thus each duty will make the day a day of purpose, of gladness and of strong, willing service for others. This is the best work the firm of CHARACTER-BUILDING can do. C. L. M.

REMINISCENCES OF KATHERINE TINGLEY'S LECTURE-TOUR IN EUROPE: JANUARY TO JULY, 1922

I — EN ROUTE

TWELVE long days the good ship *Stockholm* has been bearing us away from the now distant shores of America over the wild Atlantic, forbidding enough at this time of the year [February], to the shores of Europe.

It has been an interesting voyage, with many experiences and lessons. On this big vessel we have come in contact with people from all parts of the world: some merely tourists on their way to see the sights of interest in Scandinavia and other European countries, some of them Scandinavians returning to their native land after a long absence. How much this journey means to some of these, and how much striving and saving it has implied for some of them to make it! Down on the steerage deck one sees family groups and individuals that seem to have a whole life-history written on their faces — the struggle to support the family and at the same time save enough money for this voyage, the anticipation of the home-coming, with perhaps tears and heart-aches hidden among the hopes, for those who have gone from them in their long absence from home.

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Among our friends in the cabin are members of noble families, musicians, artists, and one elderly gentleman with a kind face and merry eyes, who has heard of Madame Tingley's work and is interested in it. He among others seeks an introduction and becomes almost a member of our party in his



ON THE UPPER DECK OF THE S. S. *STOCKHOLM* EN ROUTE TO SWEDEN, FEBRUARY 1922

Some of the Râja-Yogas accompanying Mme. Tingley to Europe. The passage, due to the early date and severeness of the winter, was attended by exceptionally cold weather throughout.

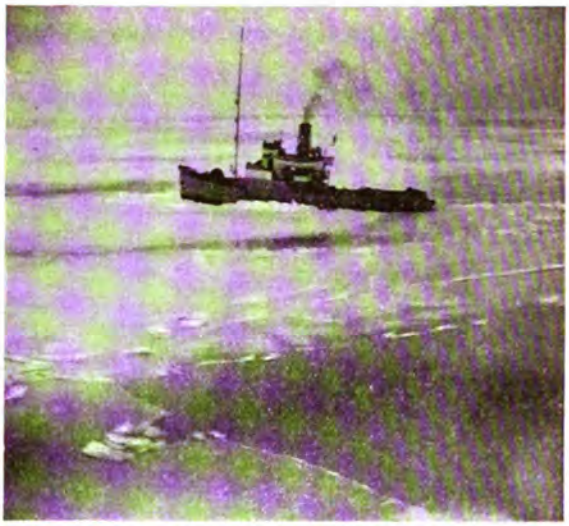
interest and friendliness. His home is in Jönköping, Sweden. We shall see more of him later.

The name of Madame Tingley, appearing on the passenger list, has aroused much interest on board, and many others of the passengers have made inquiries about the purpose of her tour. We have held a splendid public meeting on board; and in spite of rather rough weather, have given a musical program as well, which was received with the greatest interest by our fellow-passengers. A musicale on board ship in unsettled weather is not such an easy matter as one might suppose. That esteemed and highly valued member of our party — the Isis Conservatory Harp — has kept to her cabin, where she has been well bolstered and lashed to the bunk since we left New York. One attempt to bring her up to the Music Room and do some practising nearly ended in disaster, since the ship's movement caused this otherwise

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dignified person to careen this way and that in a very *un*dignified manner.

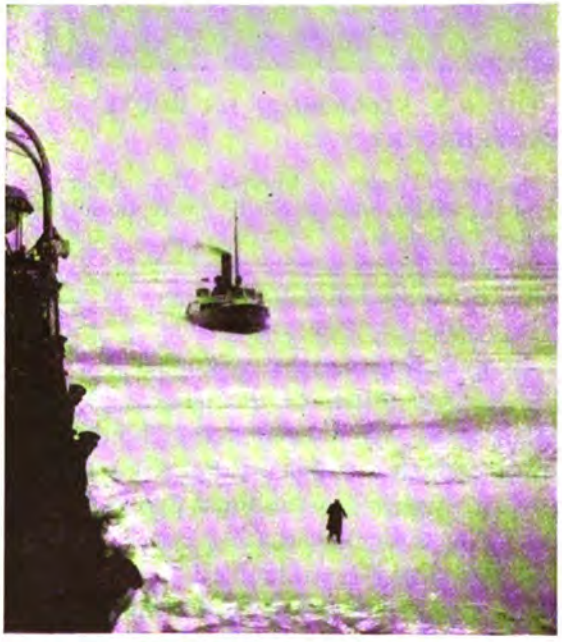
However, on the day of our concert the weather had improved and all went well. In response to many requests Madame Tingley told her fellow-passengers something about Point Loma, the Râja-Yoga College there, and her words made a great impression. . . .



ICE-BREAKER MAKING AN ASSAULT ON THE FROZEN NORTH SEA

And now it is the morning of the last day of the voyage. My, how cold it is! No more open water now. We are nearing land, and as far as the eye can see there is gray sky and ice — solid ice — ice in places nearly a foot thick! Our boat slowes down and goes grinding and crunching through its icy course.

Down on the lower deck the hold is open ready to yield up its stores of baggage. Everyone is on deck, walking briskly up and down in heavy coats, gloves and mufflers. About noon we sight the pilot boat *Ice-Breaker* slowly forcing its way through the ice towards us. Its progress is difficult, and at times it seems almost as though it would not reach us. But finally its engines come to a standstill when it is within hailing distance.



THE PILOT MAKES CONNECTIONS

Now the question is, How is the pilot to come from the tug to our vessel? This is a question of general interest, the passengers crowd to the larboard bow. It is soon answered. For no boat puts off at all, but lo and behold! — as we watch a rope-ladder is thrown over the side of the tug, and a man

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armed with a long iron-shod staff and with a pair of skates in his pocket climbs down off the vessel on to the ice! Feeling his way carefully — although this is scarcely necessary the ice is so solid*— he walks from the *Ice-Breaker* to the *Stockholm* and a cheer goes up as the hardy seaman lays hold of the rope-ladder let down over the side and climbs aboard.

In a little while we are off again, getting nearer and nearer to our destination. By evening we are entering port, and soon the great liner is brought up alongside the dock in Gothenburg and our long journey is at an end. As we wait to leave the ship, familiar faces are seen on the wharf — our Swedish comrades wave their welcome to Katherine Tingley and her Crusaders who come with the message of Brotherhood and Râja-Yoga to the beautiful country of Sweden.

ONE OF THE CRUSADERS

(To be continued)

A JOYFUL HOMECOMING

JULY is always a month of holiday-making in Lomaland; but this year it was filled with a great and joyous expectancy — after a five months' lecture-tour through Sweden, Finland, Germany, Holland, and England, Madame Katherine Tingley and her party of Râja-Yoga Students were expected to return home. At last came the longed-for telegram: the party would arrive on the evening of the fifth — on the eve of Madame Tingley's birthday. Immediately a committee of all the Lomaland residents met to discuss plans for Madame Tingley's reception, and also for her birthday on the following day; for none were willing to be left out in the effort to make this the most triumphal home-coming in the history of Lomaland. After the plans had been made, a small executive committee was appointed, and then active preparations began in earnest. There were songs to be composed, copied and practised; greetings to be written and learned; a play for the little tots to be written, rehearsed and costumed; gardens and grounds to be put in spick and span order — not to speak of wreaths and garlands innumerable to be made — and of course good things for the outdoor picnic to be prepared on the last two or three days. So there was something for everyone to do, old and young.

July fifth dawned bright and sunny, and after a busy day, spent in finishing touches, all the students assembled in the Rotunda of the Academy for the reception: the Râja-Yoga College Band at the Front Entrance; a group of older students on the front steps, bearing the flags of the nations; the

*The ice was practically one solid sheet, extending as far as the eye could reach. The lanes cleared by the ice-breakers quickly froze over again. The accompanying pictures were taken literally on the 'high seas,' as the ship was still out of sight of the Swedish coast.

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girls of the Academy holding a garlanded cable-tow, which formed an aisle from the foot of the steps without into the Rotunda as far as Madame Tingley's chair. The rest of the comrades waited in the Rotunda — on every face a glow of happy anticipation. Seven-forty-five — at last the moment arrived. — With a fanfare of trumpets the autos rolled up the main avenue, through the illuminated arch of triumph, with its wreathes of white lilies, to the entrance, where, to the strains of the majestic *Aïda* march, the party alighted and ascended the steps into the Rotunda. There was our Teacher, Katherine Tingley, looking so happy, and with her our Râja-Yoga comrades, looking as though they had never left Lomaland at all, and bringing with them future Râja-Yogas from Holland and England!

As the party took their seats the whole Lomaland Family, with musical accompaniment, rendered *Hail, our Conqu'ring Hero, Hail!* with words by Mr. Kenneth Morris; and never has the Rotunda echoed to such zestful music as on that night. After a few words of welcome from the chairman of Madame Tingley's cabinet, a little tot presented her with a wreath of victory. She then spoke to us, telling of her great joy at being at home, and at seeing all of our dear faces again. Madame Tingley touched briefly on the different countries she had visited, giving tolerance and brotherly love as the two magic keynotes that are needed in our dealings with other nations today. With the singing of *Dedication* — specially written by one of the Râja-Yoga teachers, Mr. Kurt Reineman — and the offering of tributes of flowers from all the students, the program closed, and all dispersed — many to complete the preparations for the morrow — which was not far off!

BIRTHDAY FESTIVITIES: JULY 6TH

The full Râja-Yoga Chorus serenaded Madame Tingley at her home in the early morning. At two o'clock in the afternoon, all the Lomaland students, headed by the band, gathered in front of the Academy and marched up through Pepper Avenue, greeting Madame Tingley as she stood in front of Headquarters, and then passing on to the Picnic Grove.

The international spirit of the Lomaland activities was emphasized at this outdoor gathering by a Pageant and Symposium given by the students of the Academy in which the women of all nations were represented: America, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Scotland, Germany, Holland, classic Greece, Ireland, ancient Mexico and the Scandinavian Northland, old Egypt, China, India, Japan, Nepal, Arabia; even the Red Indian and wandering Romany — none were left out. Led by one of their number representing the Spirit of Peace, they moved in stately procession around the tree-enclosed arena, each pausing to lay her gift upon the altar as a birthday offering.

Then the scene changed: in a trice we were transported straight to

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Fairyland. Titania and her dainty elves came tripping in, bringing more greetings, and accompanied by a little page, bearing on a white cushion a lovely crown of violet everlasting flowers, which one of the fairies placed upon Madame Tingley's head. Then more greetings — from the Junior and Senior boys — and the presentation of gifts, and melodies by the Râja-Yoga Male Quartet — always a general favorite. Of course the most welcome event of the afternoon came when Madame Tingley addressed us. She told of the splendid work that is being done in the many Lotus Groups in the European countries, and of how the feeling of brotherhood is fast taking root in the hearts of the people there.

Greetings and speeches from the Crusaders and others made the rest of the time pass very pleasantly until the picnic lunch claimed the attention; — and we feel it safe to say that never has there been a more delightful picnicking in Lomaland, nor one more colorful and picturesque. What with the dainty lunch-boxes, tied with sprays of violet tamarisk and Scotch broom; the huge birthday cake decorated with the flags of nations by efficient Râja-Yoga members of the kitchen staff; the happy young folk in their bright-colored costumes; the cloudless sky overhead; the wealth of flowers; and the glow of genuine happiness in every face — there was nothing left to be desired.

But all was not yet over; for promptly at seven-thirty in the evening, sitting expectant in the Rotunda, the comrades were reminded of our Leader's recent visit to Finland by the sound of Sibelius' characteristic tone-poem *Finlandia*, played by the Râja-Yoga Orchestra. Then came the turn of the Tiny Tots and Juniors to do their part. A little play, *The Bell Beneath the Sea*, written and costumed, and produced by the girls and young women of the Academy was their contribution to the program. And how the little ones entered into their parts! From the tiny shell-sprites and wave-fairies, to the mermaids in their filmy dresses of blue, rose, and green, and the perky little sea-horses with their lobster captain! Not one missed his part; and it was a lesson to the older folk to see how those little ones forgot themselves in trying to make others happy. Nor was the international touch wanting in the evening, for besides birthday tributes from special representatives among the Lomaland residents, of the countries recently visited by Madame Tingley, there was a budget of congratulatory telegrams from friends and members all over the world; and so, with a good-night song by the Râja-Yoga Chorus, the day's program ended.

Such celebrations as these in Lomaland have a deep significance, apart from the mere outward pleasure to be derived from them; for they are a living proof of the power that lies behind unselfish effort along right lines; and they reiterate the truth that *Life is Joy* where there is balance and harmony, and altruistic living. This is a golden precept of Râja-Yoga. F.S.

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PEOPLE OF THE SUNSET

AMONGST the Indians of the United States, the Pueblo tribes of the southwest are almost the only ones still inhabiting their ancient homes. The great hunters of the northern woods, people of Hiawatha, have almost entirely passed away. The Plains Indians, once so numerous, the ones best known to us in picture and story — people of the tepee and pony, hunters of buffalo, long in arms against the white man under great chiefs and leaders: these have withdrawn in diminishing numbers to reservations, or have mixed with the white man as citizens of the country. The same has been the fate of the southern tribes, planters and agriculturists. The coast Indians of the Northwest, dwellers in log-houses, people of totem-pole and mighty sea-going canoe, hunters of whale and otter, fishers in the streams and sounds—but few still retain their old hunting-grounds.



EVENING IN HOPI-LAND: ONE OF THE VILLAGE ELDERS

The Pueblo Indians are the dwellers in the desert. In New Mexico and Arizona, on high arid tableland, on the brink of bottomless canyon and on sun-baked mountain-ledge, are found their stone dwellings — *pueblos*, the Spaniards called them — built solidly and of large size, housing many families, in some cases a whole community. Irrigation of the soil — with them an ancient art — enables them to find abundant sustenance in agriculture, and unlike less fortunate tribes, still to remain self-supporting. Among the Pueblos the Hopi, Havasupai, Moki, Zuñi and Navâho (Navajo) are most prominent The Navâhos live in log and turf houses, and are or have been nomads, and sometimes unwelcome, troublesome neighbors to other tribes — a contrast to the Pueblo Indians as a whole, who have always been known as the People of Peace.

Dwelling in their canyon homes, planting their crops in deep river-

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courses, weaving, in wonderfully artistic color and pattern, expert in pottery-making and artistic metal-work, fashioning ornaments in silver and native stones, and, in common with their brothers of forest and plain, preserving their sacred dances and mystical ceremonies, the Pueblos remain as far reminders of a mighty and immemorial past. They are the closest to the ancient civilizations of Mexico and Central America, who were fast declining when Cortés came. They live an industrious, peaceful life; they supply their own frugal needs; their lands are still in their possession, and although arid and mountainous, suffice these sons of the desert.



DRESSED FOR THE DANCE*
El Tovar, Arizona

Many friends of the Indian wish to see him retain his own customs and old picturesque dress. In most tribes these have almost if not entirely fallen into disuse; but the Pueblos have kept them in a marked degree, and let us hope, for good. However, even before the white men contacted the Indians, their manners, dress and customs changed slowly as time passed, and we should never regret to see, in our times, our Indian brothers adapt themselves to changing conditions — just as we do. In the case of the Plains Indians, the white man's horse was introduced as early as the sixteenth century, and its acquirement by the people of the plains changed to a

*The old-time Indian dress differed from tribe to tribe. This costume, is typical of the tribes of the Plains and Northern Rocky Monutains, who made their dress preferably of deerskin, ornamented with beadwork and porcupine-quills. The feather bonnet was worn by chiefs and leading men; an eagle-feather, sometimes marked to identify the particular event, was added to the bonnet for each noteworthy achievement performed by the wearer.

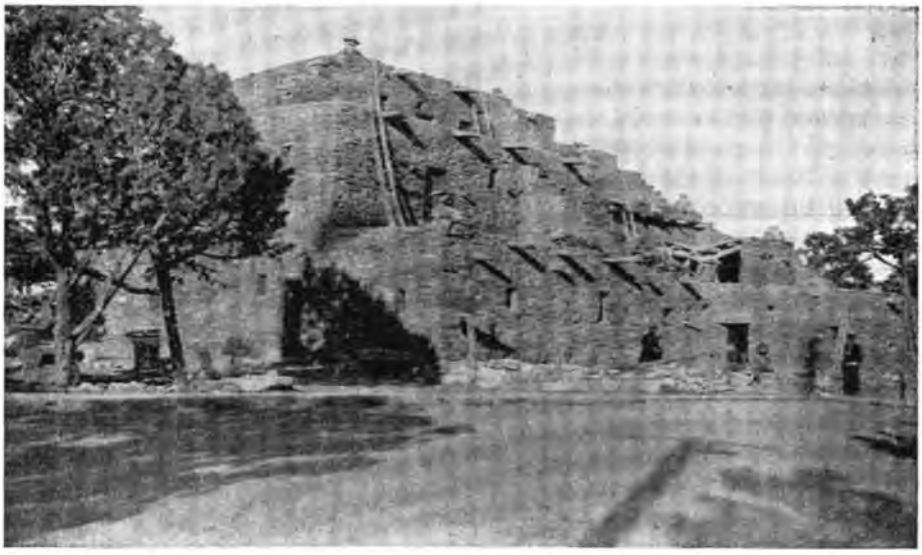
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great extent their mode of life. During the centuries following, other products and innovations reached the Indians — who have always been quick to



A TRIBAL DANCE BEFORE TOURISTS, EL TOVAR, ARIZONA

adopt them. And yet the early nineteenth century found them in most part still living on their old hunting-grounds, and still thoroughly picturesque and essentially 'Indian.' This was because they had not been overwhelmed



INDIAN PUEBLO AT EL TOVAR, GRAND CANYON, ARIZONA

The walls are built of stones set in clay. Heavy log beams support the upper floors, which are reached by the outer stairways shown leading to the third and fourth stories.

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by a multitude of strange ways, but had gradually adopted and made them their own. If the great nations of Mexico, Yucatan, and Peru had not been overwhelmed and crushed, but had been allowed to conform gradually to the



INSIDE THE PUEBLO

Whitewashed walls light the interior. The floors are of stone flags. The housewife is grinding corn for cakes. Squash, plums, beans, and prickly-pear fruit are also awaiting preparation for dinner.

new civilization growing up in the New World — what might they not have given us, their successors, for meeting in our turn the needs of the future? The white man's ill-treatment of his Indian brother may in years to come bring many regrets.

The first discoverers and explorers of America, without exception, were welcomed by the people of the new world, whose hostility was never aroused until they suffered wrong at the hands of those they had at first helped — some of which would even have starved in the wilderness but for the help of the 'savage.' Now these have vanished as a people. There are but remnants left; but we can still show to them the justice and brotherliness which was refused their kinsmen and predecessors, and clasp in mutual trust and love the hand that once was extended to us in welcome. H.

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THE PRAYER AT DAWN

THE beauty and solemnity of the old Indian legends reflect the deeply religious and mystical temperament which was common to them. With the Red Man — dweller in forest or on mountain, on desert or plain — the day began and closed with religious ceremony. His crops were planted in the name of Those Above, who brought the rain and sunshine, life and growth to the green things; the harvest was reaped in thanksgiving, with ceremonial dance and rite. Hunting or fishing was never done for sport; the game and fish were the gift of the Gods to men, and taken from Their hands — a sacred legacy.

The deep forest, high mountain-top and barren waste of desert were places for solitude and silent communion with, not supplication of, the Great Spirit — the munificent Sustainer and Nourisher of all. "When I was a young man," said the aged chief, "I was taught that I could never grow to be a brave, upright man, and have a clean heart, unless I went every day to the forest and devoted myself to prayer. Every morning, before sunrise, I made it a practice to go out by myself, and commune with the Great Spirit; and this has kept me and preserved me until now." H.

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The following rendering of a traditional Indian Invocation is given to accompany our Supplement, 'The Invocation to the Great Spirit':

"Great Lord! Master! Supreme Spirit!
Shed on me today thy gladdening light, that I may live.
Turn towards me, O Thou Victorious-over-Darkness!
Now Thou shalt hear my call above the noise of waters;
Even in wild places my voice shall reach Thy universal ear.
Give heed and sanctuary to my need, sustaining Lord!
Take me unto Thee! Give me of Thyself!
Oh that I might feel Thee and cling close to Thee!
For without thee I am nothing; but having Thee
Thy light shall shine forth from my face,
My voice shall ring out with thy Breath."

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THE WAPITI

THIS handsome deer is usually called the American Elk — which is, however, a very misleading name. If any animal is to be called the American Elk, that animal is the moose, which closely resembles the elk of Europe. Perhaps the most satisfactory name is *wapiti* (pronounced 'wopity') the name by which it was known to the Iroquois Indians.

The wapiti is first cousin to the red deer of Europe, but is a much larger animal. A full grown wapiti will measure five feet, eight inches at the shoulder; or as a horse-fancier would say "stands seventeen hands high" — which is the size of the largest horse you ever saw. Unlike cows, the members of the deer family shed their horns every year; but it is only the stags or male deer which produce horns. In late December or early January the horns grow loose and fall off; and in March, two little velvet-covered knobs appear on the forehead which grow and branch out until by the middle of August they have developed into the complete antlers.



THE LARGEST OF AMERICAN DEER
Exceeded in size only by the European Elk, which is not a true deer, but a close relative of the American Moose.

It is a wonderful experience to handle the growing horn of a deer. For one thing, they are burning hot because of the rapid streams of blood which circulate beneath the velvet. Also, the horns are very soft and sensitive and seem to throb with vigorous, pulsing life. There must be a great deal going on under the skin in the darkness — in the case of the red deer of Europe, for instance, there is sometimes deposited as much as seventy-four pounds of solid bone in a period of ten weeks. It is said that the two carotid arteries in the neck are actually enlarged for the time, in order to give free passage to the abundant streams of blood.

As soon as the horns have attained their full size a ring of bone called the 'burr' is formed at the base, which exerts a pressure on the blood-vessels entering the horn. The circulation slows down and finally stops; the skin which covers the horn dries up and peels off, and the bare bone is left exposed to view. Although the blood-vessels have disappeared, their course may

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still be followed by the grooves which furrow the whole surface of the horn.

The antlers of a wapiti which were grown as he was voyaging to a new home across the ocean, were seriously stunted in their development; but when he had been comfortably settled in his new home, the antlers produced during the next summer were perfect in every respect. This shows that unfavorable conditions are sure to interfere with the growth of the horns, as might be expected; for it is well known that the bodies of men and animals are built up of blood, and unless there is a good supply of blood all parts of the body suffer. The blood is made from the food we eat and from this wonderful fluid we form our skins, our nails, our bones and our muscles. The substance of the teeth, which is almost as hard as flint, and the soft, spongy structure of the lungs, are both composed of the material supplied by the blood.

The stags are very quarrelsome and make great use of their formidable antlers for fighting among themselves; but they also employ them for a more peaceful purpose. When a wapiti runs through a forest he throws his head well back letting his branching horns rest upon his shoulders. In this position they form a splendid protection for his back, saving him from many scratches and even serious wounds from thorns and the tangled branches of the over-arching trees.

It is said that although in general outline the horns of wapiti of the same age are of the same pattern, no two pairs have ever been found quite alike. Either in thickness, or in the curve of the 'tines,' in their slant, their color, or the arrangement of the ridges on their surface, minute differences are always to be found, making each pair absolutely unique and impossible to duplicate.

During the month of May these deer like to get as near as they can to the line of perpetual snow without leaving the upper belt of trees. At this time the hinds give birth to their beautiful fawns. The mothers are most courageous at such times and will give battle to bears, pumas, and coyotes in defence of their young. When threatened with attack they utter a loud cry and the other members of the herd within hearing distance rally at once to their assistance.

It is the habit of most of the deer family to feed at night; but not so with the wapiti. They rise early, and as the first flush of dawn colors the sky, begin to crop the grass, or browse on the tender shoots of willows and poplars. They finish their breakfast at about eight o'clock and then enjoy a quiet time of rest. At four in the afternoon they start feeding again and steadily persevere until twilight sets in. Many people seem to imagine that the wild animals are free from all restraint and greedily devour their food whenever they can find it; but in many cases they have a regular schedule and eat, drink, sleep and play according to rule.

In winter, the wapiti gnaw the bark of trees and scrape away the snow with their forefeet to uncover whatever vegetation there may be beneath.

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It may be dead grass, or perhaps a certain kind of lichen on which they feed.

The individual deer is not free to do as he likes, but is under the leadership of some old experienced buck who has won his position by much hard fighting and who keeps a very strict discipline. When he halts, the entire herd is expected to stop; when he resumes his march, so do his faithful subjects, and they wheel to the right or to the left like a company of soldiers at drill. The movements are made exactly together and it is supposed that they have some way of giving orders that we have not yet discovered. If a deer becomes separated from the herd and meets with some surprising adventure he utters a strange, penetrating cry which can be heard a mile away.

The wapiti is a bold and powerful swimmer and crosses wide rivers whenever the need arises. In summer-time when pestered by the flies he simply wades into the nearest water and stands there, leaving as little of his body exposed to the bites of the enemy as possible.

We have spoken of the antlers of the wapiti and the word antler has a somewhat interesting history. We took it from the French word *antoillier*, changing it into 'antler' as being easier for English tongues to pronounce. The French got their *antoillier* from the Latin *antocularem* which means a branch placed before the eye; and the word was used to designate that branch of the horns which juts out over the forehead — now called the 'brow-tine.' Later on the word 'antler' was extended to include the horn in all its parts.

Next time you look out of the window at a snowstorm, you may think of the wapiti wandering over the wilder parts of the country exposed to the driving snow and the pitiless blast, with no shelter and no stores of food. But you need not waste any pity over his supposed hardships: his thick, rough coat retains the warmth of his body, and his active movements quicken the circulation of his blood; a forest tree or the side of a cliff protects him from the worst of the wind, and plenty of good food may be had for the trouble of scraping away the snow.

It is interesting to know that President Roosevelt once sent a herd of wapiti to be turned loose in New Zealand, and there can be no doubt that they will flourish and multiply as many other animals have done which have been introduced into those hospitable islands. UNCLE PERCY

TWO AUSTRALIAN DOG STORIES

IT was one of those hot stifling days so well known in western New South Wales when a dry summer succeeds a bounteous spring and the earth is covered with a bleached mantle of waving grass. The horizon was a haze of smoke, and a fiery glare played upon the dancing air-waves. Clearly a bush-fire was raging not far away in the Eurunbla district. Suddenly, racing

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across the hill not far from a snug little farmhouse, was a wall of fire, and everyone turned out to fight the flames, which soon licked up the outhouses, machinery, pig-styes, etc. When the fire had taken full toll at the homestead a cry was raised for the sheep, and a man raced on horseback into the paddocks. To his astonishment he had been anticipated. Unknown to the household, and without one word of command, the old sheep-dog had sallied forth and mustered the flock to the last one, and had driven them to the furthest paddock on the farm. There she was holding them when the would-be rescuer arrived.— 'Collie' (Molong)

MANY years ago I left a St. Bernard puppy aged four and a half months in Ballarat, Victoria. The dog was born in that city, and had never been out of it. As a puppy he was much attached to my little boy Jack, aged two. Quite suddenly I was ordered by my firm to Sydney on business. Leo was left behind with a friend. Exactly two and a half years later my friend wrote me that the dog would arrive in Sydney the following Monday, by the steamer *Burrumbeet*. He, however, forgot to send me a shipping receipt.

I left home after lunch for the wharf to see if I could gain possession of the dog without the all-important receipt. Arrived at the waterside I found the shipping clerk adamant. They certainly had a dog on board. I merely had a letter stating that Leo had been forwarded. I pleaded in vain.

After much argument it was agreed that I might have a chance if the dog recognised me. The *Burrumbeet* had a long flush deck from stem to stern. Leo recognised me while there was yet half the ship's length between us, and with a mighty bound snapped his chain and rushed towards me with an abandon of joy that fairly staggered me. His first embrace knocked me flat on the deck, and he manifested his delight with such an exhibition of canine exuberance that no one dared interfere. "Take him away; he's yours," came the voice from aft.— From the *Sydney Mail*

THE STRATEGIC BOOKWORM

A CERTAIN literary work in two volumes is standing on the shelf in the proper order: first Vol. I, and right next to it Vol. II. The printed pages of each volume amount to a thickness of one inch, making two inches of printed matter in all. At the front and back of each book is the cover, being one-eighth of an inch thick on each side; so that the amount of cover between the volumes comes to one quarter of an inch altogether. — How far is it necessary for a bookworm to gnaw to get from the first page of Vol. I to the last page of Vol. II? Most of us will venture two and a quarter inches; but our bookworm says he can do it in only a quarter of an inch. — How?

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THE FLAME-POINTED SPEAR*



IGHT it was in Tara. Conn, the High King of Ireland, feasted there with his friends. Heroes whose names were on every tongue sat at the long tables. Scores of candles burned through the length and breadth of the room, and the food was delicate and plentiful.

As was the custom, each wore his banqueting mantle of silk or satin. The colors were gay — crimson, purple, and green or scarlet or blue, they hung down from majestic shoulders, from under their curling golden locks. The finest smiths of all Erin had fashioned their great brooches, and the torques about their necks most cunningly wrought with devices and arts now unknown.

Tonight no man touched the harp, or challenged his neighbor with song and story. Grief and trouble silenced their lips, for from without came a low sound as of thunder, and the pillars of ancient Tara trembled as though a giant's tread bowed them down. A youth forced his way in, clad in the skins of wild beasts, with a white boar's tusk fastening them over his broad chest. Two hounds, the most beautiful in the world, followed him, and his shield and spears looked strong and well-tempered.

It was no less a person than Finn the Fair, come to seek redress against the enemies who slew his father, and had kept him out of his inheritance since childhood. Finn had been brought up secretly in the woods away from his beautiful Druid mother, of the race of the gods, who visited him in the forest when she had become queen to another king.

Now at last grown to a stalwart youth, Finn mac Cumhal, courteous and wise, and valiant beyond his peers, came to the court of the High King of Tara, who was proud to call himself his father's friend. The young man saw how sad was the mien of Conn of the Silver Scepter, and how gloomy and dark the looks of his heroes. On inquiring the cause, and offering help, whatever the need might be Conn the Hundred Fighter gave him this news:

"There is," he said, "a powerful and invincible wizard — Aillen the son of Midna — who is my sworn enemy. Each year he comes from the enchanted hills where he dwells, and with his breath of flame shoots fire against sacred Tara, and burns it to the ground. He has done this each year for nine years, and mocks at me and my friends, because his fairy music sends such drowsiness upon the souls of the watchers that they sleep, and no one wakes to do battle with him. —And woe is me, if I know where to find a champion to defend the Pillars of Tara against Aillen, the Enchanter."

Finn offered his help; and when the banquet was ended he saw the king and warriors betaking themselves to their armor, and shouting to each other

*The following incident is condensed from several chapters in Standish O'Grady's stories of 'Finn and his Companions' — an excellent portrayal of the bardic culture of ancient Ireland.

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to maintain wakefulness, and to fill their ears with wool, lest the fairy music from pipe and lyre should bewitch their senses. Finn himself had the Gods' help in this momentous encounter. At his girdle he wore a bag filled with instruments of magic and spell-making, that had belonged to his father. After making enchantments and incantations with them, a fairy messenger appeared before him, bearing a Spear and a Mantle.

Now this Spear, they say, was adorned with twenty nails, and each of the twenty was of fine gold of Arabia. Its point was not steel, but a white flame, that trembled with the desire to be dealing death to aught evil in the world. From the shaft sounded forth the battle-songs of the Gods, who in olden times had dwelt in Eire. As to the Mantle, some say it was crimson, fringed with gold; but the truth is, it was blue, woven in the pattern of the skies; for stars traced Druid signs over it, and forms of clouds floated through its folds.

Without, Conn and his warriors were drawn up around Tara, each bearing a lighted torch in his hand, so that the palace was circled with fire. There, all the warriors being drawn up, they waited till midnight.

. . . Out of the mountains, borne from afar, came down a shiver of music on the breeze . . . such music as few mortals hear once in a long lifetime. It was such music as would bring sleep upon the most furious of fighters: and Conn the Hundred-Fighter, and all his host, raised their mightiest shouts and clashed shield and sword together to keep the flute-like strain from entering the portals of their ears. In vain: Finn alone, with the living point of the Spear burning like fire against his forehead, was awake to see Conn the Hundred-Fighter fall like a giant, the last one to be overcome.

Presently the huge form of the enchanter came splashing up through the Boyne. Laughing, he strode up the hill between the silent sleepers, and breathed forth fire-balls against the palace. But Finn caught them in the Mantle, and they fell down through the air, and buried themselves in the ground, bearing the magic mantle with them.

Swift as the feet of the storm-wind, the enchanter sped homewards to his fairy mountains, while Finn hotly pursued him. In his hand struggled and writhed the Spear, longing to leap out and away. Finn raised his arm: like a flash of lightning the Spear hurled itself upon Aillen, who fell dead in his doorway, while the spear sped on and vanished whither it came. So from this out, enchantments and wizardry were ended against Tara.

For the first time in ten years, the temples and palaces remained to give back the morning sun from their brilliant colors and weapon-girt walls. And after that Finn became chief of the Fianna, the best heroes of Ireland, and the leader of them all. He was king and seer and poet, druid and warrior; and whatever any one said of him, he was three times better; and under him the Fianna had great glory and filled all Ireland with the noise of their fame. K.H.

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FROM MANY LANDS

CASTLES ON THE RHINE

SITUATED on a frowning headland overlooking the River Rhine, from which it commands a view of the river for miles up and down as well as of the surrounding country, this thoroughly picturesque medieval German *Schloss* reminds us of far-off turbulent times. It is one of many which line the banks of the famous stream, standing for the most part in the midst of wonderfully beautiful river scenery.



RHEINSTEIN CASTLE

During the Middle Ages the policy of the German Emperors — the successors of Charlemagne — largely encouraged the division of the German people into a host of separate and often very diminutive petty states. Some of these were less rather than more subservient to the imperial authority. The resulting lack of co-operation among the law-abiding people in *its* turn encouraged freebooting on a large scale in some quarters.

Notorious among the freebooters — especially in the eyes of the merchants of Cologne and other centers of river commerce,— were the *Raubritter*, or robber-barons, whose castles dotted the Rhine cliffs. Secure in these lofty

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strongholds, like eagle-eyries, the truculent barons each laid claim to his own particular stretch of river, and forthwith proceeded to levy toll on all who, laden with rich cargoes of merchandise, 'trespassed' on his private waters. The poor merchants, preferring to lose half of their goods through 'customs duty' rather than the whole of it through confiscation if resistance was offered, had to submit to the levyings of the barons, until ultimately the powerful Hanseatic League and the wealthy trading cities united to put an end to the doings of these self-appointed revenue-collectors. The latter had by that time become so entrenched in their accustomed wrongdoing that they probably thought this turn of events a great injustice!

The Rheinstein Castle, which is still in a good state of preservation, has been used in modern times as a summer residence by German sovereigns.



ON THE WORLD'S HIGHEST NAVIGABLE LAKE: INDIAN 'BALSAS'

THE BALSA of Peru is a very seaworthy craft as far as it goes — which is never on a lengthy voyage. Unlike most boats, which tighten and become more 'waterproof' when well soaked, the *balsa* can be used only so long as it remains dry! It is made of bundled sedge-like stalks, which are extremely light and floatable when newly launched; but which quickly become water-logged and must be allowed to dry out on the beach after each trip. The skipper of a *balsa* who left his boat moored over the week-end might have to fish for his ship! For short periods of use, however, the *balsa* is unsinkable.

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FAR FROM HOME



HINDU CHILDREN IN TRINIDAD, W. I.

THESE are little Indian girls of South America. But they are not American Indians, such as Columbus discovered, but East Indians, such as the great navigator thought he had discovered on the shores of the New World — thought by him to be part of India. These 'little mothers' are children of Hindu farm-workers on the Island of Trinidad — which is a British territory off the coast of Venezuela. They immigrate in large numbers to the Indies to work the great plantations, chiefly of sugar, cocoa, coffee and rubber.

These small daughters of India — here visiting a little English girl afterward a student of the Râja-Yoga Academy at Point Loma — are from Southern India or Ceylon, the home of the 'Dravidian' people. H.



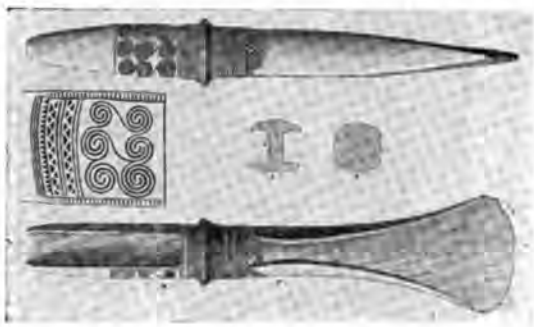
Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta

A TREE WITH MANY TRUNKS

THE ACCOMPANYING PICTURE shows a Banyan Tree, which most of us have met in our Botany lessons. This one stands in the Public Gardens at Calcutta, India. Its age is estimated at 243 years, and it has some six hun-

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dred 'aerial roots,' a few of which can be seen in the illustration. These are sent down from the branches to the ground, into which they penetrate and proceed to take root. In this way the tree 'walks,' in all directions at once! An old account tells of a single banyan so large as to shelter an army. A.



SCANDINANIAN BRONZE AXE-HEAD, 1500 B. C.

FROM A VANISHED AGE

IN our times much has been written in appreciation of the artistic attainments of the 'prehistoric' races. More remarkable even than the great skill shown was the faultless and unfailing tastefulness of their work —never surpassed for chaste restraint and beauty of line.

"WHY SHOULD IT BE OTHERWISE?"

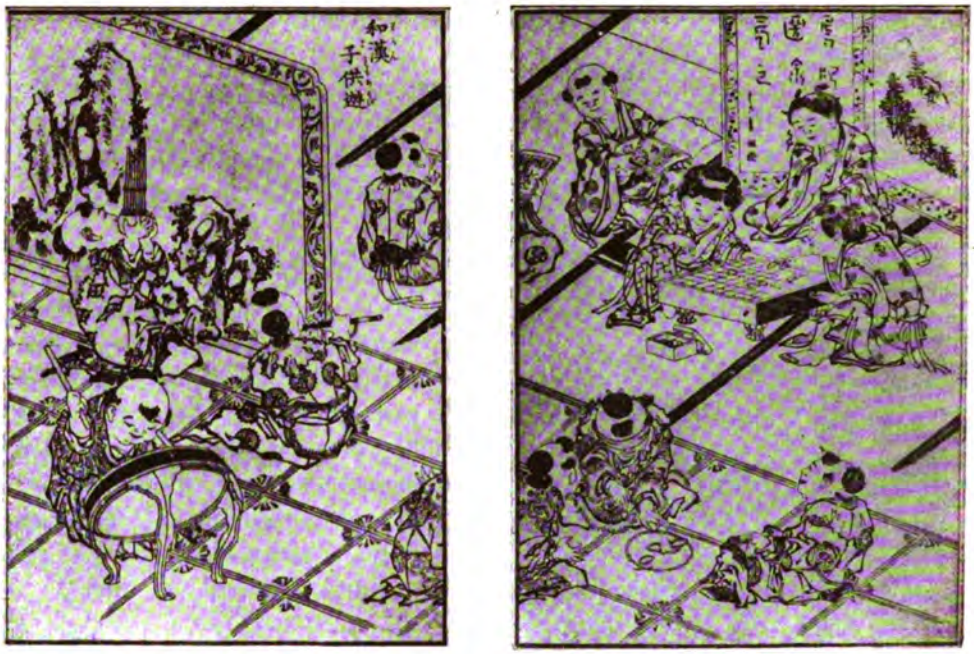
— So say Puss and Pouter, who are here shown at the festive board. They are real friends, and have always been such, as they were brought up together from babyhood, and no one ever taught them unbrotherliness. They are always keeping company, and never fail to turn up at meal-times together, so as to enjoy each other's society. Whatever Puss does not especially care for in the bill of fare Pouter disposes of; and so, like Mr. and Mrs. Sprat, they economize at the table.

This is one of so many instances where animals usually considered enemies form friendships if brought together before their natural good-will is affected by *wrong education*. Another instance comes to mind of a half-grown Puss and Pup, who when first introduced made a distressing 'scene,' but who quickly became so attached to one another that when poor Pup presently died of a distemper, Puss was quite disconsolate over his loss, and showed it. For days she went looking sadly about into all his favorite nooks and corners, 'meowing' sorrowfully for her little friend. R-Y



OUR BIRTHDAY PARTY

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TWO INTERESTING LITTLE SCREEN-PAINTINGS BY HOKUSAI*

ENTERTAINING GUESTS

WHICH are guests and which hosts is not certain; but the above caption seems apt for this little illustration of '*Wa-Kwan Kódomo asobi*' or 'Chinese and Japanese children at play' — as the artist tells us in the inscription at the top. The two little pictures, it will be seen, together represent the right and left halves of the same scene.

In the foreground, seated on the stone-flagged floor, are six little 'Celestials,' while on the *tátami*, or mats, in the background, are five little Japanese — both of which parties are engaged in their own characteristic pastimes.

One thinks the architectural incongruity greater than that of the mixed company. In former days — perhaps not so late as this — many painters of *Dai Nihon* went to China, the land of the masters, to pursue their studies. The writer is ignorant as to whether Hokusai did so; but this scene may have suggested itself from his artistic wanderings, which were many and sundry.

On the Chinese screen with its modeled frame is a fragment of landscape, possibly from one of the Sung masters; the little boys on the mats are screened by Japanese paper panels bearing some classic verse inscribed in the ancient 'seal character' — very choice, we will suppose.

Probably conversation 'across the way' is not being attempted, for obvious

*The greatest and most popular of Japanese masters of book illustration and color-prints, best known by the name of Hokusai, who flourished at the beginning of the last century.

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reasons — still there is a feeling of spontaneous good-feeling and courteous attention. These little boys, we know, all bowed to one another before they sat down to play; and they are careful to take kindly notice of everything that may be done at the moment for their special benefit. The little fellow with the drum *knows* everyone is enjoying it, while the young flutist looks to see if his Japanese friends appreciate that he is giving of his best. The *shêng* in the hands of the third little virtuoso is quite a serious affair, being no less than a pipe-organ in miniature. — Certainly a well-balanced orchestra: organ, flute and drum — at least no one of this polite little company seems to complain.

The odd little fellow at the lower right is certainly laughing to attract the notice of his Japanese guests (or hosts) to the excellence of this fine Chinese game of 'jackstrings' (it seems), while one of them (with the book) politely signifies his full approval, whether he really understands or not — especially from where he is seated! "Checkmate!" is *Tsume!* in Japanese; and this is what the player to the left of the *go*-board is about to shout. Instead of carved pieces they are using small round counters on which the names of the pieces —'King,' 'Queen,' 'Knight,' etc. are indicated in Chinese characters.

We can hardly help feeling the cheeriness of this little scene — there is brightness and good feeling in every corner, and a note of international goodwill pervading the whole for which we must, in passing, thank Hokusai — whatever may have been his immediate object in its execution. H.

TWO VIOLINISTS

ON a bleak day in March, many, many years ago, a little boy sat on a doorstep in one of the large European capitals; and while the crowds passed he played for those who cared to listen, on his battered old fiddle. Not many took any notice of him; a few lingered only, who had seen the little musician before, and had heard of his hard struggle to provide for a widowed mother and her family. Presently a tall dark stranger paused, looked at the little fellow, inquired of the bystanders, and finally asked the boy if he might play on his violin.

Soon the old instrument was singing in the hands of the king of all violinists — the great Paganini himself! A large crowd soon blocked the whole street, and Paganini, having finished amidst a tumult of acclamations, himself took up a collection for the struggling little musician, and after adding a goodly sum himself, sent the little fellow back to his mother with it. A.

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outstretched hand, and with one great jump was out of sight once more. Through the clouds and the bright sunlight the monkey went on his jump, on and on till he came to the end of the earth. There on the very edge, he saw five noble red pillars standing in a row, with a vast empty space beyond. With a chuckle, he made a mark on one of them, as a proof of his having been there, and then with another of his jumps was back again whence he started but a second before.

"When are you going to begin to jump, O Monkey?" the Lord Siddhartha asked as the Monkey stepped down to the ground. With a sarcastic laugh the Monkey assured the Lord Siddhartha that he had jumped — to the very end of the earth. "I left a mark on one of the five pillars which I found there, as a proof that I had been there."

"Look at this, Monkey," said the Lord Siddhartha as he held out his hand: on one of his fingers the monkey saw the very mark which he had made on the red pillar.

"No matter where you may jump to, or how far away, you can never get out of my hand, for the whole earth lies within it." TAMIKO



ORIOLE

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

HUSH! 'Tis he!
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
About the bough to help his housekeeping —
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
Divines the providence that hides and helps.

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THE RAJA-YOGA QUOTEBOOK

These helpful thoughts have been culled from various sources, in reading, and elsewhere. Our Readers are cordially invited to share in the making of this QUOTATION BOOK, which they can do by writing down such quotations as they would like to share with others and addressing these to the RĀJA-YOGA MESSENGER. Suitable ones will be published as space permits.

THE effects of right thought last forever. Let right thoughts be to us the strong arm with which to do good to others. — *William Quan Judge*

BE A HELP, NOT A HINDRANCE!

IN the words of Oliver Wendell Holmes, the human race is "divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and ask 'why wasn't it done the other way?'"

LET men but stand for what they know is right — then Victory comes. — *Katherine Tingley*

"GRATITUDE has been defined as the memory of the heart."

IMPATIENCE in little things introduces confusion into great schemes. — *Confucius*

NO MAN is so insignificant as to be sure his example can do no hurt. — *Lord Clarendon*

TOO much rest is rust.— *Sir Walter Scott*

TODAY is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday — and it never happened.

NO ONE is beaten unless he is discouraged.

To think a thing is impossible is to make it so.

THERE is not a moment without some duty.— *Cicero*

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I believe it must be the same when you cannot do what you want to; you can make yourself happy by forgetting what *you* want, and doing something for someone else. How strange I never thought of that before!

Just then Mother called, "Betty, what *have* you been doing all afternoon?"

"Mother," called Betty, as she bounded upstairs, "I've been teaching myself how to — oh, Mother, may I help get supper ready? What shall I do first, Mother, the table or the lettuce?" F. S.

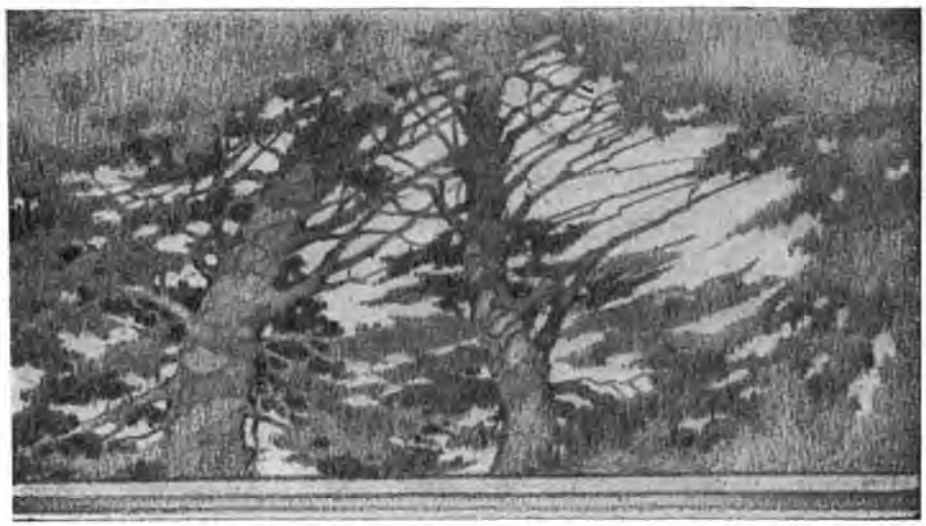


"WHY DON'T YOU JOIN US?" "WHAT FUN!"

OUT OF DOORS IN SUNNY LOMALAND

THERE ARE many happy times for the children of the Râja-Yoga School at Point Loma; for there are so many lovely places to go. Every morning the Tots go out with their teachers to the playground, or to the sandpile or the swings under the trees. On sunny afternoons there are hillsides, where live the birds and bunny-rabbits, and flowers and the kind little fairies who care for them. Here you see Teacher showing us things to do on the beach.

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THE LEGEND OF THE TWO SISTERS

FAR in the Northwest there stand two mountains, their snow-capped peaks now shrouded in silver mist, now gleaming in the sunshine, but always through cloud and sunshine facing the broad Pacific, and standing guard over the land of forest and stream.

Many, many years ago, when mighty tribes dwelt along the Pacific Coast, they were known as the "Twin Sisters"; and this is their story:

Among the Indians of the Sunset Tribes women were always held in the highest honor, and when a young maiden reached the age of womanhood, it was a custom among them to make this a time of great rejoicing. A feast was held, to which the surrounding tribes from the North and from the South were bidden as guests; and during this time of feasting the maiden was placed in a high seat, in token of the respect paid to women.

Now it happened many thousands of years ago that a certain chief had twin daughters, who came of age in the spring-time, when the rivers were thronged with the salmon, and the tall trees of the forest were sending forth young and tender shoots. These two daughters were gentle and industrious, and lovely as the rising sun on a summer morning; and the great chief planned such a feast for

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them as the Sunset Tribes had never attended. There would be many days of rejoicing; guests were to come from far and near, bringing gifts for the two young maidens, and in turn receiving gifts from the Chief himself. There would be much game and fish, and the fruits of the earth; and much dancing and story-telling.

But there was one dark shadow to mar this joyful feast. The tribes of the Upper Coast were at war with the Sunset Tribes. For many moons there had been hatred and strife, and the paddling of war-canoes up the rivers, and fierce war-whoops breaking the stillness of the night. But the great chief said: "Let not any enemy come between me and the traditions of our tribe; let them make war upon us if they will; we will proceed with our expected feasting, and turn a deaf ear to their insulting war-cries."

Seven days before the feasting began, the two maidens, hand in hand, approached the great chief, and said: "We have come to ask a favor of you, O our father."

"Yours it is but to ask, and mine to grant, O daughters with eyes like the spring-time."

"Will you, O father, ask our enemies of the Upper Coast, to come as bidden guests to this, our feast?"

"But this is a feast of peace," objected the chief.

"Yes; but such is our wish," modestly answered the maidens.

"Well, so it shall be, for this day I can refuse you nought; and some day your sons will bless this peace that ye have brought about. — Now go, all ye young braves; kindle fires upon all the headlands, greet the enemy, and bid them welcome to my daughters' feast."

And the northern tribes, receiving the message of friendship, flung down their warlike weapons, and came to the Feast of the Great Peace; and they brought rich gifts as offerings to the chief and his daughters: splendid woven blankets, beads of colored stone, and baskets and carven ladles; and these two peoples, until now ancient enemies, mingled their voices in words of peace. And there was feasting and rejoicing for many suns, with many dances and sports, and so brotherhood was sealed between them forever.

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Then the Great Spirit smiled down upon his children, and said: "I will make these two maidens immortal, that all men may remember the Peace and Brotherhood they have borne unto this land." Then he lifted them gently upwards, and placed them forever on a high seat; and there they may still be seen, looking toward the sunset, and guarding the peace of their ancient home-land. F. S.

THE OLD CUP



IN Grannie's china-cupboard
There stands a broken cup;
I used to wonder why 'twas there
But now I've given it up.
It seems so full of stories
It wants to tell to me
And I have sometimes asked myself
Whatever they could be.
It used to have a brother —
The willow-pattern plate;
But that was broken long ago,
So now it has no mate.

I wonder if it's lonely
Up there, all by itself!
I scarcely think that I should like
To be put on a shelf!
And oh, if it would tell me
Of China, far away!
—Where there are little pig-tail boys
With whom I'd love to play.
And are their games like our *games?*
Please, do they *have toys?*
Oh, dear old willow-pattern Cup,
I wish you had a voice! — M.



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HAY-TIME

What Happened to Two Tardy Boys

A FARM-BOY went sauntering along the road, switching the hedge with a stick, whistling an accompaniment which was very much out of tune. "Oh Tom," called an anxious-looking mother from her porch "have you seen my two little boys on your way."



"NOW — WHAT NEXT?"

"No I haven't, Mrs. Bennet, but I notice father has cut his hay; maybe they are along with that."

Why of course, the hay-field — why had she not thought of it — that is where they *must* be. So down to the hay-field walked Mrs. Bennet wondering if she would find them there. But the only sign of them was Bob's straw hat; so poor Mrs. Bennet had to search a little farther afield.



UNLOADING THE 'FUNNY KIND OF HAY'

Yes, the boys certainly had been there, and a right good time they had had of it, romping about in the cocks; and then, after getting thoroughly tired, lying down to rest in the sweet depths. But boys can never be tired for long and very soon they longed for fresh fields and pastures new.

At this critical moment they spied a loaded hay-wagon in the corner of the field with horses attached — a sure sign that it was going to move soon; so up they clambered and were soon hidden

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right in the midst of it. Presently along came Tom and his big brother, and to the great excitement of the occupants the wagon began to move. The boys chuckled quietly and wondered if the farmers' sons knew what a funny kind of hay they were taking to the barn. They were soon enlightened however, when, after unloading for a few minutes, a sharp *ow!* stopped proceedings while Bob and Ned emerged from beneath, after having narrowly escaped a pitchfork.

"Well," ejaculated Tom, "if they aren't Mrs. Bennet's boys, that's why she has been calling after them this afternoon. Run home, you had better, else I guess there will be trouble for you."

The boys needed no second bidding, but whatever might happen, they both agreed that it was worth it; — hay-time is not here all the year round. When they got home, of course they were very hungry, but there was not a sign of supper anywhere. Mother said that she had had no time to get any, as she had been out looking for them all the afternoon, and that now she had to do the work that she should have done then. *No supper . . .*

The two boys wondered if it *was* 'worth it' after all. M. B.



"NO, THANK YOU, NOT NOW. MASTER LEFT ORDERS TO REMAIN HERE ON DUTY UNTIL CALLED FOR"

Hugh, of Lomaland, knows when it is *not* playtime.

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TEN O'CLOCK ON A SUMMER MORNING

Whether it is summer or winter, though, there is always plenty of sunshine for the Râja-Yoga Tots in Lomaland.

READY TO LOOK FOR THE FAIRIES

HERE we are all met together under the Fairy Tree! Dan barely got there. Like a gallant knight, he swung himself up on his kiddie-kar and galloped up just in time! Now the whole little troop of tiny Râja-Yoga Tots is ready for whatever is to come; and there are great events in store.

Carmen is taking command, as you can see. First Dan is told to put away his frown, because "Life is Joy," and calls for a smile; besides, the fairies never go near a frown!

The Fairies! Perhaps you think the Râja-Yoga Tots don't know where to find them! Last night, when it was very windy (or, as Johnny said, very "blowy") Michael told us that it was the fairies running just outside the window. Don't they always tell Miss Beth when they are going to put silver-paper in 'the Tree' — the only tree covered with the loveliest spiderwebs and dewdrops? Miss Beth always knows about the silver-paper, and when she says it will be there, it is there! But you have to be very good, or she won't tell.

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Oh, it is lovely to have a Râja-Yoga teacher in your secret! She is just as strict about the frowns as the fairies are, so that wherever there are Râja-Yoga Tots and teachers, there are always real happy smiles for the fairies to see. And whenever they catch sight of one, they carry it all over the world.

At night when the birdies go to sleep and the fairies come out, and the stars, then little Râja-Yoga Tots are all tucked in by the Sandman. Oh, yes, it is the Sandman; because sometimes he even spills a few grains of sand in the beds, and it's there in the morning. The other night he had to go back for more sand for Carmen, so that the new moon had a chance to peep in before Carmen was asleep; and oh! — she discovered a sad thing: "the moon was brokened." A. O.

TOMMY TUCKER

DEAR MR. EDITOR: Will you please be so kind as to read this and see if it will do for the RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER? I should very much like to be represented there if you can find a place for me. Yours respectfully, THO. TUCKER

DEAR CHILDREN: I am sorry I can't send you a better picture of myself. This one doesn't give you much of an idea of *me;* it is mostly slipper. Still, it is the best, in fact the only picture I have, so I hope you will think it is better than nothing.

No, I am not a Râja-Yoga cat (I wish I were); but I know one who is. His name is Thomas Patricius, and he is a little—!!! Do you know, I was just on the sharp point of saying a little *yellow* kitten, and then I remembered that his master doesn't like to have him described that way. Let me see — how shall I explain just what he is? Well, it is something on the order of that color, only darker, and there are stripes of the same



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color, a little darker still. I heard someone mention the word tortoise-shell; perhaps that is the name used to describe that kind of coloring. Thomas P. is a very nice kitten, just the kind to grow up into a Râja-Yoga cat, and he tells me ever so many interesting things about Lomaland. He likes to roam over the hills, so he has a splendid chance for seeing many things, the gardens, orchards, etc., not to mention some places which are not on the hills, such as the kitchen where he has a number of friends.

Of course he often sees the little children, and he thinks the tiny tots are very nice indeed. But this isn't telling you about myself, is it? so I suppose I had better return to my subject.

Well, to begin with (one has to begin somewhere, you know), my name, as you have probably already discovered, is Tommy Tucker: it was given to me because I sing so nicely for my supper. I don't exactly see the connexion myself, but the children here at home all seem to, so I suppose you will too.

There is one little boy that I know who is just about the same age for a boy as I am for a cat, only younger. He is very kind-hearted, and he loves to play games with me; but do you know — he always calls me Tommy Tupper. Of course I don't mind it.

The slipper in the picture belongs to my master. Don't you think this was kind of him? — He found me asleep just as you see me — I had been playing very hard, and at last I got so sleepy that I curled up in the first comfy place I could find. Now the man of the family didn't really care to have me in his slipper, but he knew I was very tired so he waited until I woke up, and then he showed me my own bed, and told me that hereafter I was to go there when I was sleepy. However, he had drawn a picture of me in the slipper, and he said that if I was real good, and showed that I understood, some time I might send the picture with a letter to the MESSENGER — and here I am.

The little boy is waiting for me to go to play with him, so I shall have to say good-bye now.

With my very best regards to you all, as ever, TOMMY TUCKER

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A STORY ABOUT COAL

IT may seem strange, but it is true that the most valuable mineral taken from the earth is coal, as it is worth more than all the gold, silver and diamonds produced every year.

There is an interesting story told of the discovery of coal in Belgium:

A poor blacksmith named Houillos lived in a village near Liège. The only fuel known for heating the iron in the forge was charcoal, which was very expensive, and Houillos found that he could not make a living for his family and pay for the cost of the fuel. One day, being out of work because he had no money to buy charcoal, he sat in his shop quite discouraged, wondering how he was going to earn enough for the next meal. Suddenly an old man with a white beard entered his door. The kindly look on the old man's face made the poor blacksmith tell him of his discouragement: how he was unable to work at his trade and make even a bare living for his family. The old man was much touched; tears came into his eyes as he listened.

"Good man," said he, "go to yonder mountain and dig in the ground until you find a hard black earth. This will burn better than the charcoal."

The blacksmith went to the mountain as directed, and on digging found the black earth. Bringing it home and throwing it into his forge-fire, he found that it not only burned, but would heat the iron twice as quickly as charcoal; and besides there was plenty of it for all.

So instead of keeping this wonderful discovery to himself and buying up the land as many men would have done, he shared his discovery with his neighbors and with the other smiths round about. In gratitude for his unselfish act, coal was ever after called *Houille* after him; and even now he is still remembered among the miners in and about that region.

Surely some good and wise man must have come to the unselfish man just when help was needed most, knowing that the blacksmith would use the knowledge he gave him to help others as well as himself.

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THE SNAIL: Selected from MAY GILLINGTON

A SNAIL was moving leisurely along the garden walk,
He shut his lips together, for he didn't care to talk;
"These birds and bees and butterflies," so scornfully said he,
"Won't do for people living in a splendid house like me!"

He proudly waved his feelers with a high and mighty air,
Expecting admiration, but there wasn't any there.
He closed his eyes disdainfully, and bumped — poor silly soul —
Against a heavy Earthworm just emerging from his hole.

"Good gracious!" said the Earthworm, "what a stupid thing are you,
To run against me when you saw that I was wriggling through!"
"Just hold your tongue, good man," replied the Snail, "I can't be found
In talk with common people who live mostly underground!"

What further would have happened, no one ever can reveal,
For Mister Thrush and Missis Thrush required their morning meal;
They poised in air a moment, speckled breast and wing and tail,
And then they made their breakfast on the Earthworm and the Snail!

The moral of this story, it is very clear and plain,—
Don't be haughty and conceited; don't be quarrelsome and vain;
For while with snappish temper and with scornful eyes you tread,
Some danger bigger than a Thrush may tumble on your head!



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A LITTLE MOTHER IN GERMANY

THIS is a little Spreewälderin (pronounced 'Sprayvelderin') nurse taking her dollies out for a ride in their doll's carriage. The Spreewald (Sprayvald) where she comes from, is a beautiful forest on the banks of the River Spree (Spray), in Germany. The country all around there is very marshy, and a large part of the forest is almost always under water; so that probably when this little girl wants to visit some of her little friends who live in another village she has to go in a canoe if it is in summer-time; and if it is in winter she rides in a sleigh drawn by horses, with gay, tinkling bells on their reins; or else she skates over the ice.



ILSE AND HER DOLLIE

People from Berlin,— which is the busy capital of Germany,— often take little pleasure-trips to the Spreewald, especially in spring-time, when it is most beautiful. But although they have so many visitors the peasants who live in this green forest have kept their own quaint old manners and customs. They still wear their pretty national costume and speak a language that is very different from ordinary German, and is very, very old. Often on the streets of Berlin one sees one of these pretty peasant girls, for many little children in the city have Spreewälderin nurses.

This little girl's name is Ilse (or as we would say, Elsa). Next month she is going to tell of a little friend of hers who lives in Czechoslovakia, a beautiful land of smiling fields and great forests.

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HAY FOR 'CHIEF' AND 'JACK' WHEN WINTER COMES

WHAT MOTHER NATURE DOES IN AUTUMN



EAVES are falling---now Autumn is here. All through the bright summer days Mother Nature has sent her children to a wonderful Kindergarten, where they teach each other many helpful lessons. The blossoms show the bees where to find the honey, and the bees tell the blossoms of the place to drop their seeds, and carry the yellow pollen from one to another in little mailbags.

The merry little breezes and the sunshine teach the corn to ripen to gold, and the waving cornfields teach the breezes to whistle music as they pass. The pebbles help the brook in its song, and the brook helps the pebbles on their journey down the hill.

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER



An Illustrated Magazine Devoted to the Higher Education of Youth

"IT IS NOT ONLY THE PRIVILEGE BUT ALSO THE DESTINY OF EVERY MAN TO LIVE NOBLY AND TO WORK TOWARDS PERFECTION."

—Katherine Tingley





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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
DEVOTED TO THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF YOUTH
Conducted by Students of the Râja-Yoga College

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RÂJA-YOGA MESSENGER

VOL. XVIII, NO. 6 NOVEMBER 1922

"DUTY *is the river that flows through life. Its tide is silvery to those who are on it, but threatening to those who approach it seldom.*"

—WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE . . ."

"And all the men and women merely players,
They have their exits and their entrances
And one man in his time plays many parts. . . ."

SO said our great Shakespeare some three hundred years ago, and expressed a whole philosophy in his words.

The Râja-Yoga students have the privilege of learning to appreciate the drama very keenly, for in the beautiful open-air Greek Theater at Point Loma — the first of its kind in America — they are given the opportunity of participating in the great works of Shakespeare and the Greek dramatists, as presented under the personal supervision of their teacher, Katherine Tingley. The recent spectacular presentation, before huge audiences, of Aeschylus' *Eumenides*, in which most of the Râja-Yoga students participated, makes the theme of this editorial peculiarly appropriate.

The Greeks, like other ancient peoples, believed that the great lessons of life could be very splendidly taught by means of dramatic presentations in which the story, action and dialog all meant much more — were symbolical of much more — than they seemed to be.

The Greek audiences, it is right to believe, were alive to these hidden meanings; and when they came in their thousands to sit perhaps for a whole day or several days in succession and witness the great tragic dramas of those master playwrights, Aeschylus and Sophocles, they felt they were attending a sacred celebration. They listened with reverence to the great lines; and saw in the plot and action an interpretation of some of the great problems and truths of their own lives.

Something — indeed, a great deal — of a similar atmosphere pervaded the recent presentation of *The Eumenides* in the Greek Theater. It was more

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a sacred festival in which players and auditors were alike participating than a mere entertainment or everyday dramatic presentation; and comments from those attending the play as well as written appreciations since received show that this was a new experience for the public, and that they carried away with them something sacred and unforgetable.

It is in participating in such presentations as these that one comes to realize that every great drama is really the story, disguised to a greater or less degree, of the *inner life* of man, of human existence. We have our exits and our entrances, and each of us "in his time plays many parts" in a larger sense than is generally understood. Each one of us is a play within a play. The (frequently) rather trivial 'sketch' of our outer life is but the setting for the great drama that is taking place within each of us wherein the plot develops slowly or quickly, now with dramatic intensity, now almost imperceptibly and without any apparent stage action, now with a vein of high comedy, now beneath a cloud of terrible tragedy, but ever moving steadily towards one grand *dénouement.*

In this outer 'sketch' some of us are very skilful with our 'make-up,' and can very nearly conceal the thing we are. In fact, sometimes we take it for granted that the concealment is perfect, forgetting that we have not all the gift

"Tae see oursels as ithers see us."

So we strut about in our little pretenses. We take ourselves very seriously, feeling very Sphinxes in our impenetrable obscurity. But all the time we are letting daylight through the flaws in our shallow devices; and our friends may read us like a book.

Then, too, some of us become so absorbed in the 'stage business' of our life-drama that we lose sight of the great plan and purpose of the play; so that when the curtain-cue comes and the lights are dimmed on the last act, we find ours has been but a poor presentation, with 'much ado about nothing' — leaving our great audience, the World, no whit better or wiser for our mouthing and antics.

— Yet all the while there has been going forward the great drama on the hidden stage — the drama more fascinating, more lasting, more intense, than all the tragedies and comedies of "this wide and universal theater," the world. It is indeed the key to all these other dramas, and furnishes the plot and inspiration for them. The *stage:* the nature of man himself; the *play:* continually in progress — ever changing, yet ever the same, real, dynamic, dramatic: *The Drama of the Two Selves:* DUALITY.

This play, the struggle between the Higher and the Lower Self, age-old, perennially fascinating and marvelous, more deeply mysterious and full of meaning than any drama from the pen of the greatest master, will be found

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to be the key to the deeper understanding of all the supreme masterpieces of every age and nation.

It is the Greater Drama, that ever has been and will never cease to be. We are all players in it, *must* all be players in it; and how we shall acquit ourselves depends upon the extent to which we have grasped and understood and *learned* our part. And the studying is done from hour to hour and from day to day in the simple acts and duties of our daily lives. This is the Eternal Drama. And all life is but an infinite series of varying settings for the one play.

Ignorant of its existence or meaning, we see in the outer drama a meaningless confusion; reading one's lines with a comprehension of it, the lights and shadows show up in their true values and the key to the entire drama is found. There is not a mystery of human nature that its comprehension will not solve, not a contradiction it will not explain; no comedy to which it will not add zest, nor tragedy in which it will not reveal a noble strain.

DUALITY — the Higher and Lower nature of man, the play of these dual forces—this is the key to life's drama and is itself the Supreme Drama on the stage called 'Life.' If we would learn to enact our role admirably on that stage, we must study until we have mastered this Great Plot. M. A. M.

A VERY NATURAL QUESTION



HY do we have wars? How many boys and girls, when they study their history-lessons, have not wondered at the long lists of them that fill the pages? — wars over the quarrels of kings and over pieces of land, wars in which thousands were killed and nothing was gained. Thousands and thousands of people all down the ages have been puzzled by the uselessness of it all, but still the wars go on. In olden times we read of kings who sent their armies to battle over some private feud; but nowadays when the people are ruled by themselves — or rather, by representatives chosen from among themselves — how is it that there can still be wars, when the people do not wish them?

Well, to begin with, a war is simply a big quarrel — simply a school-boys' fight on a very large scale. First somebody gets angry over something another says or does, and then the blows begin; people *begin taking sides* and pretty soon you have the whole school-yardful hitting and shouting at each other.

Now, in the very beginning if the first boy had not got angry over something that probably was not a bit worth hitting anybody over, the whole school would have been saved all its bruises and black eyes; so that really it comes right down to such a simple thing as that — it is up to the first boy

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to keep his temper and there will not be any fight. Now, who can possbily say who 'the first boy' is? Oh no, you cannot blame the statesmen and rulers — they are not really to blame any more than the Head Master in a school can prevent the school-boys fighting. No, 'the first boy' is each one of us, and with each one of us it rests to help keep the peace of the world.

You see, it is just like this — if every one kept his temper there would not be any quarrels, and if there were no quarrels there could not be any wars. Whereas if 'the first boy' loses his temper someone else will surely get angry and you can never tell how far the infection will spread.

Some people have sometimes had the foolish idea that it was weak not to hit back when they were insulted; but that just shows that they have never tried it themselves. If they had they would know that it is *ever* so much harder not to let oneself get angry, than to flare up and use one's fists.

There is an old saying that everybody knows well: "It takes two to make a quarrel"; but when you come right down to it there are two people within ourselves; and if we let them, they will always be quarreling and fighting. There is the Higher Self, who always stands up for the good, the pure, and the true; and the Lower self, who invariably takes sides with all that is mean and false. These two can never agree; and unless WE take command and force the Lower to obey the Higher Self we shall always have wars in our own little kingdoms. If the lower nature wins one battle it will never be content; it will go farther afield and try to find new realms for conquest. If it succeeds in getting control of our minds it will use *us* to try to gain prisoners in the minds of other people; for our lower nature is not ours alone, but only part of all the lower nature in the world. Just in the same way the Higher Selves of all men are One, so that every victory we gain in self-conquest is in reality a victory for the whole of Humanity.

Every war that ever happened began in the minds of men; and wars will go on happening until we — each one of us — realize that we are 'the first boy,' and that it is up to us to gain the victory over our lower self and to let the Higher rule in its own domain.

But we can go even beyond this conquest of the lower nature that makes us wish to harm our fellows; — we can open our hearts to them, we can feel that they are our brothers, and that there can be no greater joy for us than to help and to serve them. When we say "all men are our brothers" we can begin proving it right away by *doing a kindness* to one who was perhaps mean to us yesterday, or by saying a cheerful word when we feel a little bit cross. Yes, these are the things that bring peace and happiness into the world; for peace is something that must be worked for and built up by every man, woman, and child — particularly by the children, for they are to be the men and women of the future — if it is to be a lasting peace, a peace of all the Nations based on the Brotherhood of Man! M. A. B.

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AESCHYLUS, THE TEACHER

THE function of art is to teach — through music, painting, architecture, or any other branch that we know of; but its mission is to reveal the highest within us rather than to instruct the brain-mind. Through the power of reasoning we may learn that certain effects inevitably follow certain causes, and that it therefore behooves us to act so that only good results may follow.

But beyond and above this we have the power of intuition and of sympathy that make us understand more than we ever could through the intellect. So we take art to our aid. It is the quicker way. We must place the great realities, in all their simple grandeur, before human eyes, and the human part of us will be silenced, while our Higher Self recognises its source. We must be made to believe; and an object-lesson through art, or from life around us, convinces us much better than any amount of reasoning.

Take for instance the child who has never seen the ocean; only drops of water, pools, and little brooks. Someone tells him there are bodies of water so large that one can sail for weeks and never see the shore. "If I look very, very hard," he thinks, "I am sure I could see the other side." Then someone takes him on a ship and he finds himself in mid-ocean. All doubt is gone: he sees the ocean — and he knows. As long as he depended upon his mind, he doubted; but when his eyes saw, he believed.

Just as this child, we may reason to ourselves that as we sow, so must we also reap; but it is seldom that we watch ourselves so carefully that we fully realize each event to be the result of former acts and events. So we need teachers who will make this plain to us and show us that it is the law of life, and that we cannot escape the harvest of what we have sown.

Aeschylus of Athens showed this law to the Athenians, though to limit him to Athens would be wrong. His plays contained eternal truths, and so he will live for ever. The events of his life from B. C. 525 to 456 would make a fascinating tale of a genius, brilliant as a soldier and a poet; but it is of the teacher, the initiate, the champion of the Soul of Greece that we are speaking now. He must be sought for and found in his dramas, of which now only seven are left, though it is reported that he wrote ninety. Yet in order better to understand his position as a teacher let us take a glance at his life and the period in which he lived.

When Aeschylus was a boy, eleven years old, the tyrant Hipparchus fell, and there ensued the democracy of Cleisthenes. Then followed the struggle with the neighboring island of Aegina; and later, when Aeschylus was thirty-five, came the Persian War with immortal Marathon. Aeschylus was there, and fought so bravely that the State had his portrait appear in a battle-picture commemorating the victory. Salamis was fought and again the poet was the soldier. Athens, rising, kindled a warm flame of patriotism in his heart, so that later he rose to protest when she took the downward path.

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He had been defeated in 499 in the yearly dramatic contests by two poets older than himself, Choerilos and Pratinas, and started on a trip to Sicily. His seven years' absence is of importance, as Sicily was the home of one of the Pythagorean Schools, and here Aeschylus probably became an initiate in the Pythagorean Mysteries.



THE FATHER OF THE DRAMA

Athens grew selfish, grasping and materialistic — as can be seen by the way she treated the surrounding islands she conquered. She was bent on becoming supreme among the Greek states; and Aeschylus wrote a play, *Seven Against Thebes*, in which he made protest against her ambitious policy. Athens recognised the truth of his words, resented it, and accused and tried him for "profanation of the Mysteries." Aeschylus pleaded that he did not know that his lines revealed anything pertaining to the Mysteries — that is, the Mysteries at Eleusis, which at that time might be called the national religion of Greece, most of the prominent Hellenes being initiated. As Aeschylus was not then one of them he may have received his knowledge elsewhere, probably in Sicily. He was acquitted, but betook himself again to Sicily.

During the reign of Pericles he returned again to Athens — that was in 458, two years before his death. Taking the viewpoint of our history books we usually think of the Age of Pericles as a kind of Golden Age. But if we read the plays of Aeschylus we shall see that he did not think this. He saw

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the downward march of Athenian progress, and with all his power he called to her to stop.

The Persians, *The Suppliants*, the *Seven against Thebes*, the *Prometheus Bound*, and the complete Orestean trilogy of *Agamemnon*, *The Choephori*, and *The Eumenides* are all charged with the warnings and the wisdom of the great Teacher. Athens should be made to see whither she was bound. She saw — she must have seen; but though she still accepted and always would honor the poet, she resented and grew intolerant of the Teacher, and her greatness passed from her.

But Aeschylus, dead, and unheeded of his time, still lives. His works have still an honored place on the modern stage; and though their political import means little to us now, his pictures of the human soul, with its sufferings and its triumphs, have their eternal value, and mark him today, as in the days of Ancient Greece, as Aeschylus the Teacher. K. N.



International Studio

MY SOUL AND I

J. G. WHITTIER

LIKE warp and woof all destinies
Are woven fast,
Linked in sympathy like the keys
Of an organ vast.

Pluck one thread and the web ye mar;
Break but one
Of a thousand keys and the paining jar
Through all will run.

. . . . . .

Back to thyself is measured well
All thou hast given;
Thy neighbor's wrong is thy present hell,
His bliss, thy heaven.

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'THE EUMENIDES' IN LOMALAND

By a Râja-Yoga Student

TWENTY-FOUR hundred years ago, when Greece was in the flower of her civilization, the tragedian Aeschylus wrote *The Eumenides;* and twenty-four hundred years ago the people of Greece thronged to Athens, and from seats hollowed from the hillside which slopes to the north and south and east, with the sun overhead, and the blue Aegean before their eyes, they witnessed this play. Centuries have rolled by and the flood of civilization has moved westwards, and Greece has sunk from the crest-wave of action; but the plays of her great dramatists still live; *The Eumenides* was more potent than ever before when, in September, 1922, in Lomaland of the West, the great drama was revived by Madame Katherine Tingley.



Many plays have been presented at the Greek Theater under Katherine Tingley's personal direction; but not for several years has a Greek play been acted there. So the announcement of *The Eumenides* added enthusiasm to the interest that always prevails when it is known that a drama is to be performed at Point Loma; and people as far away as Los Angeles and even San Francisco motored down to enjoy this unique performance. It is now well recognised that the Lomaland players have no ordinary standard of dramatic art. They love art for humanity's sake; and find in the drama an outlet for the highest in their natures; and believe that it is a force that in coming ages shall grow stronger and stronger and become a power in the teaching and redeeming of mankind.

The circumstances under which a play at Point Loma is produced are unique; for all the work — from the sweeping of the theater to the writing of special music — is done by the resident students; and it is all a labor of love. The boys and girls help in many ways, and in doing so gain experience in all the departments of the arts of representation. In order to view these prepara-

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tions, let us on the breath of a friendly wind, unseen by others, take our way to Lomaland, and see if we can find the secret of the success which always attends the performances of the Râja-Yoga players.

We silently enter a large room in one of the school buildings where many people are busy morning, afternoon, and evening in fashioning the costumes, not only for Athena, Apollo, and Orestes, but for all the others, whose dress must be perfect in order to make a beautiful picture. Helmets and breast-plates must be made for the soldiers, and for the score or more of archers, greaves and tunics. The dull black garments with claw-like hands and fingers, that cover the whole body and show only a masked and evil face, are for the Furies, and also the flower-decked dresses, worn beneath, in which they dance the exquisite Greek dances, after Athena, causing them to cast aside their coverings of hate, has changed them from powers of darkness to powers of light.

The Torchbearers' and Judges' costumes are there, the one a vesture of crimson and gold, the other the flowing robe of the Grecian senator. And the sandals worn by every person in the play — and there are nearly two hundred in it — are made here. In another room a group of girls are busy gilding the sandals; others are busy with designing-board and dye-pot preparing the decorations for the costumes. Everywhere interest and enthusiasm and the joyous hum of voluntary industry.

As we make our invisible way to the Aryan Theosophical Press, we pass a large truckload of posters advertising the play. By the end of the day these signs will be up along many a road and highway leading to San Diego. At the Press we see the tickets and programs and window-cards being set up and printed by the college students who are being trained in this department.

As for the stage little is needed. There is the theater, there the trees and wooded slopes running down to the sea — all just as it was in Greece; but we find the Construction Department fashioning a chariot for Athena with a Gorgon's head on the front. Several altars have also been designed and decorated in gold and blue, and here also the large posters are fixed to boards and made ready for distribution.

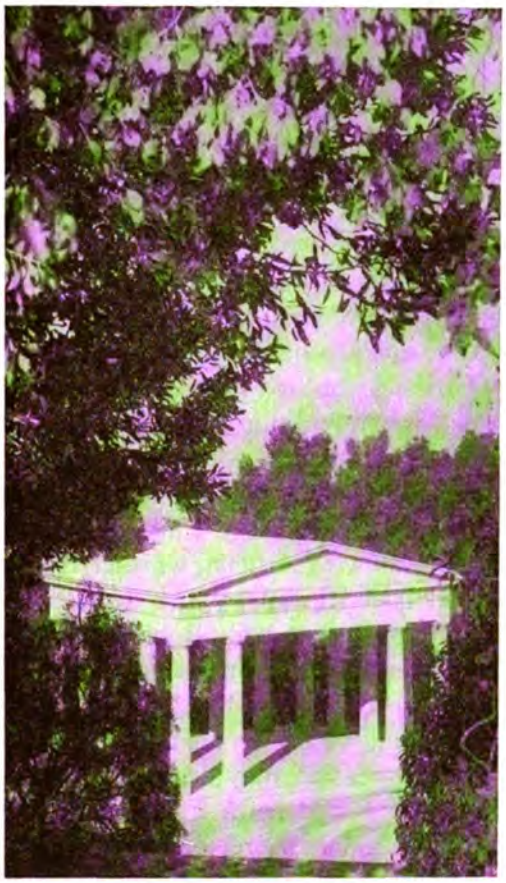
Then there are rehearsals of the speaking parts, of the choruses, of the dances, and of the orchestra, and as each of these becomes separately perfected, the general rehearsals are attempted, at which the electric lights and lighting effects are tried, and the ensemble work begun. Madame Tingley personally directs these rehearsals, showing the players all the gestures and inflections of voice rightly to interpret their rôles. . . . All this we watch, struck by the mastery of detail, the unwavering enthusiasm and the *great unity of purpose* that exists; and we realize that more than any other thing, the unity of purpose of all the participants spells the secret of success.

The day of presentation arrives; and amid the last preparations — the

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wreathing of garlands; the cutting of foliage for the theater by students of the Forestry Department; and the placing of cushions for the spectators — we steal quietly away on our friendly little zephyr, deeply impressed and eager to attend the play.

Soon after sunset hundreds of motor-cars are hurrying to reach Point Loma. From one of these let us alight at the Roman gateway, the main entrance to the grounds. As we ascend the hill, Lomaland bursts on us in all its night-time beauty.



ONE OF THE BEAUTY-SPOTS
The Greek Theater on a bright morning

The pale green of the Academy and the roseate purple of the Temple domes seem like fairy palaces as we ride by. Hundreds of colored lanterns peer through the eucalypts and pepper trees like hosts of diligent glow-worms; and like an enchantress, high in the heavens the gibbous moon serenely steers her way.

There is a magic about it all that is so bewitching that you forget self and scarce know how you get to the theater. There the greater and more inspiring beauty before you carries you far away, and you awake — not your accustomed workaday self — he is left thousands and thousands of miles away—and all his concerns and worries. Now You awake, the real You that you so rarely meet — and find yourself in a land of gods, of beauty, of purity and grandeur. Before you stands the Greek stoa, its chaste outlines relieved by the darkness of the clustering trees, and through the columns, just visible in the moonlight, shimmers the sea. And then the music, played by an unseen orchestra, seems to well up from the depths of the earth and float through the air on wings of delight. The last notes of the Prelude die away, and the play begins.

The first scene is at the shrine of Apollo, some two hundred feet from the theater on the top of a hill to the south. The Pythoness, keeping chaste and holy watch over the altar within the temple, is chilled with horror on

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seeing round about her, fast asleep, the hideous forms of strange creatures clad in dark garments, with faces bespeaking the vilest hate, and claws curving even in sleep as though to clutch and devour their victim. Frightened nearly to death she escapes from their presence, and flees down the hill, scarce finding the strength to wail forth words of terror and fear. She rushes across the theater, not knowing where to go and, expecting anywhere to meet those dreadful shapes, she turns hither and thither and disappears in the darkness.

Then, still up on the hill, appear Apollo, in white robes and with a wreath of laurel, and his fleet-footed messenger, Hermes; and following them Orestes, in Grecian traveler's garb, who kneels suppliant at the shrine of the great sun-god and demands to be freed from the terrible Furies who haunt him day and night.

Orestes has taken a human life; but Apollo has cleansed him of his guilt because the deed had been done, not in any ignoble way, and with no evil in his heart; but quite consciously to avenge his father's death, and at the bidding of Loxias himself. And so because he had been obedient to the gods — which comes first in all things — Apollo had purged his soul of guilt. But Orestes has been chased ever since by these terrible spirits of darkness in horrible guise. In desperation he has again sought Apollo's temple.

At Orestes' plea Apollo promises him again to assist him with all his power, and bids him lay his case before all-knowing Athena, whither Hermes will conduct him. Orestes accedes, and is led away by the winged god.

Now creeps up from the darkness the infuriated ghost of the wicked Clytemnestra, who beholds the avenger of her husband thus escaping from his pursuers. She perceives them asleep on the top of the hill, and calls upon them to awake and hurry after their victim. They moan and groan, too tired with their chase, until after bitter exhortation they arouse themselves and the vengeful ghost departs. When the Furies learn from Apollo that their prey has fled, with frightful howls of rage they precipitate themselves down the hill in hot pursuit.

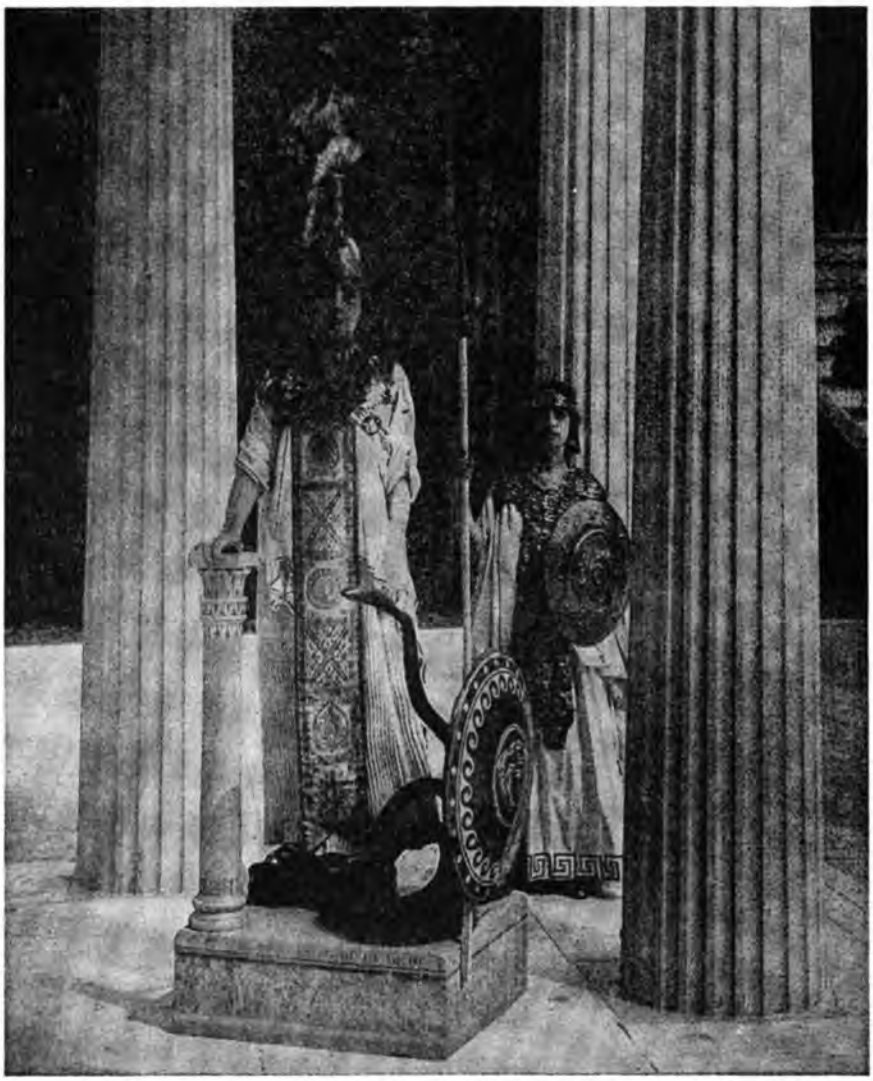
The scene that follows takes place in Athens; the actors now appear in the theater proper before the large temple. Orestes comes rushing in and throws himself down at Athena's altar, closely followed by the foremost Furies, who have traced him thither. Then Athena appears in her chariot drawn by two milk-white steeds, and at her coming spring up red fires in great clouds of brightness that surround Athena with glory, so that it seems truly as though the great and wise Goddess has just descended from heaven.

To her Orestes puts his case, Apollo acting as his counsel; and before her, too, the Furies lay their charge, both parties willing to abide her decision. The great religious drama unfolds before us; we begin to feel there is something deeper in the trials and sufferings of Orestes, and his being purged of

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sin because of his obedience to the divine powers of light and truth. We watch, intensely interested: watch as those watch who wish to learn.

Athena summons twelve of the leading Areopagites of the city to judge



ATHENA SUMMONING THE JUDGES

the case — retaining, however, the right of casting her vote on whichever side she thinks best.

The trumpet sounds, the fires blaze in green and crimson colors; and up from the canyon, with slow and venerable steps, six from each side, come the Judges, and make obeisance to Athena. Behind them march soldiers, gorgeously arrayed in gilt breastplates and capes and bronze helmets, who

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take their place on either side of the temple, in which Athena has taken her stand as arbiter.

Then the case is put before the Judges, each party pleading his cause eloquently. And Athena announces that if the votes are even, her vote she will cast for Orestes; for he has expiated by duty and devotion all evil that accrued to him from his parent's wickedness; and lastly she, seconded by Apollo, warns the Judges to count the balloting pebbles with care. While the Judges go through the solemn ceremony the Furies writhe up and down, as with vile contortions they try to cast their evil spells on the voters.

Then the leading Areopagite announces: "Athena, Queen, the pebbles show that equal are the castings of the vote." And Athena answers,— in voice that rings throughout the theater and seems to echo and re-echo with strengthened vibrancy across the hills and vales — declares her vote for Orestes, declares him free, by the will of heaven and by the divine law of compassion and righteousness — free to wend his way to his Argive home!

In despair and wrath the Furies cast themselves on the ground, speechless at their defeat. Finally they recover and rush at Orestes as he bids farewell to his savior Athena, raging and howling at him as he pursues his happy way homeward.

And then most wonderful of all — Athena accosts these dark shades, and by her wisdom and unbounded compassion, transforms those terrible fiends of darkness and of dread into the Eumenides, spirits of love and helpfulness.

Again the trumpet sounds, the lights go down, and far away, steadily winding among the turns of the canyon are seen — one line to the south. the other to the north — the torches borne by those who are to conduct the Eumenides to their new abodes. Nearer and nearer they come in regular line, until they are stationed behind the soldiers.

Lights again, and the Furies, throwing off their old black garments of dread, spring into new life, clad in virgin white. They perform the Greek dances which Katherine Tingley has revived — so graceful in every movement, so perfect in every detail. Like spirits they seemed to float around, defying all things of the earth, and dancing with such rhythm, such beauty and unity of action, that not the world over could one find their like. They had worked hard all evening as Furies; but with their cast-off garments seemed to have fled all fatigue; and their movements so lithe and graceful speak well for the physical training given to Râja-Yogas.

The dance finished, they sang a farewell chorus before the final picture. — That picture, of transcendent beauty, must have stayed for days in the spectators' mind, only to return again and again in moments of thought — of the goddess Athena in her temple, erect and noble at her altar, Orestes and Hermes nearby, the whole vast assembly of soldiers, judges, torchbearers, archers, flower-girls, and the transformed Eumenides marching round in

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perfect array, and then forming in lines facing the audience. And the fires blaze forth and light the whole sky so that as far as the eye can reach, the heavens are exultant with the glow of victory.

Exquisite was the scene when, as the audience sat spellbound, softly stealing forth from the throb of triumph that seemed to thrill the air, the Eumenides sang the farewell chorus again, and it was like music of the gods, so sweet, so pure, and so enchanting was it: a benediction. And then it sounded softer and softer, and as though on angel wings the last note was borne out on the still air like a wisp of silvery cloud that unseen melts into the blue of eternity.

What a dream had it been! Nay, what an awakening; what an opening of the doors of life, and a vision of the immutable justice of the Gods!

Surely that whole audience when it did rise to leave after enthusiastic applause felt new-born. All had been changed in some way; their outlook on life was deeper, their resolve more strong to be of service to the world. The reason they may not know or maybe cannot define; but they had caught the thrill of true art — great teacher of nations and of civilizations! E. S.

AMY LESTER REINEMAN

A Pioneer Râja-Yoga Teacher; Directress of the former Râja-Yoga Academy at Pinar del Río, Cuba, and until her death on August 26th, 1922, of the Juvenile Home at the Râja-Yoga College, Point Loma. The following was written by a former Cuban pupil — a tribute of such love and respect as was felt for Mrs. Reineman by all who knew her.



PRECIOUS LIFE has just come to its close.

"Although myself unable to make such a eulogy as this cultured and refined woman so richly merits, I wish, albeit weakly, to render to her memory my tribute of deepest respect and sympathy.

"She was the Directress of that Râja-Yoga Academy which, unfortunately for us, was closed, and where we received not merely solid instruction but a splendid training as well.

"The occasion of the farewell to those beloved teachers was a most touching one; for in our sadness there was not one amongst us able to keep back the bitter tears.

"A little over a decade has passed since then, and during all this time the wise teachings inculcated during that glorious period have been a living force in the hearts of those fortunate enough to have had that training.

"In the name of all those who were their pupils I offer to Mr. Kurt E. Reineman, resident at Point Loma, California, and likewise of most grateful memory, the assurance of our warmest and tenderest sympathy."

— TEATINO CAMACHO, in *Studio* (Pinar del Río, Cuba)

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'THE LAND OF A THOUSAND LAKES'

FINLAND

THERE is a land in the north of Europe that is mostly lakes, forests and big lonely marshes. Its people call it *Suomi*, or 'marsh-land.' It is not a large country; it cannot boast of material riches, dominion over vast territories or far-lying colonies. But it has riches far more precious than these: men and women of unusual qualities of heart and head; a literature of surprising compass; a national music of extraordinary achievement and promise; and, as inspiration, a country of such rare beauty that it has merited many endearing names: 'The Land of a Thousand Lakes,' 'Lost Daughter of the Sea,' and 'The Land of the Rowan Tree.'

Finland should be visited in the summertime, when the islands are green and flowers drop their sweetness into the swift-flowing streams; for few countries have as beautiful an approach as this 'Land of Wood and Water.' It is with a lavish hand that the Master-Artist who formed the mainland scattered stray bits of loose material into the sea. And these rose up, found themselves islands, and were beautiful.

Sea and sky vie in blueness as the steamer seeks its way into the harbor of Helsingfors; and few cities are as clean, cultured and progressive.

Helsingfors is now the capital of a small but free republic; but time was — and not so long ago — when Finland was governed by foreign powers. Swedish rule began there in the twelfth century, and in 1809 the administration of the realm passed into the hands of the Russians; and it was only at the close of the war that she gained complete independence. These diverse

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foreign influences might seem detrimental to any vital national expression; — one might almost expect a submersion of originality and an adoption of foreign customs, traditions, and modes of thought; but fortunately — not only for Finland, but for the world — the reverse has been the case.

Finland has given to the world an epic on a par with the *Iliad* of ancient Hellas, the *Hávamál* of the Scandinavians, and the *Niebelungenlied* of the Germans. It is the *Kalevala* — the 'Land of Heroes.' The meter of this poem is not unfamiliar to most of our readers, as Longfellow availed himself of it in his *Hiawatha*. The *Kalevala* is truly a product of the people, and more particularly of the race inhabiting the western part of the land, the Karelians. Through their poetic, imaginative, light-hearted and laughter-loving temperament, these Karelians form a marked contrast to their eastern neighbors, the Tavast Finns, who are characterized by their patience, endurance, strength of character and conservatism. The Karelians have been said to possess no little resemblance to the Welsh and the Irish; and no one who writes about them ever fails to tell the story of the peasant, who was out walking one morning at sunrise. It was springtime. The glittering dew had not yet



FINLAND: AMONG THE LAKES AND ISLES

departed from the grass. Coming to a field of young corn, he paused in rapt contemplation of its beauty, and as he could not bear to trample on the tender green stalks, he got four men to carry him across!

But to return to the *Kalevala*. The various songs of this epic were preserved in fragments by the peasants themselves and handed down by word

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of mouth from generation to generation. Particularly were these preserved in the memories of the old *runo*-singers, a class of traditional bards; but there had been no complete collection essayed of these fragments until Elias Lönnrot conceived the idea of weaving them into one complete epic.

Lönnrot was a peasant lad — one of a large family — who distinguished himself among his brothers and playmates by preferring to climb high in a tree and read some borrowed book, rather than join in the more robust games of his companions. He received the scanty education of most peasant lads, which generally was limited to the rudiments of reading and writing. But this did not satisfy the young Elias; so he made friends with the neighboring curate, who in exchange for small services taught the boy all he knew of Latin and mathematics. Still hungering for more knowledge, Elias next pleaded to be sent to the university; but being too poor to grant this wish, his father set him to learn the useful trade of tailoring. But "where there is a will, there is a way"; and by dint of many privations and much hard work, Elias not only passed through the university, but became one of the chief luminaries in the constellation of Finnish authors.

Lönnrot achieved the collection of his songs by dressing himself as a peasant and wandering from house to house, listening and writing down, while his own genius gave the poem its form. The subject matter of course is very old, and deals with gigantic, primitive characters — in reality the elements and forces of nature, or symbols of the hidden powers of the soul. Hence the striking contrasts of might and weakness, beauty and ugliness, tenderness and cruelty. Read the description of the Rainbow Maiden:

"Clad in robes of dazzling luster,
Clad in raiment white and shining,
There a golden fabric weaving,
And her shuttle was all golden,
And her comb was all of silver.
From her hand flew swift the shuttle,
In her hands the reel was turning,
And the copper shafts they clattered,
And the silver comb resounded,
As the maiden wove the fabric,
And with silver interwove it."

Contrast this with one of the 'dainty dishes' served at the wedding-banquet of Ilmarinen the Mighty Smith and the Rainbow Maiden: no less than an Ox whose back touched the clouds and whose horns reckoned a hundred fathoms. It required a thousand men to drag him in; —

"For a week there ran an ermine
All along the yoke he carried,
All day long there flew a swallow
'Twixt the mighty ox's horn-tips,
Striving through the space to hasten,
Nor found resting-place between them
Month-long ran a summer squirrel
From his neck unto his tail-end,
Nor did he attain the tail-tip,
Till a month had quite passed over."

And so on through many 'a tale of strange adventure': of giant beings and titanic happenings, stories of fairy-magic and star-wizards, of heroic deed and achievement. Through it all, in these songs of the peasant balladists, we can catch a glimpse — a faint picturing — of a remote and mighty

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past, which we feel ancient Suomi must have lived and shared with other and sister-nations, equally great: an age of spiritual beauty and heroic living — a time when all men were brothers. These things are surely a promise for the future, which all nations can aspire to and *work for here and now;* and we see in Finland's spirit of progress, which has a *vital* quality of strength and solidity, an inspiring assurance of the place her people will take in that glorious enterprise. If one were but to judge by her sound out-of-door life, physically to build up the nation; her splendid system of education, mentally to equip her youth; and her practical encouragement to artists, musicians and writers, spiritually to enrich her people and the world's people; one would not hesitate to prophesy such a future for her. K. N.



MY COMFORTER

THE world had all gone wrong
that day,
And tired and in despair,
Discouraged with the ways of life,
I sank into my chair.

A soft caress fell on my cheek,
My hands were thrust apart
And two big sympathizing eyes
Gazed down into my heart.

I had a friend; what cared I now
For fifty worlds! I knew
One heart was anxious when I grieved—
My dog's heart, loyal, true.

"God bless him," breathed I, soft
and low,
And hugged him close and tight,
One lingering lick upon my ear
And we were happy — quite.

— Selected from 'THE OPEN DOOR'

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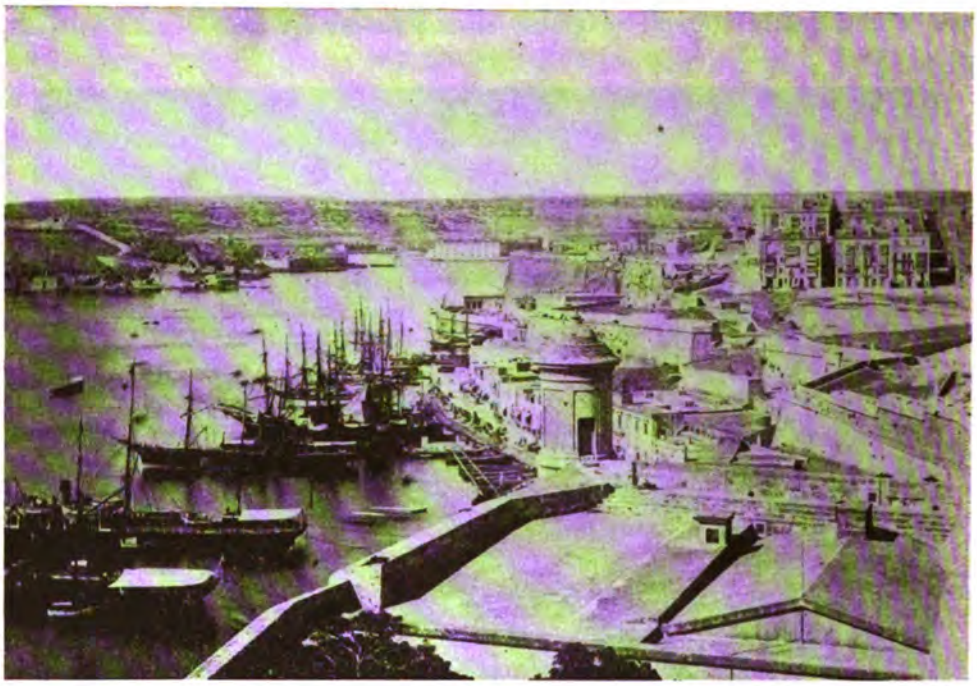
EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A VOYAGER

PART II

Malta, August 6, 1886

WE arrived here yesterday morning, and it being the height of summer, the weather is *very hot indeed*. Malta is a grand place to see, only you want six weeks to see it — and we shall probably have six hours. . . .

Yesterday morning at about nine o'clock we were near enough to the Island of Gozo for us to see the buildings as we passed along, and by twelve o'clock the ship was safely moored about two miles up Valetta



VALETTA HARBOR, MALTA: THE OLD FORTIFICATIONS

Harbor. The same description of the general features pertaining to the South of Spain is also applicable here — the cloudless sky, and the heat (which is much greater here than in other places in the same latitude); also the roofed houses and narrow streets and the general glare and whiteness of everything: houses, soil, and even the mud being almost white, which imparts a general air of cleanliness. The whole fabric of the islands appears very similar to fine lime-stone, and the barren-looking soil is divided into fields for potatoes. Thickly scattered over the Island of Gozo are old fortifications and some very Moorish-looking buildings.

On nearing Malta and the fine city of Valetta and the two other towns opposite, we had a continuous panorama of interest. When we went on

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shore we had plenty of opportunity for seeing the Maltese dress. Strange to say, the women are mostly dressed in black, and with the curious black silk hood, look something like nuns. The hood is gathered up at the right side, and from the pleats a stiff wire runs, which is held by the left hand; and the hood, being fastened to the wire all the way round, forms a miniature canopy which both shades the eyes and allows the view to be uninterrupted. The men about the harbor are mostly very lightly dressed, the average costume consisting of two garments: blue Dungaree shirt, and trousers of the same material. Consequently they all appear clean, the only difference being in the various shades of blue through which the material graduates after repeated washings. A pleasant variety is also observable in the patching of the said garments. It is curious to see the 'gentlemen' of the town walking about, some of them all in white from necktie to shoe, with fans sticking out of their pockets, and of course with umbrellas.

The harbor and town form one mass,— an intricate network — of fortifications, erected in the time of the Crusades, and from that period continually elaborated and added to. Beautiful gateways and old drawbridges with portcullises spanning the deep trench winding in and out, meet the eye constantly; and bastions of immense strength with picturesque watch-towers erected upon, and overhanging, the corners.

Valetta contains about 2300 inhabitants, yet the number of fine buildings is astonishing. The secret is of course the wealth of many of the inhabitants, descendants probably of the old Knights of St. John. Everything is on an elaborate and beautiful scale; this is shown by the new theater, a building which for richness of carving and beauty of architecture combined is not to be equalled in Liverpool, a place twenty-five times as large. In the church of St. John alone — founded by the old Knights — there are pictures enough to stock an art gallery: originals by Guido, Rubens, Sebastian, Michelangelo, and others. The sculpture also is superb, and in fact the painting of the ceilings and arches, the carvings and gildings of the walls, and the mosaics of marble forming the floor, all are something wonderful. All this dates back to the time of the Knights of Malta, when the island was a species of haven of rest for them between their excurisons to Palestine.

Government House alone is worth going to Malta to see: the beautiful courtyards filled with tropical plants, the armory some hundreds of feet long, the magnificent marble staircases and walls, and numerous ancient objects of interest, and above all, the Council Chamber, where in times gone by the Grand Masters held their meetings. This chamber is hung with tapestries from floor to ceiling, over three hundred years old, the richness of color and beauty of design in which would vie with the most beautiful paintings. Some of these are twenty feet square, and, we were told, are absolutely priceless.

In architecture the style ranges from a simple cube containing one room

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(all in Eastern style) to larger cubes with a courtyard in the center, generally having all the windows in the house looking into it and presenting a blank wall to the outside. The courtyard is often an enchanting little garden with probably a palm-tree or a fountain in the center, and a veranda formed by the vines all around. As for flowers, there were many,— not small plants as we have them, but large trees like a rhododendron, say twenty to thirty feet high. We have also seen many double geraniums, six or seven feet high and one mass of bloom, with their stems two or three inches thick.

We went yesterday afternoon to Floriana gardens, a drive of five or six miles. The beauty and profusion of the plants almost defies description: vines growing in such lavishness as to trail and encroach on the footpaths everywhere, orange and lemon trees full of fruit, large cypresses, lovely creepers in a mass of bloom, and many large trees in full flower: there are also cactus plants of many kinds. Beautiful lizards run about, alarmed by our every step; and we see numbers of fine butterflies.

Malta being hilly, the town of Valetta is in parts constructed of flights of steps. Fancy looking up a narrow street, with fine houses and balconies, and instead of a road a long flight of steps to the end of the street. The whitish stone steps appear in perspective almost as a thin ladder reaching into the sky. Most peculiar also does the sky look, when seen between the high houses and long streets. It is a very deep blue, and when the vista is towards the sea the horizon sometimes cannot be distinguished, the blueness of the sky merging imperceptibly into that of the water, and forming a wide slightly hazy belt.

The fruit-shops are visible at every turning: most luscious grapes, plums, peaches, and other fruit being retailed at about one penny a pound. In picturesque distinctness in this land of dazzling whiteness, the gaily caparisoned mules and horses, carts, boats in the harbor, all gaudily colored, form a pleasing relief. The scene is often not unlike Venice, of the painted gondolas.

(*To be continued*)

BEACON-LIGHTS UPON THE WAY

"WERE a star quenched on high,
For ages would its light,
Still traveling downward from the sky,
Shine on our mortal sight.
So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."— *Longfellow*

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Once when he was naughty she told him to stand in the corner for ten minutes. She then left the room, but returned at the end of the allotted time. "Now, Louis," she said, "your time is up, you may come out now." There was no answer from the corner where Louis stood motionless with his back to her. Upon repeating her words, he turned about, and putting his finger to his lips, whispered: "Hush, I'm telling myself a story!"

Though Louis was born in Edinburgh, he lived most of the year at The Manse, the beautiful country home of his aunt. Its huge lawns and half-wild gardens were a fitting playground for this imaginative child; and this outdoor life meant more in the development of his genius than any amount of grammar and mathematics could have done.

For generations the Stevensons had been brilliant engineers, famous throughout the world as the builders of the great lighthouses that made safer the perilous coasts of North Scotland. It was the dearest wish of Louis's father that his son should carry on his work. To this end he would often take the boy with him to the northern coasts to study these great structures. Louis respected his father's capable scientific mind and admired the courage and daring exhibited in lighthouse construction; but he was born to write, and all the admiration he showed for his father's genius could not be converted into zeal for the work itself. Instead of scientific knowledge, he brought back from his northern trips notebooks filled with vivid word-pictures of the natural scenery, of the ancient ruins and the ways of the people. Of one ruined castle he writes: "There were times when I thought I could have heard the pious sound of psalms out of the martyr's dungeons, and seen the soldiers tramp the ramparts with their glinting pikes, and the dawn rising behind them out of the North Sea."

He was not a failure at engineering, however. He worked valiantly in this line for many years, and was even successful enough to receive a medal for a new form of intermittent light which he had invented. But Louis knew that it was not civil engineering that he had been living for these twenty years. At last his father reluctantly had to admit this also; but suggested instead a turn at Law. With the energy of a determined will he persevered for five years at this; nor did he relinquish his studies until he could prove satisfactorily to his father that he had made no failure.

When at length he was left free to develop the gift that was given him he was only twenty-five. As a boy he had always been pointed out as an idler; the fruits of his 'idleness' were now to be brought forth. From his travels with his father, from his wide circle of friends, from his roamings through Edinburgh, from his college life and vacation days, he had gathered a huge store of experience. Nothing escaped him. He never went anywhere without a notebook to jot down impressions. Truly he was well equipped to start a life-work. His essays in the Edinburgh papers had already at-

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tracted some attention; but in his modesty he laughed when his friends assured him that within ten years 'Stevenson's Works' would be common words on the lips of the world.

Stevenson was a roving spirit. Besides, being compelled to travel in search of health, he never stayed long in one place. It was during his stay in Southern France that he wrote his *Child's Garden of Verses*. He possessed then, and always retained, the keen and unconventional imagination, the open generosity and the spontaneous enjoyment of a child. Perhaps that is why he could, as one of his biographers puts it: "scramble down the ladder of his ages and re-enjoy a past experience without any disenchanting intrusion of his later and maturer consciousness."

It was also in France that he met the woman who later became his wife. After their marriage she filled the place in his later years that his nurse had in his childhood. She not only made his days happy and comfortable, but she was his most valuable literary critic.

He traveled in France, Holland, Belgium, and a large part of the United States. Wherever he went, it was the small towns, the out-of-the-way and unpretentious places that he dwelt longest in, and remembered. Possibly this may have been because in his travels he was always searching for background for his stories that would be varied and consistent with the tale, and yet not of such striking character that it would detract from the story in hand.

Treasure Island was the first book of his which made a grand success. The idea for the story came to him quite by chance. He was spending a lazy afternoon drawing anything and everything that came into his brain. Among other things he happened to draw the map of an island which he colored elaborately, fitting it out with harbors and forests. It greatly pleased his fancy, and he decided to call it 'Treasure Island.' With the pronouncing of the name a story flashed before his mind. In a minute his crayons and water-colors were pushed aside and with notebook before him he scribbled down a list of chapters. In a few weeks the story was complete.

He conceived the idea for *The Master of Ballantrae* while sojourning in the frigid atmosphere of the American Adirondacks. In like manner his *Prince Otto*, the *New Arabian Nights*, *Kidnapped*, and others of his most famous books, though fictitious in subject matter, are laid in scenes that he was familiar with through his travels.

The most interesting years of his life were those he spent among the South Sea islands. It was by mere chance that he went there; nor did he realize until later what a splendid thing for his health and work were these luxuriant, reposeful, life-giving regions. After a year of cruising among the islands, he chose the beautiful Upolu of the Samoan group on which to build a home.

He bought a large tract of land, built and furnished his house in grand

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style, and laid out his extensive grounds with pineapple, banana and cocoa, vegetable and flower-gardens, and splendid tennis courts. He lived here almost like a feudal chief, with the adoring natives as his retainers; always



kept open house; received guests from all parts of the world; and never let a holiday pass by, whether English, American, or Samoan, without some fitting celebration. Wrote his old-time friend, Edmund Gosse,

Now the skies are pure above you,
Tusitala;
Feather'd trees bow down to love you;
Perfum'd winds from shining waters
Stir the sanguine-leav'd hibiscus
That your kingdom's dusk-ey'd daughters
Weave about their shining tresses;
Dew-fed guavas drop their viscous
Honey at the sun's caresses
Where eternal summer blesses
Your ethereal musky highlands,—
Ah! but does your heart remember,
Tusitala,
Westward in our Scotch September,
Blue against the pale sun's ember,—
That low rim of faint long islands,
Barren granite-snouled nesses
Plunging in the dull'd Atlantic, . . .

It was the natives of these islands who named him Tusitala, the Teller of Tales. He merited this title till his last days; for during his island-life he wrote with even greater speed and brilliancy than formerly. His health was never better. When death came upon him in 1894, it was not with a long and lingering illness, but a quick and sudden call to a rest that he had well earned. As the news of his death spread, the natives flocked from all parts of the island, and marched past his couch with offerings to their chief.

Stevenson is known to have had more personal friends than any other famous man whose life was as short as his. He was not only the intimate friend of such literary lights as Andrew Lang, William Ernest Henley, Edmund Gosse, and Sir Sydney Colvin, but often formed close friendships

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with the numerous cab-drivers, inn-keepers, and stray wayfarers whom he met in his travels. This must have been partly due to the fact that he always radiated an atmosphere of sunshine and goodwill. He was not naturally of a jovial disposition; but he believed that it was the *duty of every human being* to keep his sorrows, trials and disappointments to himself, and show to others only the happiest side of the nature. He not only believed this but lived it, so that it was hard for many people to believe that he ever suffered from sickness.

With all his happy nature he was a great worker. He saw that nothing was possible without labor. He said: "A man must learn to make a table or a shoe; a man must also learn to make a story or a poem or a play." Thus it was through years of labor that he produced what he did — essays, fables, plays, romances, critical reviews, poems and novels. In all these lines he won marvelous success, but it is in his one short story, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, that he strikes the greatest depths. Here he has given the world a vivid and convincing picture of the two natures in man, and the struggle that these two carry on at all times for mastery. The great truth put forth in this story is the clue to the greatest problems of life. H. S.

A ROYAL SOUL

AFTER JULIUS SLOVATSKY, 1847

MY king, my Lord! No earthly prince is he
To awe men with his triply crowned pomp,
But a Soul Supreme that rules with kindly sway
The empire of our hearts, tender and chaste.
I know not if as man thou liv'st on earth;
Or in thine own more glorious sphere above;
I only know thou art — and thee I love.
Whene'er my heart shall touch thy burning fire,
And hear thy calling, or from East or West,
Whether thou comest robed in humble garb,
Or look'st through infant eyes in some mean col;
Whene'er thy all-compelling light I see,
Before thy majesty I bend my knee.

— Translated from the Polish by V. A. H.

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Stockholm. Shortly after our arrival the Crusade Party with their large supply of baggage and musical instruments (which includes 'Miss I. C. Harp') move into apartments on the fashionable Strandvägen No. 47, from the windows of which they look right across to the celebrated 'Nordiska Muséet' (Northern Museum). Quite near here too is the home of Konsulinna Wicander, for many years a warm friend of Madame Tingley and the Crusaders, and now Directress of the Theosophical Work in Stockholm. It is during their residence at Strandvägen 47 that the members of the Crusade party are the guests of Konsulinna Wicander in her own beautiful home and at the opera.



FROM GRAND HÔTEL ROYAL ALONG BASILIE-GATAN: A GLIMPSE OF THE FROZEN LAKE MÄLAR TO THE LEFT

Here two busy, eventful, historic months are spent by the 'Crusaders,' during which they live as far as possible just as they do at home — doing their own house-work, carrying on their practice and musical work, entertaining Madame Tingley's many guests, preparing for and participating in the various public meetings. In this house typewriters are never still, for there is an immense amount of newspaper work to be done, preparing Madame Tingley's public addresses for translation and publication, preparing copies of her many interviews for translation, preparing announcements and notices, sending home to their far-off comrades in Lomaland news of the great happenings, etc., etc.

Then in the midst of all this there arrive from Point Loma several thousand feet of film for a moving-picture of the life and activities at the International Theosophical Headquarters, to be shown throughout Sweden and other countries of Europe. And with it a great stack of music which has to be checked and edited. By the time this has been done the day has arrived for the first presentation, for which the Crusaders themselves play the music.

During this strenuous period — although far too busy to do much sightseeing — the Crusaders in the carrying out of their various duties *did* have an opportunity of seeing much of the capital. Built on seven islands, with water to be seen in almost any direction, Stockholm is a very beautiful city. It has many fine buildings. The Royal Castle is itself a very imposing

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structure and has on one of its sides a statue of Gustaf III of Sweden, which is one of the finest pieces of work of its kind in the city. The Riddarholmskyrka is a fine old building — the Westminster Abbey of Stockholm — where are buried most of Sweden's kings. The two great museums, the Nordiska and the National, are both fine buildings and contain valuable exhibits.

At one end of Strandvägen stands the Royal Dramatic Theater, interiorly one of the most beautiful play-houses in the city. It is here that Sweden's great actor, Anders de Wahl, who returned to Point Loma the guest of Madame Tingley, frequently plays.



ESPLANADGATAN, HELSINGFORS: WHEREON ARE SITUATED THE FINNISH HEADQUARTERS

While in Stockholm, the Crusade party heard Verdi's immortal *Aïda*, a new and very gifted Scotch tenor, Hislop, taking the rôle of Radames. Altogether, the city appeals to one very strongly, and whether in summer or winter, I imagine, always tempts the visitor to linger.

So the Crusaders found that their month and a half had flown by very rapidly when Madame Tingley determined that she could not disregard the appeal of our comrades still further north. From Helsingfors, Finland, came a call for the Leader and her party, in response to which, on a beautiful but wintry evening toward the end of March, some of the members of the Crusade party found themselves on the deck of a little steamer just as the rosy twilight was falling over the city of Stockholm, and its myriad lights — like bright yellow flowers — were nodding their reflection in the waters of the Mälar. Yes, winter was still in the air; and before the dusk had entirely shut out the sight of the city, the plucky little vessel was forging its way through heavy ice with a grinding and rasping and quivering that could be heard and felt all over the vessel. As one lay in one's bunk in the darkness, there seemed to be scarcely the thickness of a board between one's head and the solid ice outside. By consulting the map it will be seen that in the trip from Stockholm to Åbo all but a small portion of the course lies among islands. But the small portion of open water is the Baltic Sea — which in winter time can cause considerable disturbance to a small steamer. And since our boat encountered this stretch of sea about midnight, the night was an eventful one.

Arrived at Åbo, the scene that awaited us was a small wharf, customs

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house, outlying buildings and railway depot, all covered with snow, the white blanket covering the land wherever the eye turned. Owing to a delay at the customs, our party missed the train that should have taken it from Åbo to the city of Helsingfors. There being no other before next morning the only course was to bundle our baggage, our instruments (including the harp) and ourselves into all the available little two-seater sleighs drawn up in the deep brown slush of melting snow and mud about the landing-place and drive through the bitter biting wind for several miles to the nearest hotel!

Then followed a day and a night at a hotel in Åbo, an early sleigh-ride down to the station before daylight next morning, with the world almost lost to view in a blinding snow-storm, and soon we are whirling along through a snow-white landscape. Picturesque little cottages nestling under white-robed hills, great somber pine-woods, magically beautiful with their dark boughs bending earthward beneath their glistening burden, and here and there boys and girls hurrying off to school on sleighs — a northern winter scene in all its beauty and fascination.

Arriving in Helsingfors, Madame Tingley is greeted by a host of members and friends; and we listen with delight to the splendid news that every seat in the Opera House has been taken for the public lecture next evening, and that demands have come from all quarters that Madame Tingley prolong her visit and at least give one more lecture. And this news is but the faithful forecast of events throughout this visit to Finland. Triumphs every day, public interest and enthusiasm that not only demanded and received a second lecture, but also made it necessary to have our Lomaland Film, 'Lomaland, a Dream and its Fulfilment,' sent up and shown before four crowded houses.

These performances, the public meetings, the work done among our members, and the magnificent enthusiasm and efficiency displayed by them, rendered this visit to Finland one of the greatest triumphs of the Tour. Nor could we forget, amidst all this splendid work, the years of devotion and service which had preceded this happy time. During the Russian domination, and later during the war and through the terrible times following after, these brave people had held together, suffered together, worked together, and hoped together, sustained by their magnificent spirit of optiism and their firm faith in Theosophy. They had persevered through all, and now their time of opportunity was come; with their new, enlarged headquarters, first-class bureau for inquirers and their bookstore, they were well-prepared for the pressing needs of the future.

Meanwhile nine days have sped by since our departure from Stockholm, and it is time to return. So we pack up, receive a splendid send-off from our Helsingfors comrades and by midnight of the tenth day are once more aboard the *Nordstjerna* — grinding along through the ice towards Stockholm. M. M.

(To be continued)

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— And before his eyes the grove mysteriously disappeared. So too, the dwelling, and the scent-laden blossoms — only a tiny stream still followed its way past him.

Then again the picture changed. — Green fields and gardens full of people, and now and then lofty groves, appeared. He saw a stately palace but not caring to repeat his former experience he followed a road that led in the opposite direction. After hours of travel he seemed no nearer the summit, and suddenly he found himself face to face with the house he had avoided, so that it seemed best to inqure for the right path.



"THE SUN SHONE WARM AND CLEAR"

The owner thought he might find it if he searched among the briar patches beyond the fields — yes, there had been a distinct path once upon a time, but it was vastly pleasanter to drive right around the mountain, than to try to scale it; it was also very pleasant to know that when he started out from his house all he had to do was to keep going in the same direction, and he would finally come back there.

The traveler, however, was of a different opinion; and passed on in quest of the path. There seemed to be no discoverable opening in the bushes, and he turned to see if it might not be further on. . . . Again he was alone — the gardens and fields, the trees and the stately mansion had disappeared, and a mantle of fog was slowly wreathing itself around the mountain. Was there anything real in this place, he questioned — would the shrine itself vanish when he reached the top? — perhaps it was not there at all! His purpose! ah, that was still with him; and the intensity of its reality sent

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his doubts flying. . . . He discovered a faint pathway that led upward.

He pressed on and once again came in sight of a lowly habitation. Before the door an ancient hermit watched the changing colors of the mist. He loved the world better this way with its crudities and sharp edges softened by the veiling fog. Things were not so bad after all, he said. . . . Yes, the summit was only a little higher, but. . . .

Viryâman waited to hear no more. Up and upward he went.

The mists vanished, blue sky was overhead, and through trees that formed a natural temple the sun shone clear and warm. And there, in the heart of the temple, stood an altar whose golden flame glowed like sunlight concentrated and intensified. Into the light the wayfarer moved; a ray from his own heart seemed mingling with the light around him, and quickening the altar-flame. There was a strength within him he had not known before, a love and compassion for all creatures, a vision that penetrated through and beyond the mists of the mountain-side, and a joy that was born of the courage to return and show others the way. He paused a moment to drink of the pure air, to feel yet more keenly the warmth of that all-pervading light — then he turned and followed the path down the mountain, to show the way to others.

* * * * *

"Seek, Courageous Youth, that blossom of happiness! Yet see
no Beauty on the flower which never will some
Fruitage yield for others."

WHAT DOES 'RENAISSANCE' MEAN?

'RENAISSANCE' means simply 'new birth' or 'revival.' As ordinarily used, the word signifies a rebirth of interest in learning along one or another line, literature, perhaps, or art. The Italian Renaissance, which gave such an impulse to learning throughout Europe, really started in the twelfth century in a great wave of classical culture and deep interest in the study of the law; but we think of the period of the Renaissance as a whole as beginning about the fifteenth century.

Many causes operated to bring it about, such as the invention of printing, the Mohammedan ascendancy, the discovery of the New World, the decline of feudalism, the rise of the middle classes in several countries, and doubtless many other causes, some of them even more important, connected with the ebb and flow of the great cycles or tides in human history. But these were not so apparent and as yet are but little understood. The time comes for the sun to rise and it does so: we cannot say that the bird-songs bring it but some far greater cause. So with the rebirth of any great interest in things that uplift mankind. The cause may be hidden and unseen. G. K.

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A GLIMPSE OF ANCIENT GREECE



LL ATHENS was astir with preparations for the Panathenaea, the great springtime festival held in honor of the goddess Pallas Athena. Once in four years this celebration took place, lasting for several days and making the city a place of rejoicing.

Each morning the boys were awake early, their blood a-tingle at the thought of the joyous days to come. On the way to school they could talk of nothing else; and as they recited for their master lines from great Homer, their ordinary enthusiasm was doubled for thinking of the time when they, like their fathers and elder brothers, would sing verses of their own composing at the festival.

Still keener was their excitement in the afternoon, when at the gymnasium they practised games and sports: for two contests were set for boys at the great Panathenaea, and each one wanted to be chosen to compete.

Meanwhile, at home, mothers and sisters were busy sewing. Girls did not go to school, but learned at home to read and write, to sing and play the lyre, and to spin and weave; and they became artists in needlework. Now they were finishing the embroidery of a magnificent robe to be used in the final procession for presenting at the altar of Pallas Athena. A whole story was woven into the figures and scenes so beautifully embroidered on the exquisite material.

The goddess Athena was the guardian of the city; the people loved her and named their city after her: for they felt she protected them and brought them blessings. She represented the spirit of all that is good and beautiful in home and city life, and she was called the Goddess of Wisdom. This is the story they used to tell: When Athens was first built, the people were wondering which among the gods and goddesses to ask for protection and a name for the city. Both Poseidon and Athena wanted the honor, for they knew that Athens was to become great and powerful and the home of wise men. So the other gods decided that each of the two should present a gift; and whichever the people preferred, its giver should be chosen. Thereupon Poseidon struck the earth, and a marvellous horse appeared: this, he said, would carry their brave men into battle and bring them victory and make them a mighty people. Then Athena came forth; and as she struck the earth an olive-tree with silvery green leaves sprang up. The tree, she said, was the symbol of peace and prosperity: through its fruit it would yield them food and oil; through its trunk, wood for building; through its dried leaves and branches, fuel for the winter; and through its spreading branches in the spring and summer, cool, refreshing shade. The people thought this better than a gift that meant war and bloodshed and the breaking up of homes, and therefore the goddess was chosen and loved, as Athena Polias, 'Guardian of the City.'

The first day of the Panathenaea was given to musical contests, and the

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exhibition of works of art. The winners were presented with wreaths of gold, and their names were honored; for they would be mentioned far and wide through all the cities and colonies of Greece. Stirring songs were sung, to the accompaniment of the lyre, and hymns in praise of beauty. On exhibition were statues and groups of figures carved in shining marble by the sculptors at Athens, among whom Socrates the Sage was one; and paintings in vivid colors were to be seen.

The Greeks had a passion for beauty; their works of art have never been surpassed, their temples and buildings were ideally perfect, their cities were splendid, their lives simply lived, and they themselves, when at their best, were a race glowing with health and physical beauty and grace. The training of the body was considered equally important with the training and development of the mind; hence their keen interest in gymnastic sports.

Following the musical and artistic contests came days devoted to races, to wrestling and discus-throwing, to horseback and chariot races, to spear-throwing, and yet more games. Then warriors in glittering armor and helmets, carrying shields and spears, danced symmetrically to the music of a flute, and later to that of a martial chorus.

The greatest event, however, was that which took place on the last day of the festival: the great religious procession in honor of Pallas Athena. First in order came priests in robes of white; and following them walked the dignified elders and great men of the city — statesmen and artists, and also honored guests from other towns. Next came Athenian maidens in simple garments of white, with garlands of flowers; and they bore vessels of gold and silver wherein to burn incense on the altar of Athena. Then the matrons, carrying fruit and wine for the altar and for the feasting; then the older citizens, and after them the picturesque four-horse chariots used in the races, followed by soldiers on fine prancing horses and soldiers on foot. Lastly came the victors in the contests, proudly wearing their wreaths of victory.

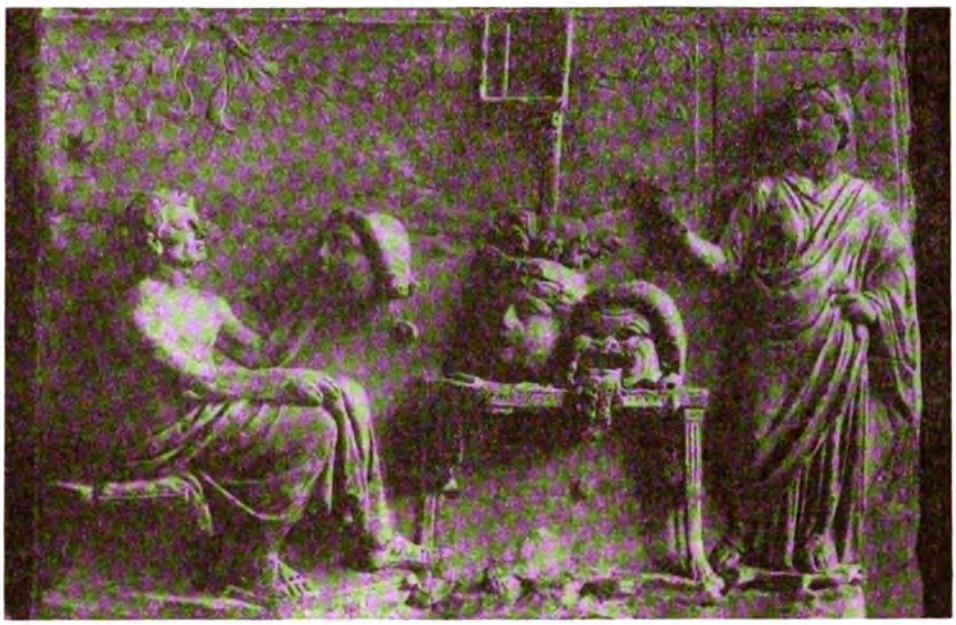
Following the procession was drawn a huge ship on rollers, bearing gifts for the altar; and stretched from its tall mast was seen the wonderful embroidered robe into which the women and girls of Athens had put their best and most exquisite needlework. While the music of flutes and citharas sounded, and people watched and waved from the upper windows of the streets, the long procession wound its way up the Acropolis in silence to the altar of Athena; and there each one placed his offering with a prayer for peace and prosperity. Then with a magnificent banquet, at which all rejoiced and made merry, the Panathenaea ended; and when all was over, the hearts of the people were filled with a richer love for beauty, a deeper loyalty to their city, and a purer aspiration towards the true nobility of life. O. S.

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FROM MANY LANDS

THE PROPERTY-ROOM IN A ROMAN THEATER

THE actors of ancient Rome, and the Greeks, from whom they got their art, used no 'make-up' of paints, powders, wigs, etc., when they took tragic, comic or 'character' parts. Masks such as shown in the picture created the part, so far as appearance was concerned. The person inside



'MAKING UP' FOR CLASSIC TRAGEDY

spoke out through the mask by means of a megaphone-like contrivance. This was necessary on account of the large size of ancient theaters, where otherwise neither voice nor features could be distinguished from the back rows.

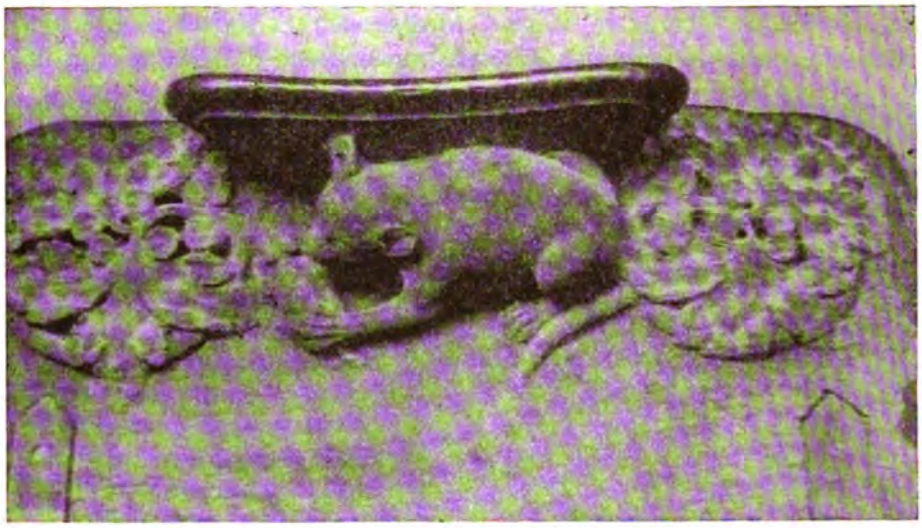
This use of masks is also interesting as having given origin to our English word 'person,' coming as it does from the Latin *persona*, 'a mask' from *per*, 'through,' and *sonare*, 'to sound, to speak' — the ordinary 'person' we see being but a 'mask,' as it were, which commonly hides the real Actor.

Notice the large size of the masks, which, in the case of tragic parts, were used in combination with a sort of stilt-like buskins, to give the effect of heroic height and proportions. Comic parts were usually played in soleless socks, and the actor was given a squat, grotesque appearance. From this usage the Buskin came to be used as a reference to the tragic art, while the Sock denoted comedy, as in Milton's line in *L'Allegro* wherein he speaks with courteous respect of Ben "Jonson's learned sock." B.

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A DECORATIVE DORMOUSE

THE photograph represents an old church 'miserere' in Welles, England. It is a hinged seat intended to be turned up when the worshiper rose to sing; and lest he tire during the long chants, a little bracket was carved at the edge to provide him some slight support. As the under side of the seat showed a good deal, it had to be adorned with carving. Now the carver



MAKING READY FOR COMPANY

might have made a cherub or a saint; but on this particular 'miserere' he decided to carve a dormouse for a change. The furry tail, and the body shaped more like a squirrel than a mouse, clearly point to its being a dormouse — a mother dormouse in fact — giving her baby a warm bath with her tongue to make him neat and tidy.

The carver must have been a naturalist and kept dormice as pets; because the dormouse comes out only at night, and one might live for a thousand years in Somerset where Welles Cathedral stands, and yet never see a dormouse — still less a family scene like the one in the carving. He probably found a nest with the mother and her young and carried it home, where in the evening, by the feeble glimmer of a rushlight, he lovingly watched them, and thus he was able to call them to mind when he needed a fresh, original subject. You will notice the short tail of the baby mouse, just like the short tail of a puppy or a kitten.

The Romans in Britain discovered that dormice were sweet and toothsome morsels; and they used to raise them for the table. But the writer, for his part, would never think of eating one of these charming and innocent little dwellers in the hazel copse — would you? UNCLE PERCY

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FUTURE CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY
Snapped by the private secretary of Katherine Tingley. and here published at her special request.

RUSH ORDERS

THESE are two young German partners in express delivery work, aspiring to become old Nürnberg's *Schnellste Expressgesellschaft*. They were snapped while at work just in front of the German Headquarters of the Universal Brotherhood; and we are pleased to publish this first photo of what, we trust, will grow to be a big, prosperous, and helpful business in their charming old city.

KINDNESS TO A NAUGHTY TWO-TAILS

MRS. JUMBO was a well-behaved and hard-working elephant until last spring, when she seemed to lose interest in her duty of carrying children about the London Zoo at sixpence a ride. The keepers first tried persuasions: nice new mounting-steps were provided her; but she took no notice, and finally declined even to leave her yard at all.

When presented to the Zoo by her former owner, an Indian Maharajah, Mrs. Jumbo had shown the results of a careful training, and possessed those accomplishments which all cultured elephants are expected to exercise. The keepers in their extremity determined, therefore, to send to her native Cooch-Behar for a professional Indian *mahout*. He was cabled for, and arrived at the Zoo.

Entering the enclosure, the *mahout* first formally saluted her elephantship, standing first at her head, then at her tail. Next he removed his shoes, knotted a rope stirrup loosely about her big neck, and mounted. The good *mahout* then began a voluble discourse in Hindustanî, in which he admonished her to stop doing these bad things. "I am told," he said, "that you eat your food, but will not work! It is wrong. Allah enjoins upon us all to work if we would eat. It is unworthy of you to cheat your masters! You must not fear me — I am a brown man: put fear out of your mind; take it up from your heart and throw it out." All the while he plied little coaxings and soothing pats which *mahouts* know; and in two minutes Mrs. Jumbo was pacing about her usual passenger route, obeying every order.

It was arranged that the *mahout* should be lodged for a time in another part of the gardens; but he requested to be given a place in the elephant-house, where he could talk to her during the night and give more sound advice. H.

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THE HOUSE YOU LIVE IN

HAVE you ever thought what a wonderful thing your body is, and how it is made up of millions and millions of tiny lives that all work together to make a proper house for *You* to live in?

Your body is like a copy of the whole big world, in which every person is needed and each one has his special work to do. If any one of them gets lazy and does not do his own duty well, you very soon know about it; for you get ill or you have some kind of pain.

You see, there are thousands of little telephones that run from every part of your body to the Brain, which is like the General Manager; and they send messages to let him know what hey are doing and how they are getting on. There are other telephones too, that carry orders from he manager to them, and it is because of these that you are able to walk and move. For every time you move even your little finger, it is because the Manager has telephoned down to it, "Bend, little Finger."

When you put your hand into very hot water you jump, and probably you cry, "Ow, it hurts'; and you pull it away quickly. Now, what has really happened — faster than you can imagine — is this: your hand telephoned to the Manager, "This hot water hurts me"; and the Manager called back at once "Then take your hand away." So you see the Manager is always kept in touch with all those who work under him, and none can fail without his knowing it.

Of course *You* do not really have to think all the messages that

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the Manager sends your feet and legs. For instance, when you walk, the Manager does his work even when you are thinking about something else. While you sleep and work and play the Manager never forgets to order your lungs to breathe and your heart to beat.

So you see the Manager is a very necessary and important person. But he is not really YOU, any more than the millions of other little people that make up your body. He is *only* the Manager, while You are the real owner of the house; and when he tries to give orders You do not want, and to do mischief, you must remind him of this and make him obey. *This* is Self-Control. M.

THE GLORIOUS KNIGHTS OF OLD

"WHEEO!" Michael closed his story-book with a sigh.—"Say, Sis, I *wish* I'd lived long ago when there were dragons and giants and goblins, and exciting things were happening all the time."

Louise looked up from the doll's clothes she was sewing, "I wonder — if there aren't things like that now, only we can't see them."

"Of course there aren't, Lou." Michael turned over on the grass and began kicking his legs in the air: "Why, who ever *heard* of anybody going out in *quest of adventure* nowadays, killing dragons and rescuing maidens, or being bewitched by anything. Why, it simply doesn't *happen* now, that's all.



He picked a tall stalk of grass and chewed it crossly. "Why, if I were to dress up and go forth to find my fortune everybody I met would smile and say, 'Look at that boy; he's playing he's a knight!'; and all the time

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I'd know that I was only pretending. Oh, (and he gave the air one more angry kick) this is just the dryest, silliest (another), matter-of-factest (good hard one) age that ever a boy was born in."

Louise's sewing fell into her lap, and she leaned back thoughtfully against the tree. "Michael," she asked, "why do boys like fighting?"

"Dunno," he grumbled, "that's just the trouble, a fellow thinks he has to show that he's stronger than something; and if there aren't any ogres or monsters around, why he just lets off into some other boy for some excuse. 'Tisn't really any good though. The other fellow may be much better than he, even if he does beat him. And then, just as like as not, it makes him feel as if he wanted to kick himself for doing it. Don't you see, Lou, that's just the whole trouble nowadays: people are so *mixed up*. There aren't any knights who are so splendid that they just couldn't do anything mean or base; and there aren't any wizards either, who are so wicked and black that everyone they look at turns to stone. That's just what's the matter — *no*body's *all* good, you see, but then *no*body's *all* bad either. They're all made of both, and that's what makes things so mixy."

Louise burst into a laugh,— "Yes, that's right," she said; "for you're my own true knight, except when you pull my hair and tease me, and then I think you must be my little old goblin brother."

"But even then, I know it's no good teasing you. *You're* not bad, and so I don't feel better when I've been mean to you. Now, don't you see the difference, Lou! If you slew a really true dragon how good you'd feel to think that you were stronger than one of these evil things, and that because you'd overcome and killed it there was just a little less badness in the whole big world. 'Tisn't the same a bit to fight a boy or tease a girl; because it doesn't make you feel a bit better — in fact



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it makes you feel rather as if you were the dragon or goblin yourself."

Louise's eyes opened wide, for a great new thought had flashed into her mind. "Michael, I think it's this way": she leaned forward eagerly; "I think that there are wizards and monsters just as there ever were — only they're inside us. The knights of old went *out* in quest of adventure, but we have to go *in*, don't you think? We can slay just as many monsters and rescue as many maidens, only we must seek them all inside. Oh, Michael, what fun we could have playing that we were knights in quest of adventure. We must slay the Dragon Selfishness, and rescue the Maiden Helpfulness, whom he holds a prisoner in his lair. We must find the Ogre" —

"Arithmetic," volunteered Michael.

"— Cruelty," said Louise, "and break his spell over the Princess Kindness, whom he turned into a sleeping Gazelle, and holds in his wicked power — *you* know — just like the 'Green Fairy Book.' We must find the Goblin Gossip; and by keeping him tightly locked up we can make the land safe for others. We must drive out the wicked usurpers —"

"Laziness!" shouted Michael.

"Yes, said big sister; or Hate and Fear — so that the real King and Queen — Peace and Love may rule in their own Kingdom. Oh, there is so much to do in this wonderful land of ours that really I can hardly think where we ought to begin."

Michael's legs still swung in the air, only it was no longer an angry kicking — every minute he was getting more excited. "That's a splendid game, Lou," he cried; "let's begin playing right now. And I tell you what we'll do — we'll have a wireless between your kingdom and mine so that we can know how we're each getting on. Maybe sometimes you'll need help and then I can come and fight for you; and maybe sometimes I'll need help and you can come and nurse my wounded for me."

"Michael"— a patient voice called from the house —"Michael, you haven't filled the wood-box today. We need some right away."

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His face wrinkled up with disappointment. It was so nice to lie in the meadow and plan great victories. Suddenly he jumped up and threw his best cap in the air. "Here goes, Lou," he cried, "I'm going to catch Wizard Laziness, and make him fill the wood-box." B.



FEEDING CHICKENS

ONE day I fed the chickens
In Mother's chicken-run.
I filled my pockets full
of corn,
And, oh, it was such fun.

"Peep peep, we want our breakfast,"
Cried the hungry little chicks;
And they pecked and picked and
scratched till there
Was nothing left but sticks.

Oh, it's fun to feed the chickens
And to think that they must see
A great big giant of a thing
When they look at little me. — M.

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FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA

IN the last MESSENGER I promised to tell you about a little friend of mine in Czechoslovakia. Her name is Aninka and she lives in a little village far from Praha, the capital and mother-city of Czechoslovakia. The pretty costume she wears belonged to her mother when she was a little girl and to her grandmother and great-grandmother before that. She is particularly proud of her apron, and she says that she is going to add a line to the embroidery so that some day when she gives it to her little daughter it will be even gayer. Each little girl who wears it adds something to the design, so that after it has been in the family a long time it is all covered with bright colors.



ANINKA

Ever since she can remember her mother has sung the old Czechoslovak folk-songs to her, and almost before she could speak she began to learn the melodies herself. Now she teaches them to her little brothers and sisters when she looks after them. Her mother is very busy; and last winter when she was ill little Aninka had to take care of them all by herself.

Her fingers are never idle; and on winter evenings, after lessons are done, she works on her embroidery, which she sends to the city to be sold. And how proud she is when she can give mother a crown or two to help buy bread and butter for the family. ILSE

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JACK FROST'S DUTIES



WHEN the Autumn days grow chilly and Mother Nature has put her children to bed for the Winter, Jack Frost returns from his journey to the North Pole and begins to play his merry pranks once more.

One morning you will awake to see the window-pane covered with beautiful pictures painted with silver and crystal, and if you look through them you may see into Fairyland; but if you touch them they melt away. Then, if you are wise, you will know that the airy fairy has paid you a visit while you were asleep; for surely no one else could weave such a lovely magic on a winter's night.

That is what happens when Jack Frost plays at being an artist, and quite often he does the work of a big Brother, and helps Mother Nature put the little ones to bed. Suddenly one night he comes home from his travels with his sack of sparkling crystals on his back. "What! not in bed yet?" he cries to the trees; "come, come now, you must hurry. I'll help you get undressed." And snap, snap, snap, he nips off their gay Autumn frocks and puts on



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their white nighties and tells them to go to sleep.

Then he skips over to the brook. "Almost time for you, little Brother!" "But I am not a bit sleepy yet," says the little prattling babbling brook.



Then he drops his crystals into it and makes it stop its talking. "Are you sleepy now, little Brother?" he laughs as he bends down to it. And under its ice-coat it answers "Goodnight, goodnight, Jack Frost." Then it goes to sleep in its comfy pebbly bed and waits until Jack Frost pulls off the bed clothes in the spring.

Sometimes too, in the Spring, when the bulbs want to wake up too early he has to keep them in bed. "Ho, ho, little Blossoms," he laughs, "I am here still, you know, and you'll get all nipped in the bud if you try to come up yet." But when the meadow-lark begins to sing he has to go back to the Pole to keep cool through the Summer; for good Mother Nature tells him that she will surely need him again next Winter. M.A.B.



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Unsectarian-Humanitarian

KATHERINE TINGLEY, Foundress-Directress

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